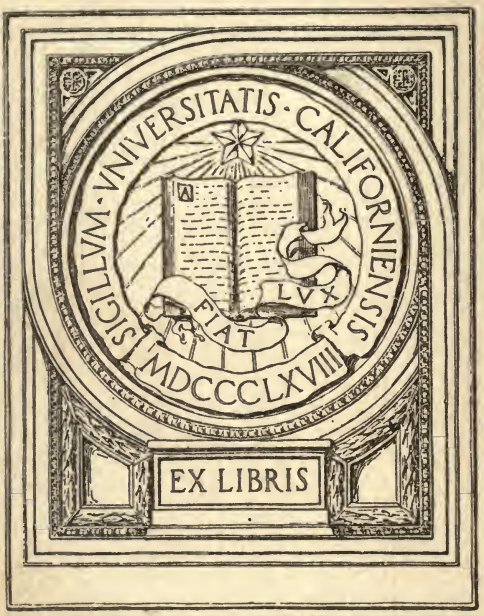
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THE

MIGHT AND MIRTH

OF

LITERATURE.

A TREATISE ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

IN WHICH UPWARDS OF SIX HUNDRED WRITERS ARE REFERRED TO, AND TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIGURES ILLUSTRATED.

EMBRACING A COMPLETE SURVEY, ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PLAN, OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, INTERSPERSED WITH HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE PROGRESS OF THE LANGUAGE, WITH ANECDOTES OF MANY OF THE AUTHORS, AND WITH DISCUSSIONS OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM AND OF THE WEAPONS OF ORATORY.

By JOHN WALKER VILANT MACBETH.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dedicated by the Author

TO THE

REV. GEORGE S. MOTT, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FLEMINGTON, N. J.,

IN SINCERE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF WISE ADVICE AND THE MOST FRIENDLY OFFICES AS TO THE PUBLICATION OF THIS VOLUME.

Introductory Notice.

The object of this volume is to create and fully equip a new branch of study; to discuss Figures of Speech far more thoroughly than ever has been done; to urge upon pleaders, preachers, and all who write or speak English, many very important practical advices; to comment specially on Shakespeare, Milton, Demosthenes, and the Bible; to present a wide review of American and English Literature; and to make the whole subject as amusing and laughter-exciting as it is instructive. Also, we have availed ourselves of our familiarity with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and with four of the modern languages, French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

LIST OF AUTHORS,

WITH BIRTH, DEATH, AND COUNTRY.

Abbadie, Rev. Jacques; France; 1654–1727.
Adams, John Quincy; United States; 1767–1848.
Adams, Thomas; published 1613–1633.
Addison, Joseph; England; 1672–1719.
Aird, Thomas; Scotland; 1802.
Akenside, Mark; England; 1721–1770.
Alcæus; Greece; about 611 B.C.
Alexander, J. A.; United States; 1809.
Alfred, King; England; 849–900.
Alison, Sir Archibald; Scotland; 1792–1867.
Allison, Sir Richard; England; published 1599.
Allston, Washington; United States; 1779–1843.
Ambrose, Saint; Gaul; 340–397.
Ames, Fisher; United States; 1758–1808.
Anacreon; Greece; died 476 B.C.
Anselm (Archbishop of Canterbury); Piedmont; 1033–1109.
Anthon, Charles; United States; 1797–1867.
Arbuthnot, John; Scotland; about 1675–1735.
Ariosto, Ludovico; Italy; 1474–1532.
Aristophanes; Greece; about 460–380 B.C.
Aristotle; Greece; 384–322 B.C.
Arnold, Edwin; England; published 1856.
Arnold, Matthew; England; 1822.
Arnold, Thomas; England; 1795–1842.
Arthur, T. S.; United States; 1809.
Atkinson, Thomas; published 1791–1799.
Atterbury, Francis; England; 1662–1732.
Augustine, Saint Aurelius; Africa; 354–430.
Austen, Jane; England; 1775–1817.
Ayton, Sir Robert; Scotland; 1570–1638.
Aytoun, William E.; Scotland; 1813–1865.

Bacon, Lord; England; 1561–1626.
Baggesen; Denmark; 1764–1826.
Baillie, Joanna; Scotland; 1762–1851.
Bancroft, George; United States; 1800; living in 1875.
Barbauld, Mrs. Anna Laetitia; England; 1743–1825.
Barbour, John; Scotland; died 1396.
Barham, Richard Harris ("Thomas Ingoldsby"); England; 1788–1845.
Barlow, Joel; United States; 1755–1812.
Barnard, Lady Anne; Scotland; 1750–1825.
Barnes, Albert; United States; 1798–1870.
Barnes, William; England; published 1803.
Barrow, Isaac; England; 1630–1677.
Barthélemy, Jean Jacques; France; 1716–1795.
Barton, Bernard; England; 1784–1849.
Bascom, John; Professor in Williams College; living in 1875.
Bayle, Pierre; France; 1647–1706.
Bayly, Thomas Haynes; England; 1797–1839.
Beattie, James; Scotland; 1735–1803.
Beaumont, Sir Francis; England; 1586–1616.
Bedell, Gregory T.; United States; 1793–1834.
Beddoes, Thomas Lovell; England; 1809–1849.
Beecher, Henry Ward; United States; 1813; living in 1875.
Beecher, Lyman; United States; 1775–1863.
Bellows, Dr.; United States; 1814.
Bennett, W. C.; Ireland; living in 1875.
Bethune, George W.; United States; 1805–1862.
Blair, Hugh; Scotland; 1718–1800.
Blair, Robert; Scotland; 1699–1746.
Blanc, Charles; France; living in 1875.
Blanc, Louis; France; 1813; living in 1875.
Boker, George Henry; United States; born 1823.
Bolingbroke, Lord; England; 1678–1751.
Bonar, Horatius; Scotland; born 1810.
Bossuet; France; 1627–1704.
Boswell, James; Scotland; 1740–1795.
Boswell, Sir Alexander; Scotland; 1775–1822.
Bourdaloue, Louis; France; 1632–1704.
Bowles, William Lisle; England; 1762–1850.
Boyd, A. K. H.; Scotland; 1825; living in 1875.
Brewster, Sir David; Scotland; 1781–1868.
Brontë, Charlotte; England; 1816–1855.
Brougham, Lord; Scotland; 1778–1868.

Brown, Goold; United States; 1791–1857.
Browne, Sir Thomas; England; 1605–1682.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett; England; 1809–1861.
Browning, Robert; 1812; living in 1875.
Bruce, Michael; Scotland; 1746–1767.
Bryant, William Cullen; United States; 1794; living in 1875.
Brydges, Sir S. Egerton; England; 1762–1837.
Buchanan, George; Scotland; 1506–1582.
Bunyan, John; England; 1628–1688.
Burke, Edmund; Ireland; 1729–1797.
Burnet, Thomas; England; 1635–1715.
Burns, Robert; Scotland; 1759–1796.
Bushnell, Horace; United States; 1802; living in 1875.
Butler, Bishop Joseph; England; 1692–1752.
Butler, Samuel; England; 1600–1680.
Byrom, John; England; 1691–1763.
Byron, Lord; England; 1788–1824.

Caedmon; Anglo-Saxon; died 680.
Cæsar, Caius Julius; Rome; 100–44 B.C.
Caird, Rev. Dr.; Scotland; 1823; living in 1875.
Calderon de la Barca, Pedro; Spain; 1600–1681.
Callanan, James Joseph; Ireland; 1795–1829.
Camoens, Luis de; Portugal; 1524–1579.
Campbell, Dr. George; Scotland; 1709–1796.
Campbell, Lord; Scotland; 1781–1861.
Campbell, Thomas; Scotland; 1777–1844.
Canning, George; England; 1770–1827.
Carew, Thomas; England; 1589–1639.
Carlyle, Thomas; Scotland; 1795; living in 1875.
Cary, Alice; United States; 1820–1871.
Cary, Henry; England; 1700–1743.
Catullus; Rome; born 87 B.C.; died between 57 and 40 B.C.
Cervantes Saavedra; Spain; 1547–1616.
Chalmers, Thomas; Scotland; 1780–1847.
Chamberlayne, William; England; 1619–1688.
Chambers, Robert; Scotland; 1802–1871.
Chambers, William; Scotland; 1800.
Chamisso, Adelbert von; Germany; 1781–1838.
Chapman, George; England; 1557–1634.
Chatham, Lord; England; 1708–1778.
Chatterton, Thomas; England; 1752–1770.

Chaucer, Geoffrey; England; 1328–1400.
Châteaubriand, François Auguste; France; 1768–1848.
Cheever, George B.; United States; 1807; living in 1875.
Cherry, Andrew; England; 1762–1812.
Chesterfield, Lord; England; 1694–1773.
Chillingworth, William; England; 1602–1644.
Chrysostom, John; Antioch; 347–407.
Cibber, Colley; England; 1671–1737.
Cicero, Marcus Tullius; 106–43 B.C.
Clare, John; England; 1793–1864.
Clarke, MacDonald; United States; 1798–1842.
Clay, Henry; United States; 1777–1852.
Coe, Richard; United States; published 1852.
Coleridge, Hartley; England; 1796–1849.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor; England; 1772–1834.
Collins, Anne; England; published 1653.
Collins, Wilkie; England; 1824; living in 1875.
Collins, William; England; 1720–1756.
Colman, George; England; 1762–1836.
Congreve, William; England; 1672–1729.
Cook, Eliza; England; 1817; living in 1875.
Cooper, James Fenimore; United States; 1789–1851.
Coppee, Henry; United States; 1821; living in 1875.
Corbett, Bishop; England; 1582–1635.
Cotton, Nathaniel; England; 1707–1788.
Cousin, Victor; France; 1792.
Cowley, Abraham; England; 1618–1667.
Cowper, William; England; 1731–1800.
Crabbe, George; England; 1754–1830.
Craik, George L.; Scotland; 1799–1866.
Crashaw, Richard; England; 1600–1650.
Creasy, E. S.; England; living in 1875.
Croly, George; England; 1780–1860.
Cumming, John; Scotland; 1810; living in 1875.
Cunningham, Allan; Scotland; 1784–1842.
Cunningham, John; Ireland; 1729–1773.
Curran, John Philpot; Ireland; 1750–1817.
Cushing, Caleb; United States; 1800.
Cyprian; about 200–258.

Dana, Richard Henry; United States; 1787.
Daniel, Samuel; England; 1569–1619.

Dante; Italy; 1265–1321.
Darwin, Charles; England; 1809; living in 1875.
Darwin, Erasmus; England; 1731–1802.
Dasent, George Webbe; England; about 1818.
Davenant, Sir William; England; 1605–1668.
Davies, President Samuel; United States; 1724–1761.
Davies, Sir John; England; 1570–1626.
Davis, Thomas; Ireland; 1814–1845.
Davy, Sir Humphrey; England; 1778–1829.
Day, Henry N.; United States; 1808.
Defoe, Daniel; England; 1661–1731.
Dekker, Thomas E.; England; died about 1638 or 1641.
Delisle, Rouget; France.
Demosthenes; Greece; 385–322 B.C.
Denham, Sir John; England; 1615–1688.
De Quincey, Thomas; England; 1785–1859.
De Staël, Madame; France; 1766–1817.
Dibdin, Charles; England; 1745–1814.
Dickens, Charles; England; 1812–1873.
D'Israeli, Benjamin; England; 1805; living in 1875.
Doane, Bishop; United States; 1799–1859.
Doddridge, Philip; England; 1702–1751.
Donne, John; England; 1573–1631.
Douglas, Gawin; Scotland; 1474–1522.
Drake, J. Rodman; United States; 1795–1820.
Drake, Nathan; United States; 1766–1836.
Drayton, Michael; England; 1563–1631.
Drinker, Anna ("Edith May"); United States; published 1851.
Dryden, John; England; 1631–1700.
Dubartas, William de Sallust; 1544–1590.
Dumas, Alexander; France; 1803–1872.
Dunbar, William; Scotland; about 1460–about 1520.
Dwight, Timothy; United States; 1780–1849.
Dyer, John; England; 1700–1758.

Earle, Bishop; England; 1601–1665.
Edgeworth, Miss; Ireland; 1767–1849.
Edwards, Bela Bates; United States; 1802–1852.
Edwards, Jonathan; United States; 1703–1758.
Elliott, Ebenezer; England; 1781–1849.
Ellsworth, Erastus W.; United States; 1823.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo; United States; 1803; living in 1875.

Emmons, Nathaniel; United States; 1745–1840.
Erskine, Thomas, Lord; Scotland; 1750–1823.
Eusebius; Palestine; about 264–about 340.
Evans, Christmas; England.
Everett, Edward; United States; 1794–1865.
Ewald, Johannes; Denmark; 1743–1781.

Faber, F. W.; England; 1815–1863.
Falconer, William; England; 1730–1769.
Fanshaw, Sir Richard; England; 1607–1666.
Fantini; Italy; about 1830.
Faval, Paul; France; about 1800.
Fenner, Cornelius George; United States; 1822–1847.
Fenton, Elijah; England; 1683–1730.
Ferguson, Robert; Scotland; 1751–1774.
Ferguson, Samuel; Ireland; 1805.
"Fern, Fanny" (Mrs. Parton); United States; died 1872.
Fielding, Henry; England; 1707–1754.
Fields, James T.; United States; born 1820.
Fléchier, Esprit; France; 1632–1710.
Fletcher, Giles; England; 1588–1623.
Fletcher, John; England; 1576–1625.
Fontenelle, Bernard le Bovier de; France; 1657–1757.
Foote, Samuel; England; 1720–1777.
Ford, John; England; 1586–1639.
Fosdick, William W.; United States; born 1822.
Foster, John; England; 1770–1843.
Fox, Charles James; England; 1749–1806.
Fox, W. Johnson; England; 1786–1864.
Francis, Sir Philip ("Junius"); England; 1740–1818.
Franklin, Benjamin; United States; 1706–1790.
Freiligrath, Ferdinand; Germany; born 1810.
Freneau, Philip; United States; 1752–1832.
Frere, John Hookham; England; 1769–1846.
Froude, James Anthony; England; 1818; living in 1875.
Fuller, Thomas; England; 1608–1661.

Gall, Richard; Scotland; 1776–1801.
Gallagher, W. D.; United States; 1808.
Garrick, David; England; 1716–1779.
Gay, John; England; 1688–1732.
Gibbon, Edward; England; 1737–1794.

Gibbons, Thomas; England; 1720–1785.
Gilfillan, George; Scotland; 1813.
Glover, Richard; England; 1712–1785.
Godwin, William; England; 1756–1836.
Goethe, John Wolfgang von; 1749–1832.
Goldsmith, Oliver; England; 1728–1774.
Gower, John; England; about 1325–1408.
Grahame, James; Scotland; 1790–1842.
Grant, Sir Robert; Scotland; 1785–1838.
Grattan, Henry; Ireland; 1746–1794.
Gray, Thomas; England; 1716–1771.
Greene, Robert; England; about 1560–1592.
Gregory the First, Pope; Italy; 540–604.
Griffin, Edward D.; United States; 1768–1820.
Griswold, Bishop; United States; 1766–1843.
Grote, George; England; 1794-1871.
Guarini; Italy; 1537–1612.
Guizot; France; 1787–1874.
Guthrie, Thomas; Scotland; 1800–1873.

Habington, William; England; 1605–1654.
Haliburton, Judge; Canada; 1797–1865.
Hall, Dr. John; Ireland; living in 1875.
Hall, Robert; England; 1764–1831.
Halleck, Fitzgreen; United States; 1790–1869.
Halpine, Charles G. ("Miles O'Reilly"); Ireland; 1829–1869.
Hare, Julius Charles; England; 1795–1855.
Harms, Klaus; Germany; 1778–1855.
Harrington, John (the elder); England; 1534–1582.
Harrington, Sir John (the younger); England; 1561–1612.
Hart, John S.; United States; living in 1875.
Harte, Francis Bret; United States; 1837; living in 1875.
Hawkesworth, John; England; 1715–1773.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel; United States; 1804–1864.
Hayley, William; England; 1745–1820.
Hazlitt, William; England; 1778–1830.
Heber, Reginald; England; 1783–1826.
Heeren, Arnold H. L.; Germany; 1760–1842.
Heiberg, Johann Ludvig; Denmark; 1791.
Hemans, Mrs.; England; 1794–1835.
Henry IV.; France; 1553–1610.
Henry, Matthew; England; 1662–1714.

Henry, Patrick; United States; 1736–1799.
Henryson, Robert; Scotland; 15th century.
Herbert, George; Wales; 1593–1632.
Herbert, William; England; 1778–1847.
Herder, Johann Godfrey von; Germany; 1744–1803.
Herodotus; Greece; 484–about 424 B.C.
Herrick, Robert; England; 1591–1674.
Hervey, James; England; 1713–1758.
Hervey, T. K.; England; 1799–1859.
Heywood, Thomas; England; died about 1650.
Higginson, Colonel; United States; living in 1875.
Hill, Aaron; England; 1685–1750.
Hill, Rowland; England; 1744–1833.
Hillhouse, James A.; United States; 1789–1841.
Hoffman, Charles Fenno; United States; 1806.
Hogarth, William; England; 1697 or 1698–1764.
Hogg, James; Scotland; 1772–1835.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell; United States; 1809; living in 1875.
Home, John; Scotland; 1724–1808.
Hood, Thomas; England; 1798–1845.
Hooker, Thomas; England; 1586–1647.
Hope, Thomas; England; about 1770–1831.
Horace; Rome; 65–27 B.C.
Hosmer, W. H. C.; United States; 1814.
Howe, John; England; 1630–1705.
Howitt, Mary; England; 1800.
Hoyt, Ralph; United States; 1810.
Hudson, Henry N.; United States; 1814.
Hugo, Victor; France; 1802.
Hume, David; Scotland; 1711–1776.
Humphrey, President; United States; died about 1800.
Hunt, Leigh; England; 1784–1859.
Hunter, Mrs.; England; 1741–1821.

Ingelow, Jean; England; 1830; living in 1875.
Ingeman, Bernhard S.; Denmark; 1789.
Ireland, Samuel; England; born early in the 18th century, died in 1800.
Irving, Washington; United States; 1783–1859.

James, John Angell; England; 1785–1859.
Jameson, Mrs.; England; 1797–1860.
Jerrold, Douglas; England; 1803–1857.

Johnson, Samuel; England; 1709–1784.
Jones, Sir William; England; 1746–1794.
Jonson, Ben; England; 1573 or 1574–1637.

Keats, John; England; 1796–1821.
Keble, John; England; 1792–1866.
Kent, Chancellor; United States; 1763–1847.
Kingsley, Charles; England; 1819–1875.
Knowles, Herbert; England; 1798–1817.
Knowles, J. Sheridan; Ireland; 1784–1862.
Körner, Charles Theodore; Germany; 1791–1813.
Kosegarten, Ludvig T.; Germany; 1758–1818.
Kossuth, Lajos; Hungary; 1802; living in 1875.
Kyd, Thomas; England; living in 1588.

Lamarck, Jean B. P.; France; 1744–1829.
Lamartine, Alphonse de; France; 1792.
Lamb, Charles; England; 1775–1834.
Langlande, William; England; 1332–about 1400.
Landon, Letitia Elizabeth; England; 1802–1838.
Landor, W. Savage; England; 1775–1864.
Larned, Sylvester; United States; 1796–1820.
Latimer, Hugh; England; about 1490–1555.
Lee, Nathaniel; England; 1651–1692.
Leland, John; England; 1691–1766.
Leslie, Charles; England; 1794–1859.
Lestrange, Sir Roger; England; 1616–1704.
Lever, Charles; Ireland; 1809–1872.
Lewis, Matthew Gregory; England; 1775–1818.
Leyden, John; Scotland; 1775–1811.
Lillo, George; England; 1693–1739.
Lindsay (Lord), A. W. Crawford; Scotland; 1812; living in 1875.
Lindsay, Sir David; Scotland; born about 1490, died bet. 1555 and 1567.
Livingston, David; Scotland; 1815–1873.
Locke, John; England; 1632–1704.
Lockhart, John Gibson; Scotland; 1792–1854.
Lodge, Thomas; England; 1556–1625.
Logan, John; Scotland; 1748–1788.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth; United States; 1807; living in 1875.
Longinus; Greece; about 213–273.
Lovelace, Richard; England; 1618–1658.

Lover, Samuel; Ireland; 1797–1866.
Lowe, John; Scotland; 1750–1798.
Lowell, James Russell; United States; 1819; living in 1875.
Lowell, Prof.; England; living in 1875.
Loyson, Charles (Père Hyacinthe); France; living in 1875.
Luther, Martin; Germany; 1483–1546.
Lyell, Sir Charles; Scotland; 1797–1875.
Lydgate, John; England; born about 1375, died about 1461.
Lyly, John (the Euphuist); England; born about 1553, died about 1600.
Lyttelton, Lord; England; 1709–1773.
Lytton (Lord), Edward Bulwer; England; 1805–1873.
Lytton, Robert Bulwer ("Owen Meredith"); England; living in 1875.

Macaulay, Lord; England; 1800–1859.
Maccarthy, Denis Florence; Ireland; published 1850.
Macchiavelli, Nicolo; Italy; 1469–1527.
Macdonald, George; Scotland; living in 1875.
Mackay, Charles; Scotland; born 1812.
Mackenzie, Henry; Scotland; 1745–1831.
Mackintosh, Sir James; Scotland; 1766–1832.
Maclellan, Isaac; United States; 1810.
Macpherson, James; Scotland; 1738–1796.
Mandeville, Sir John; England; about 1300–1372.
Mangan, James Clarence; England; living in 1875.
Mansfield, Lord; Scotland; 1705–1793.
Marlowe, Christopher; England; 1564–1593.
Marsh, George P.; United States; 1801.
Marston, John; England; born about 1570, died about 1634.
Martial; Rome; born 43, died about 104.
Martineau, Miss; England; 1802.
Marvell, Andrew; England; 1620–1678.
Mason, John Mitchell; United States; 1770–1829.
Mason, William; England; 1725–1797.
Massey, Gerald; England; 1828; living in 1875.
Massillon, Jean Baptiste; France; 1663–1742.
Massinger, Philip; England; 1584–1640.
Mennes, Sir John; England; 1598–1671.
Mickle, William J.; Scotland; 1734–1788.
Miller, Hugh; Scotland; 1802–1856.
Miller, Joaquin; United States; living in 1875.
Milman, Henry Hart; England; 1791–1868.
Milner, Joseph; England; 1744–1797.
Milton, John; England; 1608–1674.

Minto, William ; Scotland ; living in 1875.
Mitford, Miss ; England ; 1786–1855.
Moir, David Macbeth ; Scotland ; 1798–1851.
Molière, Jean Baptiste Poquelin de ; France ; 1622–1673.
Monboddo, Lord ; Scotland ; 1714–1799.
Montague ; France ; 1533–1592.
Montaigne, Michael de ; France ; 1533–1592.
Montgomery, James ; Scotland ; 1771–1854.
Montgomery, Robert ; England ; 1807–1855.
Moore, Thomas ; Ireland ; 1779–1852.
More, Hannah ; England ; 1745–1833.
More, Sir Thomas ; England ; 1480–1535.
Morris, G. P. ; United States ; 1802–1864.
Morris, William ; England ; 1830 ; living in 1875.
Mosheim, Johann Laurenz ; Germany ; 1694–1755.
Motherwell, William ; Scotland ; 1797–1835.
Motley, John Lothrop ; United States ; 1814 ; living in 1875.
Mudie, Robert ; Scotland ; 1777–1842.
Mulock, Dinah Maria ; England ; 1826 ; living in 1875.

Nash, Thomas ; England ; 1558–1600.
Norton, Mrs. ; England ; 1808.

Oehlenschlaeger, Adam ; Scandinavia ; 1779–1850.
Olin, Stephen ; United States ; 1797–1851.
Opie, Mrs. ; England ; 1769–1853.
Osgood, Mrs. Frances Sargent ; United States ; about 1812–1850.
Ossian ; Scotland ; in 2d or 3d century.
Overbury, Sir Thomas ; 1581–1631.
Owen, John ; England ; about 1560–1622.

Paine, Thomas ; England ; 1737–1809.
Paley, William ; England ; 1743–1805.
Palgrave, Sir Francis Turner ; England ; 1788–1861.
Paludan-Müller, Frederic ; Denmark ; 1809.
Parnell, Thomas ; Ireland ; 1679–1718.
Parr, Samuel ; England ; 1747–1825.
Parsons, Thomas W. ; United States ; 1819.
Patmore, Coventry ; England ; 1823.
Paulding, J. Kirke ; United States ; 1779–1860.
Payson, Edward ; United States ; 1783–1827.
Peacham, Henry ; England ; published 1577.

Pearson, John; England; 1612–1686.
Percival, James Gates; United States; 1795–1856.
Percy, Thomas; England; 1728–1811.
Perrault, Charles; France; 1628–1703.
Pierpont, John; United States; 1785–1866.
Pike, Albert; United States; 1809.
Pitt, William; England; 1759–1806.
Plato; Greece; B.C. 429–348.
Plautus; Rome; about 254–184 B.C.
Plunkett, William C.; Ireland; 1764–1854.
Poe, Edgar Allan; United States; 1811–1849.
Pollok, Robert; Scotland; 1799–1827.
Pope, Alexander; England; 1688–1744.
Porson, Richard; England; 1759–1808.
Praed, Winthrop Mackworth; England; 1802–1839.
Prescott, William Hickling; United States; 1796–1859.
Prior, Matthew; England; 1664–1721.
Proctor, Adelaide; England; 1825–1864.
Proctor, Bryan Waller ("Barry Cornwall"); England; about 1790.
Publius Syrus; flourished about B.C. 42.
Puttenham, George; England; about 1529–1600.

Quarles, Francis; England; 1592–1644.
Quintilian; Latin; born about 40, died about 118.

Radcliffe, Mrs.; England; 1764–1823.
Ramsay, Allan; Scotland; 1685–1758.
Ramsay, Rev. Dean; Scotland; living in 1875.
Randolph, John; United States; 1773–1833.
Raphael; Italy; 1483–1520.
Read, Thomas Buchanan; United States; 1822.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua; England; 1723–1792.
Richardson, Samuel; England; 1689–1767.
Richter, Jean Paul F.; Germany; 1763–1825.
Robertson, William; Scotland; 1721–1793.
Rochester (Lord), John Wilmot; England; 1647–1680.
Rogers, Henry; England; about 1814.
Rogers, Samuel; England; 1763–1855.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel; England.
Ruskin, John; England; 1819; living in 1875.
Russell, William Howard; Ireland; 1821.
Ryle, J. C.; England; 1816.

Sackville, Thomas, Earl of Dorset; England; 1527–1608.
Sallust; Latin; B.C. 86–34.
Sappho; Greece; probably B.C. 630–570.
Saurin, Jacques; France; 1677–1730.
Saxe, John Godfrey; United States; 1816; living in 1875.
Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von; Germany; 1759–1805.
Scott, Sir Walter; Scotland; 1741–1832.
Seed, Jeremiah; England; died 1747.
Seneca; Spain (Latin); about B.C. 61.
Shakespeare, William; England; 1564–1616.
Shaw, John; United States; 1778.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe; England; 1792–1822.
Shenstone, William; England; 1714–1768.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley; Ireland; 1751–1816.
Sherlock, William; England; about 1641–1707.
Shirley, James; England; 1679–1717.
Sidney, Algernon; England; 1622–1683.
Sidney, Edwin; England; living in 1875.
Sidney, Sir Philip; England; 1554–1586.
Sigourney, Mrs.; United States; 1791–1865.
Skinner, John; Scotland; 1721–1807.
Smith, Alexander; Scotland; 1830–1867.
Smith, Horace; England; 1779–1849.
Smith, James; England; 1776–1839.
Smith, Seba; United States; 1792–1868.
Smith, Sydney; England; 1769–1845.
Smith, Dr. William; England; living in 1875.
Smollett, Tobias; Scotland; 1721–1771.
Socrates; Greece; B.C. 468–399.
South, Robert; England; 1633–1716.
Southern, Thomas; Ireland; 1660–1746.
Southey, Mrs.; England; 1787–1854.
Southey, Robert; England; 1774–1843.
Souvestre, Émile; France; 1806–1854.
Spencer, Herbert; England; living in 1875.
Spencer, W. R.; England; 1769–1834.
Spenser, Edmund; England; 1553–1599.
Sprague, Charles; United States; 1791.
Sprague, William Buell; United States; 1795.
Spurgeon, Charles Haddon; England; 1834; living in 1875.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence; United States; 1837; living in 1875.
Steele, Sir Richard; Ireland; 1675–1729.

Stephens, John Lloyd; United States; 1805–1852.
Sterling, John; Scotland; 1806–1844.
Sterne, Lawrence; England; 1713–1768.
Stevens, G. A.; England; about 1720–1784.
Stewart, Dugald; Scotland; 1753–1828.
Still, John; England; 1543–1607.
Stoddard, Mrs.; United States; 1787–1820.
Stoddard, Thomas Tod; Scotland; living in 1875.
Story, Joseph; United States; 1779–1845.
Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher; United States; 1812; living in 1875.
Street, Alfred B.; United States; 1812; living in 1875.
Strickland, Miss Agnes; England; 1806–1874.
Suckling, Sir John; England; 1608–1641.
Sully, Duke of; France; 1559–1641.
Superville; France.
Surrey, Earl of, Henry Howard; England; 1518–1547.
Surtress, Robert; England; 1779–1834.
Suso, Heinrich; Germany; probably 1300–1365.
Swain, Charles; England; 1803; living in 1875.
Swift, Jonathan; Ireland; 1667–1745.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles; England; 1843; living in 1875.
Sylvester, Joshua; England; 1563–1618.
Sylvester, Matthew; England; died 1708.

Tacitus, Caius Cornelius; Latin; born about 50, died after 117.
Taine, H. A.; France; living in 1875.
Talfourd, Thomas Noon; England; 1795–1854.
Talleyrand-Périgord, Charles Maurice; France; 1754–1838.
Tannahill, Robert; Scotland; 1774–1810.
Tasso, Bernardo; Italy; 1493–1569.
Tassoni, Alessandro; Italy; 1565–1635.
Taylor, Bayard; United States; 1825; living in 1875.
Taylor, Isaac; England; 1787–1865.
Taylor, Jane; England; 1783–1824.
Taylor, Jeremy; England; 1613–1667.
Tenant, William; Scotland; 1784–1848.
Tennyson, Alfred; England; 1810; living in 1875.
Tennyson, Frederick; England.
Terence; Rome; about 195–159 B.C.
Tertullian, Quintus Septimius Florens; Latin; b. about 160, d. bet. 220–240.
Thackeray, William Makepeace; England; 1811–1863.
Theocritus; Greece; flourished about 270 B.C.

Theremin; Germany; died lately.
Thierry, Jacques N. A.; France; 1795–1856.
Thiers, Louis Adolphe; France; 1797; living in 1875.
Thom, William; Scotland; 1799–1850.
Thomson, James; Scotland; 1700–1748.
Thorpe, T. B.; United States; living in 1875.
Tilton, Theodore; United States; living in 1875.
Titian; Italy; 1477–1576.
Tooke, John Horne; England; 1736–1812.
Toplady, Augustus M.; England; 1740–1788.
Tourneur, Peter le; France; 1736–1788.
Trench, Richard Chenevix; England; 1807; living in 1875.
Trollope, Anthony; England; 1815; living in 1875.
Trumbull, John; United States; 1750–1831.
Tuckerman, Henry Theodore; 1813; living in 1875.
Tupper, Martin Farquhar; England; 1810; living in 1875.
Tyndale, Professor; England; living in 1875.

Valdez, John Melendez; Spain; 1754–1817.
Vaughan, Henry; England; 1621–1695.
Veronese, Paul; Italy; about 1530–1588.
Vinet, Alexander; Switzerland; 1797–1847.
Virgil, Publius Maro; Italy; 70-19 B.C.
Volpi, John Anthony; Italy; 1514–1588.
Voltaire; France; 1694–1778.

Waller, Edmund; England; 1605–1687.
Walpole, Horace; England; 1717–1797.
Walpole, Sir Robert; England; 1676–1745.
Watts, Isaac; England; 1674–1748.
Webster, Daniel; United States; 1782–1852.
Webster, John; England; flourished 1633.
Wesley, Charles; England; 1708–1788.
Wesley, John; England; 1703–1791.
Wesley, Samuel; England; about 1662–1735.
Whately, Richard; England; 1787–1863.
Whewell, William; England; 1795–1866.
Whipple, Edwin P.; United States; 1819.
White, Blanco; Spain; 1773–1840.
White, Henry Kirke; England; 1785–1806.
Whitfield, George; England; 1714–1770.
Whittier, John Greenleaf; United States; 1807; living in 1875.

Wilde, Richard; United States; 1789–1847.
Willis, Nathaniel Parker; United States; 1807–1867.
Wilson, Alexander; Scotland; 1766–1813.
Wilson, John ("Christopher North"); Scotland; 1785–1854.
Winther, Rasmus V. C. F.; Denmark; 1796.
Winthrop, R. C.; United States; 1809; living in 1875.
Wirt, William; United States; 1772–1834.
Wither, George; England; 1588–1667.
Wolcott, John ("Peter Pindar"); England; 1738–1819.
Wolfe, Charles; Ireland; 1791–1823.
Wordsworth, William; England; 1770–1850.
Wormius, Olaf; Denmark; 1588–1654.
Worsley, Philip Stanhope; England; died 1866.
Wotton, Sir Henry; England; 1568–1639.
Wycliffe, John de; England; about 1324–1384.

Young, Edward; England; 1684–1765.
Young, Charlotte; England; living in 1875.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Object of this Volume.—Power, Beauty, Wealth, and Wit of Language.—Survey of American and English Writers.—Figurative Language, in above Two Hundred Figures.—No Literature ever before so Surveyed.—Author Claims entire Originality.—Old yet Immortal Flowers, but a New Ribbon.—Of utmost Use to all who Speak or Compose.—No good Treatise on Figures in our Language.—No good Distinction between Trope and Metonymy.—What in the World is a Hypocatastasis?—A Sweet Volume given away by its Papa.—Wonderful Number of Figures.—Hard Names they have.—Ridiculed by Addison.—Names will be Humanized.—Definition of a Figure.—The Dawn and the Twilight.—A Mermaid of a City discovered by Washington Irving.—Barbarossa Declaims.—A Water-kelpie Shrieks.—Sermon by Dr. Chalmers.—Criticism on his Style.—Sir Thomas More's Fool.—Earliest Prose published in England.—Figures Needful in Religion.—Language of the Old Testament Described.—How Figures wear Old and get Young.—Blunder by Lord Macaulay.—Daisy and Skylark.—Style of Jesus.—French Oratory.—Felicities by Beecher.—Enoch Arden.—Jokes by Jerrold.—Thunderous Prose by Milton.—Pennsylvania Dutch.—The Bird in the Bosom.—Six great Points.—Claims of Greek and Latin, and one good Reason Why.—Music in our Speech.—Milton's Melodies Proved.—Tam O'Shanter Croons.—Three Books necessary in this Volume: Bible, Paradise Lost, Shakespeare.—Panegyric on Monosyllables.—Beautiful Quotations.—How Figures aid Invention.—Dr. Mott's admirable Sermon: the Soil, the Seed, the Sower.—Sublimity and Poesy of the Christ.—Christ's Death-mantle..... Page xxxvii

CHAPTER I.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.—PART FIRST.

Three Kinds of Figures: In Etymology, or Spelling; in Syntax, or Construction; in Rhetoric, or Application, in Obedience to Moods of Mind.—I. Aphæresis, or Front-cut.—In Allan Ramsay, Burns, Tannahill.—Jerrold Cuts up a Scoundrel.—Bret Harte goes down in 'Frisco.—Blind Harry.—Death of the Douglas.—Full Account of John Gower.—He Great in Lifeless Doggrel.—First Parliamentary Speech in English was in 1362.

—Man's Wealth, Poverty, Youth, and Old Age.—Why Treason can never Prosper.—A Strain by the Author.—Sharp and Sweet.—George III. and his Hard Head.—Morris and Campbell Copy the One from the Other.—Robin Hood under the Greenwood Tree.—A Lyric of London.—Four Answers in Four Minutes.—Death of a Son.—Cupid Defeated by a Young Lady.—How Parents live over again in their Children.—A Flirt Discarded.—Southern's Classic Lines; and One by Lord Burkhurst.—Disastrous One Hundred and Ninety Years between Chaucer and Spenser.—Pope Described.—Specimen of his Wit.—Epigram on a Blockhead.—Shakespeare's Death in the Two Sixteens.—Four opposite Devices in Figures.—Dr. Watts Defends his Small Size.—Story of Washington by Washington Irving.—Compliment to Miss Edgeworth.—II., III., IV., V. Syncope, or Mid-cut; Synæresis; Crasis; Synezesis.—Miss Waring gives a pretty Example.—Condoling with Mamma.—Noble Line by Dekker.—Bitter Sarcasm by Burns.—Smooth Verse by Chamberlayne.—Epigram on Author of "Hudibras."—Sonnet on Shakespeare.—The Men of Genius Contemporaries with Shakespeare, Fourteen mentioned.—Example of Homeliness in the Pulpit that can not be forgotten.—Knocking an Eye out, by Curran the Orator.—An Irish Poacher Discovered among the Constellations.—VI. Apocope, or End-cut.—Curran Treated as a Little Cratur.—Critique on "Hudibras."—Sam Patch, Sam Weller, and Sam Slick.—Mr. Bear finds his Match.—My poor Pol, Go in the Pi.—Praise of the Doric, the Scottish Dialect.—Bold Instance in Crashaw of Cutting off.—Fletcher, Marvel, Keats, and the Author.—Potates and Chestnuts.—Fall of the Leaf.—A Daring and Graceful Illustration.—Sonnet by an Archbishop.—The Sun Clouded.—Nebuchadnezzar Depicted.—Style of Shakespeare.—Burke Defines Majesty Stripped of its Externals.—Direction how to Study this delightful Subject..... 55

CHAPTER II.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.—PART SECOND.

Excellent Advice to a Young Man by William Cullen Bryant.—Another by Marsh and by your Author.—VII. Prosthesis, or Prefixing.—Chaucer's Favorite Flower and Burns's.—Poesy's Skylarks and Devotion's Bells.—Pocahontas Daguerreotyped.—Hurricane at Midnight.—Chaucer's Portrait of a Nun.—Four Eras of English Poetry.—Piers the Plowman warmly Lauded; as also the "Faerie Queene."—How the Old Testament grows as Age grows.—VIII. Epenthesis, or Insertion.—American and Scotch Humor highly Commended.—They are Accounted for.—Philosophy of Fun.—A Candidate's Creed.—An Attempt to Reorganize a Wife.—How to do it Best.—IX. Paragoge, or Annexation.—No Preachee and Floggee both.—Endearing Effects of a *y* in Courting.—Of Thumping her Deary, by a Lady.—A Portrait of a Schoolma.—Milton's supremely beautiful Word.—Lubricating the Joke.—Thumpaty, Glumpaty, and Stumpaty.—A Bullying Lawyer Outdone.—Taking "No" out of the Com-

mandments and Putting it in the Creed.—Piers the Plowman Praised very highly a Second Time, and Quoted.—X. Diæresis, or Separation.—Milton's "Comus."—Speech of a Guardian Angel.—Milton's Exquisite Style.—The Palace and the Hut.—XI. Tmesis, Diacope, or Cutting.—Power of Curiosity.—Sublimity of Law.—Account of Milton, Hooker, and Ruskin's Prose; of Macaulay's.—XII. Metathesis, or Twisting.—One who hain't got an Umbrella.—Ike and Mrs. Partington.—The Old Lady's Oilfactories.—Dr. Holmes on Widdahs.—A Pig Squales like an Infidel.—XIII. Intentional Misspelling.—Account of Henry Kirke White.—The Land of the Toomeniaitches.—Thackeray Lisps Cleverly.—A Lapland Witch.—XIV. Full Syllabification.—Curds under a Tree Served up by Skakespeare.—XV. Dialect.—In the Stillness o' the Night.—XVI. The Alphabetic, a Newly Invented Rhyme by Punch.—XVII. Combination.—The Cleek-um-inn.—Do-the-boys Hall.—The Wooden Spoon and the Treacle.—A go-to-meetin' Coat.—The Helter-skelter-ding-dong-horse-and-foot Style.—Account of Addison.—Anecdote of Him.—XVIII. Accentuation.—By Two great Bards, and by a Talented One.—Catholicity of Taste will be Cultured in this Volume.—Pope and Macaulay Defended.—Wordsworth, Crabbe, Burns, Shakespeare, and Milton Characterized.—Debate between Byron and Bowles 75

CHAPTER III.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.—PART FIRST.

Need of Figures of Syntax.—We are Recording, not Inventing Phenomena.—Study of Language is Study of Mind.—XIX. Ellipsis, or Omission.—Style without this would be Chains, not Wings.—How Women are the Opposite of Clocks.—Pope meets a Retort.—Pun by Jerrold.—Jemmy Wright has just Popped out.—Poetical Recipe for Boiling Chicken.—Another Strain by your Author.—Anecdote of a Mad Poet.—Picture of Charles XII. of Sweden.—New Translation of a Hebrew Prophet.—Call for New Version of Bible.—Sallust Criticised.—Railway Collision.—Sad Death of Edgar A. Poe.—Cæsar Slain.—Scene in Grave-yard.—Shipwreck in Bay of Biscay.—The Gray Forest Eagle.—Military Fame.—Moon in Storm, by King Alfred.—Anecdotes of Ben Jonson.—Proof of his Pellucid Style.—Saying "Bo" to a Goose.—Letter Addressed to "Mr. Newton, Europe."—Disrespect is Highest Respect.—A Husband and a Wife Differ.—What is a Prosist?—King Francis and the Lions.—Able Critique on Milton's Style.—Boyd's Notes Recommended.—How to Acquire Accuracy in Words.—Mr. Vagabond Addressed.—Twenty-nine Varieties of Ellipsis.—Dana's Book of Poetry Commended; and also Bryant's.—"Go where is de most Devil."—Epitaph on Charles II.—The only Secret a Woman can Keep.—A Statuesque Group by Chaucer.—To the Song-sparrow.—The Education given by Mountains.—A Far View that can be Seen.—Milton's Theology Defended.—Addison's Praise of Milton.—A Mother Offering her Son to the Country.—Grace

by Burns.—Flowers: What they Say.—A Sign-board got up by a Philosopher.—An Early Walk by Sydney Smith.—Need of "Which."—Amavi is Am-have-I.—Improvements on Common Version.—Sarcastic Letter by Hogarth.—XX. Asyndeton, Lack of Ands.—Birth of the Earliest Republic.—Birth-shout of a Nation.—Style of *Spectator* Lauded.—Lamartine's Home of God.—Scene in Holland.—Speech by Henry IV. of France.—A Picture the Young Gentlemen will Recognize.—A True Christian Home..... 96

CHAPTER IV.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.—PART SECOND.

XXI. Polysyndeton, or Superfluity of Ands.—Examples from Holy Writ.—Beautiful Tradition about our Master.—A Death-scene.—Poesy comes Best from Deepest Wells.—A full Account of the Great and Good Demosthenes.—Two great Lessons from him.—Two Charges against him Refuted.—Battle of Solferino.—XXII. Zeugma, or Junction.—Of Language as Multitudinous.—XXIII. Syllepsis, Synesis, Synthesis.—The Infinite Hand.—XXIV. Paradiastole, or Neithers and Nors.—How it is Possible to Join Disjunctively.—Denunciation of an Oppressor.—XXV. Pleonasm, or Superfluity.—"O Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, O!"—A Weak Pleonasm where it should not be.—Being in Doleful Dumps.—The Mother of the Flowers.—A Hard Thing to Die.—Criticism on Carlyle.—"Going for to Go."—How Ancient Ladies are Safe from Sparks.—"Ha, ha, the Wooin' o't."—Dancing on a Young Irishman's Heart.—Boots, Sugar-tongs, and Tinder-boxes.—XXVI. Me-ism.—XXVII. Hypallage, the Cart before the Horse.—Virgil Commits an Irish Bull.—Strange that the Weather-glass has so little Effect on the Weather.—The great Word, Remorse.—True Historic View of English Language..... 121

CHAPTER V.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.—PART THIRD AND LAST.

Figures not Tawdry.—Language Approves Man very High-born.—Figures as Natural as is Breathing.—How no Kettle ever Boiled, though Bridget says so.—XXVIII. Enallages of great Importance.—They are a Feast of Strawberries.—Twenty-six Sorts.—Cradle of Jesus.—The Servant-boy of all Work Rushes in.—XXIX. Antiptosis.—XXX. Antemeria.—XXXI. Heterosis.—Indescribable Beauty of Shakespeare's Style.—One who Furs himself round with Hearts.—A Youthful Witch.—Apostrophe to the Sun—Panegyric on the Normans.—A Beautifulest Bride.—Opening of Piers the Plowman.—XXXII. Metastasis.—Cæsar Fights on the Arar.—Literature Bears us every where.—Sam Slick on Widdahs.—An Immortal Line by Keats.—Unsurpassed Examples from the Swan of Avon.—The Author hath another Fytte.—XXXIII. Hyperbaton, Inversion, or Transposition.—Its Immense Power.—Mrs. Sippy and Miss

Souri.—The Wild Sea-mew.—A Married Blue-stocking's Interruptions.—The Snout of an Elephant.—Opening of "Paradise Lost."—Opening of Hooker's Great Book.—Of the "Iliad."—Of Tasso's Italian Epic.—Odysseus Bids Good-bye to a Nymph.—XXXIV. Anastrophe.—Relief by Tears.—Eleven Instances of Inversion.—Marmion's Swarthy Cheek.—Death of Hector, from Cowper's "Iliad."—Plato's Six Arrangements of his Sentence.—Ariosto's Ten.—How Euphony can be Won.—Consecration of Wordsworth.—Wolsey Stigmatized.—Fall of Sathanas.—A Love that Refuses to Die even under Deceit.—Admirable Argument by Professor Bascom that Emotion, Eloquence, Figures, will Increase.—Discussion of the Periodic Sentence.—True Definition of Good Style .. 137

CHAPTER VI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART FIRST.

Our most Important Division Come at Last.—A Protest against the Common Definition.—Our New Definition.—No Surfaceness or Sham necessary in Figures.—A Defense from the German.—Demosthenes Unsurpassed in Figures, yet Altogether Simple.—Every Good Figure has Truth in it, and is not Sham.—Play of Wit between Voltaire and Lord Chesterfield.—Madness of a March Hare.—The Laws of Figurative Language Sweep away Transubstantiation.—High Compliment not Meant for One.—Figures not to make Obscure, but Clear.—XXXV. Simile, Fixed Laws of.—A Lovely and Calm Evening.—A Heroic Scotch Peddler.—A Bible Spirit is always Noble.—Account of Coleridge.—Attack on Tall Men as to their Upper Story.—Pulpit Poem by Jeremy Taylor.—Spurgeon and his Rose-leaves.—Prediction of Sharp Nails after Wedlock.—A Steam-engine in Trousers.—Tear on Childhood's Cheek.—Two Ways of Treating Simile.—Description of Oliver Goldsmith.—Swiss Mountaineer.—Secret of How to Enrich your Style.—Science greatly Fitted to Contribute to Poesy Proved by Noble Instances.—An Embodied Storm.—A Young Lady who was like an Apple-dumpling.—Homer's Earliest Simile.—Full Account of his Similes.—A Hero Likened to a Haggis or a Pommeled Ass.—Bushnell Admirable on Figures.—Wit of Dr. Emmons.—Milton's Similes excellently Done by Addison.—Noble Eulogy on our English Bible by a Roman Catholic..... 156

CHAPTER VII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART SECOND.

Poesy by no Means Fights against Common-sense.—Study Shakespeare's Ariel and Caliban.—The Ladies' Eyes Likened by a Poor Poet to Brambles, and the Stars to Confectioners.—An Absurdity Committed by a Great Poetess.—Example of Genuine Poesy.—Another, of First-class Eloquence.—A Reverend Dr. like Butter.—How Thomson was Im-

proved by Pope.—A Felicitous Philosopher.—Naturalness is a Figure's Finest Charm.—Instances of how Infidelity Degrades Man and Literature.—A Sea-fight Mismanaged.—True Glow of Soul Required, not Sham Emotion.—The Muses are Sensible Women.—The Saucy Arethusa Sails by.—Two Fine Writers ably Contrasted.—Charm that Rhythm Adds to Poesy.—Facts about the *Spectator*.—A Gazette in Rhyme.—Philosophy of Experiment very Different from the Ape-honoring Guess-work of Darwin.—Cowley on Lord Bacon.—Beauty of River Thames.—Distinction between Simile and Allegory.—Two Fine Examples.—We Visit Loch Katrine.—Mists from Mountain Torrents.—A Demon's Dread Thought.—How Scott's Novels make a Fellow Hungry.—A Bunch of Exquisite Wild Flowers by Burns.—Two Grand Similes by an Old Greek.—The Youngest Babes the Nearest to God.—Nature like a Tender Nurse.—A Noble Comparison by "Euphues."—Admirable Poesy Fresh from Ireland.—A Scene Truly American.—Very Important Distinction by the Author between Poetry and Poesy.—The Deepest Source of Similes.—Meanness of Atheism.—How Opposed to Philosophy and to Poesy.—Happy Simile from Dryden.—Cromwell well Expressed.—Dr. Craik Contrasts Beattie's "Minstrel" and Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"..... 170

CHAPTER VIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART THIRD.

XXXVI. Metaphor.—Old Father Taylor Rouses the Sailors.—A Bridge of Rainbows.—An Infidel Book is a Landscape without a Sky.—Transubstantiation Examined according to the Philosophy of Figures.—"Is" very often means "Represents," never "Is changed into."—Meeting between Washington Irving and Sir Walter Scott.—Genius can never Run Out of Materials.—Two Sorts of Metaphors Depicted.—A Mountain Eagle.—Relations between Matter and Mind.—Two Roses Intertwine over Two Tombs.—Union in One Great Mind of the Hebrew and the Greek Genius.—Account of Milton.—The World's most Sublime Poem.—Two Conflicting Verdicts on Milton.—A Good Metaphor given us by Botany.—Contributions of Science to Poesy.—The Severely True is the most Romantic.—Bright Sparks from an Eminent Wit.—A Scolding Woman's Tongue.—Lines on an Infant.—New Definition of Man.—Strange Visit to Byron's Corpse.—What Sir Walter Esteemed the Finest Metaphor in the World.—A Student's Frolic by a Great Poet.—How Light is the Shadow of God.—Definition of the Poetical Principle.—Two Church Historians Criticised.—Against Abridgments of Great Works.—Two Mixed Metaphors Dissected.—Account of the Famous "Euphues."—Nothing is Lasting that is a Sham.—Many Speakers should Thunder Less and Lightning More.—A Republic Surrounded by a Ghost.—Recipe: How to Cook Metaphors.—Splendid Passage by a Genial Orator.—How to Read the Bible Nobly in the Pulpit.—What History Blushes at.—Your Author Breaks into a Strain.—Old Gower

is Unmercifully Exposed.—Fuller is Pleaded for.—The Three Mourners, a First-rate Poem never before Translated, from the German..... 184

CHAPTER IX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART FOURTH.

XXXVII. Metonymy.—Lies always in a Noun, never in an Adjective.—You and Bridget make Them without Knowing of it.—Thirty-four Enumerated.—Largest List in the World.—Language Proves Man God-born.—A Beaker full of the Warm South.—The Summer of Shiraz.—A Daily Sip of Spenser.—The Cave of Mammon do we Enter.—Tennyson's Bow found Fault with.—Dreamland Peopled with Wonders.—Una in White.—Hush before Thunder.—Time, the Deep Voice.—Astronomy Displays the Great Thinker.—Ballad by Italian Shoemaker.—Mornrise.—The Glories of the Tartan.—A Charge of Spearmen.—Make a Bow to your Conscience.—The Shadow Feared of Man.—Toplady's Beautiful Hymn.—A Sleighful of Beauty on Broadway.—A Wood-pigeon's Nest.—Grave of Lazarus.—A Bad Way of Doing a Good Act.—The Last Slice of Plum-pudding.—To See a Voice.—The Cloud-thrones of Fancy.—Rise of the Moon.—Glimpse of Hell.—Indian War-whoop.—Cool Dew.—A Pope Inside.—The Mighty Dead.—A Tight Gale at Sea.—A Perfect Poem.—Noses who make Good Customers.—A Bishop Riding to Heaven on the Back of a Cow.—A Terrific Name.—A Pate well Covered.—A Cimeter Flashes in Battle.—XXXVIII. Synecdoche.—A Queer Notion by Beecher.—A Midnight of Snow.—XXXIX. Metalepsis.—An Echo in a Great Dome.—An Essay on Veal.—Drinking Crummie.—"The Kye come Hame."—The Mystery that Solves Mysteries.—A Metonymy is not a Trope..... 202

CHAPTER X.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART FIFTH.

XL. Tropes.—Never Precisely Defined.—Distinction between Metonymy and Trope.—The Latter always in an Adjective.—Fourteen Varieties.—Fullest List in the World.—Young Love.—A Forgiving Rainbow.—Braidclaith much Lauded.—A Washing-day: its Discomforts.—A Dying Soldier's Visor.—A Fan in Different Tempers.—Adieu to a Bride.—Summer in the Far North.—The Gentleman with the Foolish Teeth.—Pathless Groves.—A Sultry Summer Eve.—The Birth of Jesus.—A Rainy Night.—The Cheerful Hearth Listening to the Tempest at Sea.—Of a Child in Heaven.—The Cannon Rattles.—The Purple Dresses of the Proud and Fair.—The Dawning Hills.—Office of Imagination to Discover Gossamer Truths.—Bunyan's Despair, and Lear's.—A Withered Leaf Preaches a Sermon.—Gift of Interpreting Nature.—The Universe Crowded with Jehovah's Thoughts; therefore Poesy can not get

Exhausted.—A False Religion Hinders Noble Writing.—Draw up Full List of Outward Objects used by Jesus as Illustrations.—He Led Men Back to Nature.—Three Heads of Arrangement; nay, Four.—Tropes very Various in their Sorts.—Very Fairylike they are.—They are Change of Adjectives..... 221

CHAPTER XI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART SIXTH.

XLI. Hypocatastasis, or Implication.—Wretched Neglect into which our Subject has Fallen.—Most Beautiful and Far-reaching.—A Palm-grove.—Marvelous Capabilities of English.—Ruins of Persepolis.—Vales Surging with Autumn.—William the Testy Stumps About.—Closing Lines of "Pleasures of Memory."—Fancy's Fairy Frostwork.—Closing Lines of "Pleasures of Hope."—A Vision Appears of Drowned Seaman.—Mrs. Partington with her Mop Defies the Atlantic.—Awful Lightning.—Eloquence of Demosthenes.—Words Full of Poesy and of Wisdom.—Great Thinkers Abound in Figures.—Sediment if we Dip too Deep in Pleasure.—Discussion of Scripture Style.—Elegant Distinction in Greek New Testament.—Bad Figure by Irving.—Dunbar Describes Well.—Example of Light and Sinewy Style.—Bird Helen is Shot.—"Your Maggotship."—Tom Paine does Well for Once.—Advice to Would-be Author.—Passion is Priceless. — Fame Crows Early. — The Woods put a Wig on their Pate.—Visit to the Vatican.—XLII. Epanorthosis, or Correction.—Emma's Portrait.—Grave of a Sage.—Rats Turned into Mice.—Defense of Bible.—A Bad Position to be in.—XLIII. Anamnesis, or Recollection.—One who is ever Present when you Speak of him.—XLIV. Aposiopesis, Sudden Silence. — Neptune Interrupts himself. — The Bride's Tragedy.—XLV. Sudden Self-interruption.—Wondrous from Shakespeare.—Slaughter of Five Hundred Children.—Tameness in Pulpit is Inexcusable.—XLVI. Emblem.—A Thrilling Figure.—A Magnificent Instance.—Sullied Snow.—Sonnet from Italian.—Hon er Sings.—Critique by Theodore Tilton..... 231

CHAPTER XII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART SEVENTH.

XLVII. The Weird.—Anticipations of Heaven by Horatius Bonar, a True Bard of the Cross.—"The Ancient Mariner."—XLVIII. The Quaint.—Legal Damages Secured.—XLIX. Antithesis; Epantiosis.—Pope's Contrast of Homer and Virgil.—Johnson's, of Dryden and Pope.—The Most Sublime of all Sciences and the Most Important of all Arts.—The Telescope and the Microscope.—L. Antimetabole.—LI. Parison, or Annomination. — LII. Omoioteleuton. — Cæsar's Famous Letter. — LIII. Isocolon. — Cicero Declaims. — LIV. Commutation. — A Poem and a Picture.—A Writer who is a Continent of Mud.—How he that hath

Slight Thoughts of Sin never had Great Thoughts of God.—The Devil's Chapel.—Importance of Small Things.—A Cry that is a Silence.—A Silence that is a Cry.—Aphrodite, the Genius of Beauty, is Born from the Sea-wave.—Enters the Almshouse Physician.—The Duke of Buckingham every thing by Starts, but nothing Long.—We Go to See a Haunt of Pirates.—Of Gunpowder and Painting, by the Sixth American President.—Jackasses and their Ditties.—The Roar of Yarrow.—Portrait of a Clown.—Two Overdone Antitheses.—Literature should Image Nature, which Abounds in the Opposition of Situation. — Splendid Situations in Cervantes, Schiller, and Shakespeare Marked by Contrasts.—Repose in Painting.—Shield of Achilles.—Trip to Alnwick Castle.—A Collection of Figures Thrown Together Purposely in Disorder. —A Vast Constellation of Common Faiths, in Literature and in Religion, ever Increasing..... 247

CHAPTER XIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART EIGHTH.

LV. Intentional Discrepancy.—Love of Variety should be Humored.—Lament over Erin.—LVI. Nonsense an Important Figure.—Some Folk-verses in Savannah, Georgia, and on the Clyde.—"Zickaty, Dickaty, Dock."—"Igo and Ago."—"Sing Hey Trix, Trim Go Trix."—"Lilliburlero."—LVII. Oxymoron, or Wise Folly.—A Silent Voice.—Addison's Celebrated Hymn.—"I Love them Both Best."—Jesus, more Man than any Man.—He who Saw what was Not to be Seen.—A Press-gang Hauls off Young Ben.—Having Nothing, he has All.—Resemblance between Paul and Demosthenes.—Less than the Least.—Saying Things too Simple for Words.—Sedan and the Commune.—Imprisoned in Unbounded Space.—Herbert Spencer's Weakness of Omniscience.—Magnificent Evidence of Emptiness.—What a Favor to Die.—"Powerful Weak but Cruel Easy."—Seeing too many Ghosts to Believe in Them.—The Ambition of Infidelity.—Dr. Hitchcock Speaks Eloquently.—LVIII. Euphemism, or Smooth Handle. — Twa Neives that were scarce Weelbrêd. — A Volley of Presbyterian Bullets. — LIX. Misnomer. — Great Wealth of Figures by our Saviour.—Lament over Cleopatra.—Flies that were Free Men.—LX. Hyperbole, or Exaggeration.—One Hundred from Shakespeare.—A Dainty One from Anacreon.—Bridget Comes with the Coals in Less than No Time.—A Lover's Rhapsody.—Pellucid Elegance.—A Roe Bounds along a Moss-grown Forest Pathway.—A Spectre Glares on us.—An Old Woman Tries to put herself Back into a Girl.—Marrying Beelzebub's Eldest Daughter and Going Home to Live with the Old Folks.—The Fox of Ballybotherem.—Pigs that Squeak Greek.—A Giant's Big Glove.—The Dramatists of Elizabeth's Time give us Grand Quotations.—Another Lover Breaks Out.—A River Runs Crazy.—How the Morning Dresses herself.—A French Barber Talks Big.—A Lady who Writes the Hottentots into Top-boots.—An Umbrella over a Duck in a Shower of Rain.—Delightful Little Letter to a

Child.—LXI. Peculiarity of Usage.—Figures can be Easily and Largely Cultivated..... 263

CHAPTER XIV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART NINTH.

LXII. Litotes, Meiosis, or Lessening. — Opposite of Hyperbole. — Satan Hating the Sun.—The Mountain and the Squirrel have a Debate.—English but Half Developed.—Flora's Fairest Daughterling.—LXIII. The Irish Bull—a Copious Supply of Them.—Stealing the Keyhole.—How the Child's the Father of the Man.—Explanation Philosophic of a Bull.—Making Tay of Chocolate.—A Shilling Short: Who Put it In?—Keeping One's Spake to One's Self.—A Papa would not Object to the Children's Noise, if They would only Keep Quiet.—A Poor Woman who was the Mother of Six Small Children and a Sick Husband.—A Man Makes Two Chairs out of his Own Head, and has Plenty of Wood left for Another. — LXIV. Repetition, Many in Bible. — LXV. Ploce.—Lord Chatham on Cromwell.—LXVI. Gemination.—LXVII. Anaphora, Epanaphora.—An Irishman's Heart.—LXVIII. Epistrophe, Antistrophe, Epiphora, Conversion.—A Noble One by Dr. Griffin.—A Great Bell at Midnight.—LXIX. Symploce.—Return of the Birds.—LXX. Anadiplosis.—LXXI. Epadiplosis.—A Monosyllabic Line by your Author. — LXXII. Complection. — An Attack on Rullus by Cicero.—LXXIII. Epanalepsis.—Persecutions of the Apostles.—Immortality of Sin will make Suffering Immortal.—LXXIV. Epanodos, or Regression.—LXXV. Polyptoton.—A Man who has Learned How to Learn can Learn any Thing. — LXXVI. Epizeuxis, or Traduction. — LXXVII. Paregmenon.—LXXVIII. Summation.—Sublime Cases of.—A Great Nation Made a Widow.—Three Great Reforms that Might easily be Made in the Pulpit. — Eager Appeal to Modern Preachers. — LXXIX. Choral Chant.—Art far Surpassed.—Panegyric on the Old Ballads.—Noble Quotations from Them.—A Depth of Woe.—Ballads from Four Lands.—Rev. Ralph Hoyt Exhorted to Write more.—The Gudeman Comes Hame.—LXXX. Echo. — A Figure wondrously Beautiful. — LXXXI. Redoubled Negation. — Great Quotation from our Demosthenes. — LXXXII. Redoubled Affirmation.—"A Thousand Times Yes."—A Supreme Poem from the German by your Author..... 280

CHAPTER XV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART TENTH.

LXXXIII. Synonym.—Noble Liturgy of English Church.—Professor Coppee Contributes a Valued Distinction between Liberty and Freedom.—LXXXIV. Ascription of Value.—By Luther.—A Saucy Miss is Rebuked. — LXXXV. Dubitation. — By Earl of Strafford. — Thom the Weaver-Poet.—Chrysostom on Abraham's Offering Up of Isaac.—The Mind

Tortured in an Eddy.—LXXXVI. Pretended Discovery.—The Antiquarian Trade.—LXXXVII. Aporia, or Pretended Impossibility.—Eloquence of Paul; Our Need of a Better Translation.—LXXXVIII. Ignorance.—Willie Winkie, the Genius of Slumber.—LXXXIX. Indistinctness.—A Hazy Mist.—Æneas and the Sibyl Enter Hell in a Dim Light.—Grand Passage.—Two Shades Sit on their Sepulchres.—A Hidden Monster.—A Dreaded Name.—Two Sublime Pictures.—Christ's Face in Eclipse.—Magnificent Argument by a Great Reasoner in Behalf of our Position as to Figures.—XC. Affirmation.—XCI. Affirmation and Negation. — The Maniac. — Appeal to the Pulpit. — XCII. Apostrophe.—Very Important.—Adversity Light compared with Guilt. —Invocation of Freedom.—Ossian Discussed.—Napoleon's Favorite.—Address to the Sun.—William Tell Holds Communion with Alpine Winds.—The Soul's Defiance.—Ode to the Cuckoo.—Biography of the Ettrick Shepherd.—Address to the Skylark.—Darwin the Elder Apostrophizes the Stars. — XCIII. Denunciation. — Sublime Instances.—XCIV. Solemn Appeal to Deity.—By Demosthenes and by Brougham; by Cicero and by Erskine.—Never Done any More.—XCV. Oath, or Adjuration.—Tremendous Power of Shakespeare.—Anathema.—XCVI. Command.—Cutting the Mast Away.—XCVII. Exclamation of Sorrow. —Widow Malone and Widow Machree.—XCVIII. Spiritualization.—Sweet Butter and Mountain Thyme..... 301

CHAPTER XVI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART ELEVENTH.

XCIX. Irony.—The Dry Mock.—In Scripture, no Contempt of Man, therefore Irony Seldom.—A Prisoner for Debt.—Catiline Defies the Senate. —A Pretty Sum to Begin the Next World with.—The Apostolical Succession from Judas.—Four Best American Satires.—C. Antiphrasis.—The Broad Flout.—CI. Ironical Permission, or Ironical Command.—Jesus Commands Disciples to Arm Themselves. — Bold Bacchanals Rise. — CII. Anti-Irony, or Pretended Blame. — Wee Willie Winkie Comes a Second Time.—CIII. Mock-Heroic.—A Boiled Sheep's Head Cooked for a Scotchman.—CIV. Prosopopeia, or Personification.—Scripture Overflows with It.—Feelings Bodied Forth in Forms or Outward Things Find a Heart and Mind.—Man is the Most to Man.—The Captive Fay.—The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.—Ocean's Frothing Lips.—A Steed's Mane.—The Sun's Pretty Daughters.—Ghastly Amazement.—Sleeping Moss.—A Welcome to Dawn.—How Numerous the Figures of Jesus. — A Vast Oak with an Altar under it of the Druids.—Natural Religion Chooses between Jesus and Mohammed.—Launch of a Man-of-war.—A War-ship Hastes to Battle.—A Death-march of Waves.—The Pyramids Dote with Age.—A Castle over the Sea.—Column of Bunker Hill Speaks.—A Pilgrim Gray.—War Yclad in Steel.—Milk-white Asphodel.—The Poet Kisses the Rose.—The Nymph, Content.—Outburst of Tecumseh.—The Dimples on the Cheek

of Home.—A Wild Storm among the Mountains.—Red Battle Stamps his Foot.—Nature at her Evening Prayers.—A Wicked If.—The Pulpit, Angel-like.—Two very Different Kinds of Words.—Delightful Feet.—Maids of Honor to the Spring.—CV. Ascription of Intention.—Lovely Scene in Ireland.—CVI. Anti-Personification.—A Horse with a Thing on its Back.—Things Soft as Girls.—Aristotle's Wondrous Prayer.—No Atheist He, yet how Vast an Intellect.—Five Great Thinkers in the Olden Time who Abounded in Prayer.—How Shallow our Atheists are compared with them.—Three very Important Reflections.—First, the Present Atheism is a Piece of Good Fortune for Christianity.—Second, in Prayer is no Priestcraft.—Third, Bible the Great Extirpator of all Priestcraft.—The Rampart of Liberty.—A Fortune-hunter Meets an Ignominious Fate.—CVII. Enhancement by Difference.—An Emigrant's Tears.—The Ruins of Petra..... 321

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART TWELFTH.

CVIII. Egoism.—Demosthenes, Brougham, and Cowper.—Appeal to Common-sense.—A Burst of Eloquence from the Pulpit.—Grandeur of Immortality.—How Wise in Christ to Give in His System so Leading a Place to Preaching.—Never will Pulpit be Superseded by the Newspaper or by the Printing-press.—CIX. Self-depreciation.—Egoism must not Flavor of Egotism.—On Death of Marshal Turenne.—CX. Paranomasia, or Pun.—Falling from a Style and Breaking One's Neck.—Learning a Craft so as to Live Without Craft.—CXI. Antanaclasis, a Peculiar Kind of Pun.—The Best of Acids.—Hanging so as to Avoid Hanging.—Pun on Tombstones.—"Diggin' a Tattie."—CXII. Soliloquy.—Many Fine Ones from Holy Writ.—Need of a New Translation, and Precisely Why.—CXIII. Direct Address.—Sublime One in Genesis.—The Old Clock Talks to Us.—A Dying Mother Pleads for her Babe.—The Coon Speaks to the Colonel.—Sacrifice of Isaac.—Speech by the Moon to a Shy Lover.—CXIV. Dialogue.—Demosthenes very Personal.—Pilot in a Hurricane.—Dialogues for the Pulpit.—Brougham to House of Lords.—Very Wonderful from Rowland Hill.—Intense Beauty from Holy George Herbert.—Your own Death-bed.—Shakespeare Beaten for Once.—Anselm very Emphatic.—The Impetuous Sword-song.—XCV. Prediction.—Lord Chatham Argues for the Americans.—How Faith Inspires an Orator.—A Cottage that is Impregnable.—Appeal for Missions.—CXVI. Anticipation.—A Murdered Man Stalks through a Ball-room.—CXVII. Paralepsis.—CXVIII. Apophasis.—Pretended Omission.—St. Paul's Good Manners.—"The Lady of the Lake."—A Young Lady's Secret.—Noble Instances from Demosthenes.—CXIX. Disparity.—The Full-winged Eagle.—Your Author Opens to You a Vast Forest.—CXX. Outward Illustration.—A Ghost Appears.—The Clank of Chains.—The most Magnificent Passage in our Oratory.—Wonders of a Pen.—CXXI. Accompaniment.—A

Thunder-crash.—CXXII. Meeting of Opposites.—Mice and Men Gang aft Agley..... 341

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART THIRTEENTH.

CXXIII. Onomatopy.—Sound Resembling Sense.—Tick, Tick.—The Oar on Lake Leman.—Lodore Waterfall Dashes down.—A Mighty Castle Falls.—A Zephyr and a Torrent.—Cry of a Wolf.—The Last Red Leaf.—Soft Music.—Gates of Hell Open, and Gates of Heaven.—Burst of Thunder.—Farewell to Life.—The Fairies Come Tripping in.—Pittle Pattle!—CXXIV. Interrogation.—A Fact never Named before, about Jesus.—The very Soul of Christianity.—Whitefield Electrifies the Sailors.—The Last Burning of the World.—A Question Put to Each of Us.—Lines in a Grave-yard.—Goethe's Genius and his Trash.—Mignon's very Fine Song.—A Great Fire in a City.—Erotesis.—The Strut of a Few Men of Science.—Innumerable Blunders by them.—As Many as by Theologians.—The Herald of the Second Crusade.—An Infant Described.—Prediction that Garibaldi would Arise.—Admirable Sonnet on Night.—Lord Lytton on Cicero.—A Struggle between Murder and Greed. — CXXV. Question and Answer. — Responsion. — Inimitable Story by Sterne.—Lay of Last Minstrel.—CXXVI. Exclamation.—Ecphonesis. — CXXVII. Epiphonema. — A truly Tremendous Scolding which Serves him Right.—Sabbath Morning.—The Evening Hour.—The Tenth Muse.—Two Death-bed Scenes.—Your Author Breaks Out. — CXXVIII. Nomination. — Broad Hindostan. — Bearing Away for Squam.—Noble Music..... 361

CHAPTER XIX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART FOURTEENTH.

CXXIX. Technicality.—Land-lubbers Taken too Far out to Sea.—CXXX. Indication.—Mary Laid in her Coffin.—The Gale out on the Beach.—A Daring Scene in the Pulpit.—Jesus Points to the Lilies and to the Stars. — Conscience Remonstrated with. — CXXXI. Vision. — The Clachan Seen which will Never be Revisited.—The Night Steals on.—Silence Sits on a Three-legged Stool. — An Action Sermon by Dr. Alexander.—The Mayflower in a Storm.—Broadswords flashing.—How Dr. Guthrie Composed his Sermons that were so Sea-like.—Death-bed of the Saint.—CXXXII. Hypotyposis, or Visible Presentation.—Cicero Declaims.—Elijah Soars. — A Martyr's Bleeding Head. — CXXXIII. Present Occurrence. — A Worldling Dies before you. — CXXXIV. Hearing.—Queen Victoria's Night Journey.—A Hush before Waterloo.—How Dread is Conscience!—At Midnight in an Old Cathedral.—The Marseillaise Hymn.—Translation from Spanish.—CXXXV. Motion.—We Go to an Impenitent Offender Dying. — Death of our Lord. — A

Visit to Hell that would do us Good. — A Good Heathen Urges us to Pray.—Visit to Calvary.—Obedience and Liberty go Together.—Satan Hastens on.—Urgent Appeal for Study of Figures.—CXXXVI. Climax. —Climbing the Catskills.—John Wesley is Humorous.—Grand Burst from a Grand Irishman.—A Man of True Science Speaks for Religion. —Panegyric on Greece.—Amplification.—Epiploce.—A Specimen of Contempt.—Epitaph on Cowper.—Chief-Justice Story Defends Mansfield.—CXXXVII. Anticlimax.—Lord Rochester Foiled by a Bishop. —Catabasis.—CXXXVIII. From Less to Greater.—Eternal Woe.— Development of Character.—CXXXIX. From Greater to Less.—Fine Examples from the Swan of Avon.—God Works with the Meanest Things, and so can Genius.—Exceeding Value of this.—God compared to a Hen. — A Discovery concerning Jesus, to which Attention is Challenged.—This Deserves Twenty Years' Study..... 378

CHAPTER XX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART FIFTEENTH.

CXL. Parallelism.—Favorite of Hebrew Poesy.—New Way in which the Bible should be Printed.—The Fathers of the Church give us Specimens. — CXLI. Numeration. — The First Red Cent. — Where a Saxpence should be Put.—In what Time Americans Expect to do Every Thing.— Sublime Peculiarity in the Deity. — Obedience on God's Part. — Dr. Bushnell's Great Book.—An Objection against Scripture Removed.— The Ballads Quoted.—Stupendous Displays of Eating Prowess.—Beef and Ale Disappear.—How Much can be Done in Battle by a Stay-lace. —Folly of Unbelief.—Wit from Joe Miller.—Solemnity from an Old Mystic. — A Jocund Landlord. — The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.—CXLII. Sudden Address.—Distinction between Rhetoric and Logic.—First Approach to the Sea.—Sense Expostulates with Reason. —What Charm Avon's Swan puts in Slightest Turns of Utterance.—My Mother in Heaven is still my Mother even at that Distance.—An Inimitable Address that was Sudden.—CXLIII. Surprisal.—Our Ever-dear and Thrice-honored Demosthenes.—Jesus, a Master of Oratory.—The Sufferings of Jesus not the most Deplorable. — Some French Roman Catholic Sermons with very Little Popery in them are very Noble.— CXLIV. Reservation. — Aaron Burr, Satan-like. — CXLV. Pause. — Cæsar in his Coffin.—Pope's Death-bed.—CXLVI. Double Meaning.— Two Smart Specimens. — CXLVII. Mimicry. — Sea Lingo and Law Lingo.—A Mare that the Lawyers Swallowed.—Monastery at Midnight. —CXLVIII. Archaism. — Authors, their Rust and their Gold. — Soft Sounds.—CXLIX. Concession.—CL. Paramologia.—CLI. Synchoresis, or Permission. — Poor Man's Cottage.—Oratory Fed by Bible.—Great Speech by Ames.—Hymn by Watts.—A Man Pulled up to Heaven by his Ears.—A Swiss Lauds Holy Writ.—Jesus Wishes to be Refuted and is.—Do you Believe Eternal Things?—CLII. Prohibition..... 398

CHAPTER XXI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART SIXTEENTH.

CLIII. Indirect Statement, or Coverture.—The Gentle Hint.—Attack by Lord Chatham.—A Great Sally by Patrick Henry.—Everett's Defense of Daniel Webster.—Sir Walter Raleigh and the Lady's Pigs.—CLIV. Specification of Details.—Portraits of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat.—Eloquence by Burke and Curran.—The Captive in his Dungeon.—A Miser in his Coffin.—Dr. Bethune makes Good Use of a Door-lock.—Stealing the Coo was Necessary.—CLV. Plurals.—CLVI. Optation, or Wish.—The Fat Monk who Wished to be Kicked.—CLVII. Anacœnosis.—Applying to Others for an Opinion.—What Drubbing Means.—Preparing to Read the Bible Nobly.—Two Things we Want on Sunday.—CLVIII. Supposition.—By Junius and by Payson.—CLIX. Isolation.—The Great French Pulpit Triumvirate.—Awful Sermon by Jonathan Edwards.—Demosthenes.—What is Highest in the Pulpit.—CLX. Unification.—Shakespeare Succeeds.—CLXI. Assumption of Agreement.—Several First-rate Examples.—CLXII. Pretended Assent.—By a Soldier.—CLXIII. Interpolation.—Shakespeare Excels in Oratory as much as in Poesy.—A Misfortune that Befalls a Stocking.—CLXIV. Catachresis.—Philosophy of the Ungrammatical.—CLXV. Anacoluthon: a Kind of Bad Grammar that is Good.—CLXVI. Affirmative Negation.—Beautiful Poem by Alice Cary.—CLXVII. Negative Affirmation.—Fun from Saxe.—CLXVIII. Community.—CLXIX. Proprietorship.—CLXX. Prolepsis.—CLXXI. Procatalepsis.—What in the World can these Two Mean?—What can be Meant by Reading the Bible so Badly in the Pulpit?..... 417

CHAPTER XXII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART SEVENTEENTH.

CLXXII. Self-substitution.—Put Yourself in Another's Place.—Fine from Dr. Griffin.—CLXXIII. Retort.—By Pitt, against Slave-trade.—CLXXIV. Conversion.—By Demosthenes.—A Likeness done to the Death.—Disaster on the Battle-field.—Bidding us Good-morning in Heaven.—CLXXV. The Prosaic.—Wife, Children, and Friends.—Lobbin Clout.—Turnips and Oatmeal.—CLXXVI. Indirection.—A Magnificent Reception.—CLXXVII. Oratorical Syllepsis.—Wounding the Flesh, Tearing the Soul.—CLXXVIII. Attitude.—The Moon takes up a Tail.—Slaying Isaac twice over in the Pulpit.—An Epic Attitude; by Napoleon and by Algernon Sydney.—The most Sublime of all Attitudes.—Pitt Kills by One.—Sir Walter Dying.—CLXXIX. Epiphonema.—Grand Examples from Milton; from the German; from Burke.—Translation from Spanish by your Author.—CLXXX. Abbreviation.—Gents on Broadway Cane in Hand.—CLXXXI. Hendiadys.—The Might of an Archangel.—CLXXXII. Antonomasia.—Proper Name for a Common

Name.—A Village Hampden.—A D.D. Deep in Love.—CLXXXIII. Alliteration.—Rhyme at the Beginning.—Henry Clay Inherits Three I's. —Praise of the Robin.—Prince Arthur's Crest.—A Beautiful River Scene.—September Lauded.—Picture of a Mill.—A True Poet from California. — Your Author Ventures a Poem. — CLXXXIV. Poetic Forms.—Scottish Doric much Commended.—Warnings against Frippery.—Tinsel from Tennyson.—A Great Truth from an Able Frenchman..... 440

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART EIGHTEENTH.

CLXXXV. Sudden Transition.—Maggie Lauder comes frae Fyfe to Delight us.—An Invitation which Some of you will be too Glad to Accept. —Execution by a Rapid Widow.—Two Fat Duennas Devoured.—Glad that a Baby has nae Wings.—CLXXXVI. Allusion.—Atheists Branded. —A Smoke-pipe.—"Let Newton be!"—Sir Walter Admonishes us to Keep the Sabbath.—Boiling in a Caldron.—Master the Bible if you would Master the Heart. —"Shoo-fly!" — Old Schoolmaster lets out School.—Eagle on a Thunderbolt.—CLXXXVII. Hint.—CLXXXVIII. Ascription of Determination. — Able Passage from the French. — CLXXXIX. Periphrasis, or Circumlocution.—Dean Swift Cuts Deep. —We Correct a Mistake made by many Authors.—Old Way to Make Poets Fluent.—"Trundling the Hoop" not Dignified enough.—Dr. Johnson Talks Big; as also McQueen.—Hugh Miller, or Old Red.—Plain Mary.—Definition of a Fishing-rod.—A Large Variety of very Clever Expressions.—CXC. Superfine English made Fun of.—CXCI. Interpretation.—Your Author has another Fytte.—CXCII. Proverbs.—A Fine Collection from the Yorubas in Africa.—Others that are First-rate. —A Long Spoon Needed for Queer Society.—Please Don't Sup with Him.—CXCIII. The Third Person.—Pathetic Instance.—CXCIV. Odd Rhymes.—"Shall" and "Will" Mastered at Last.—As also the Latin Verbs.—CXCV. Odd Bits of Prose.—CXCVI. Household Words.—They are Praised very Greatly, and Great Examples Given.—CXCVII. Pretended Depreciation.—How they Court in Ireland.—CXCVIII. Rhetorical Use of the Past.—Philosophy of Rhetoric.—CXCIX. Rhetorical Use of the Future—Fine Poem of Victor Hugo's, Translated by Author. —CC. Ascription of Rationality to Lower Animals.—A New Defense of Balaam's Ass Worth Reading.—CCI. Nicknames.—Panegyric on Rev. Dr. Guthrie.—CCII. The Doric.—CCIII. Impersonation, or Character-acting.—CCIV. The Materialistic.—CCV. The Singular Number.—CCVI. Double Words.—An Expression Dear to Burns and to Chalmers.—CCVII. Celerity.—Smallest Figures are Grains of Gunpowder. —CCVIII. Epithetic.—Go to School to Homer.—CCIX. Passing from Literal to Figurative.—"Dried Tongue."—A Good Sample from Rev. Dr. Mott.—CCX. Threat.—Love will Produce it.—CCXI. Repose.—The Brow of the Dead Invoked.—Death of Demosthenes..... 459

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART NINETEENTH.

CCXII. Bulk.—Uncouth Size.—Polyphemus not a Beauty.—Leviathan.—Picture of Death.—CCXIII. Classicality.—Fine Instance from Sir Walter Raleigh.—CCXIV. Rallying-Cries.—Battle of Bannockburn.—A Great Contest coming Soon.—CCXV. Appeal to Knowledge.—Battle of Blenheim.—CCXVI. Reverse.—Smart Hit by a Yankee.—CCXVII. Specification of Place.—CCXVIII. Specification of Time.—On Eve of Marathon.—Before the Armada.—The Normans Start for England.—CCXIX. Cry of Warning.—Dreadful Preparations to Kill Two—Chickens.—A Jackass Brays.—CCXX. Familiarity.—Beautiful by Luther.—No Buffoonery in the Pulpit.—CCXXI. The Obverse.—From Macaulay.—Praise and Blame of Woman.—Closing Remarks: 1. Our English is but Half Developed.—Grand New Words.—A Great Attempt in this way by Author to Coin a New Word—Cosmarch.—Our Country is not yet Baptized.—2. The Homely is again Urged.—Examples, and Good Ones from Dr. Mott.—A Mighty Effect made by "You Sha'n't!"—3. Sources whence Figures may be Obtained.—4. Shakespeare's Three Chief Faults.—5. One Hundred Figures still to be Discovered.—Send them in, for our Tenth Edition.—6. Certain Admirable Productions to be Read by you.—7. Suggestiveness, Try to Acquire.—Lastly, Medley, Number Two. See Close of Chapter XII.—Panegyric on the Bible, by a Romanist.—Dryden Lauds Cromwell.—Martyrdom of Honest Hugh Latimer.—Fine Poem from Spanish, Translated by your Author..... 494

CHAPTER XXV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.—PART TWENTIETH.

CCXXII. Parody.—What Caricature is in Portrait-painting.—The Last Golden Dollar Bewept.—Dæmon of Socrates.—CCXXIII. Idioms.—A Charm in the *Spectator*.—Thomas Fuller highly Bepraised.—"Moving, Sir," saith the Yankee.—Style Recommended of Defoe, Paley, Steele.—Inimitable Grace of Addison.—Cicero is Attacked and Admired.—Amusing Inconsistencies in English Language.—Burns Compared to Tennyson.—Tennyson is Decidedly too Fine.—CCXXIV. Parable.—Severe Complaint against Modern Pulpit in this One Point—Never a Parable.—Some Examples.—Make Jesus your Chief Model for Pulpit Oratory.—Your Author Breaks out.—Tennyson's "Queen Mary" is a Manly, Plain Exposure of Priests.—He is now too Earnest to be Dandyish.—CCXXV. Our Last Figure is here at Last—Allegory.—"The Mariner's Hymn."—No Allegory in the Bible.—Account of Bunyan.—Popping the Question.—Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad."—Mr. Hide Sin in the Heart, Mr. Scaly Conscience, and Others like Him.—A List of Noble Allegories.—Longfellow's "Ship of State."—Peggy and Jenny

Discuss the Great Question, Is a Married or a Single Life the Better?—Meanings in a Gothic Cathedral.—Close of our Subject.—Have we Established our Daring Claim to Thorough Originality?—May United States and Britain, that have One Great Language, be One Great Nation.—Farewell, in a Poetic Outburst..... 512

LIST OF FIGURES OF SPEECH..... 531

INDEX..... 535

INTRODUCTION.

ONE main object of this volume is to set forth the power, beauty, wealth, and wit of language—the Might and Mirth of Literature—by taking a wide survey of our American and English writers, from the Anglo-Saxon times till now; not from many unconnected points of view, but from strictly one point—whence, as from a green hill-side in the centre of a great domain, the whole rich landscape can be beheld. That one view-point is Figurative Language; by their mode of using which you may with accuracy judge of our authors, by almost all of whom figures of speech are largely employed, from the gravest disquisition to the airiest breathing of song that ever milk-maid chanted over her milking-pail. This volume will thus possess strict artistic and scientific unity.

Besides—and of this assertion the severest scrutiny is challenged, the affirmation being very venturesome and improbable—the author avers that this plan of his has the merit, even at this late day, of the most entire originality; never before has figurative language been taken as a point from which to examine a whole literature. Nobody will readily believe that, after the most inventive minds have been treating of literature for twenty-two centuries, an entirely new and exceedingly comprehen-

sive and searching mode of treatment can possibly remain to be discovered; yet such is the case, remarkable as is the fact; as the quaint old French essayist, Montaigne, has said: "The flowers I have gathered are from others; the string that ties them together is mine own." A string to which we ascribe great worth. This volume claims to be of the greatest value in studying language and literature, and of special use to all public speakers—for instance, to clergymen and to lawyers.

Farther, there is no even tolerably good treatise on Figures existing at present in our language—Is there in any other tongue? There is no consecutive discussion of them of more than a few pages; the examples brought forward by all others being trivial in the extreme and threadbare; while the main conception of what constitutes the chief class of figures is altogether narrow, erroneous, and unphilosophical. Writers generally, even the ablest, are wholly in the dark as to the precise distinction between a trope and a metonymy; and very few even of literary men have so much as ever heard of Implication or Hypocatastasis, one of the most important figures, and one, too, that is perpetually shedding its light on us.

On all occasions, mournful and joyous, figures break in; if any thing is natural, they are. Professor Wilson, the once celebrated editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*—Christopher North he called himself—one of the noblest-looking of men, was waited on in his study by the young gentleman who had won his daughter's heart: the youth wished to obtain papa's consent. The Professor heard him, and was satisfied; the match was in every respect a good one. He rung the bell for Miss Wilson. She came blushing like the morn. An author had sent a

book to Wilson, on the fly-leaf of which were written the words, "With the author's compliments." The Professor tore out the leaf, pinned it to his daughter's dress, and presented her to her lover — certainly a figurative use of the inscription.

Two things might almost scare you from the study of these forms of expression. The first is, the great number of them which rhetoricians enumerate. Holmes, in his "Rhetoric Made Easy," published in 1755, gives a list of two hundred and fifty; and in this volume two hundred and twenty are catalogued, all of eminent value, besides many elegant subvarieties: for instance, thirty-two metonymies; but thus you should the more be convinced beforehand how overflowing is the exuberance of our theme, whose every variety is a variety of beauty. Language! How many-tinted a mountain haze is this, through which the sun of thought is shining! The other circumstance, for a moment alarming, is the hard names, meaningless save to such as are profound in Greek, by which rhetors catalogue the weapons of oratory. A great pity we have not English names for them—a long word, unmeaning to all but classical scholars, though it may be taken direct from the most refined of languages, being to an English, a Celtic, or an American ear nothing better than a barbarism. Joseph Addison, in one of his wonderfully graceful papers in the *Spectator*—which renowned periodical was begun in 1710 and discontinued in 1714—thus ridicules these names so overrun with syllables: "I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the

famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the Paronomasia; that he sometimes gave into the Plocé; but that, in his humble opinion, he shined most in the Antanaclasis." We pledge ourselves, however, to explain very thoroughly every crabbed many-syllabled term we introduce, and to illustrate each from our great authors, by examples as radiant as genius and merriment can make them. We shall use, too, English names as far as we possibly can, giving the Greek names at the same time. For all science uses, more and more, Greek nomenclature—so utterly mistaken are the narrow minds who call the language of the undying Greeks, contemptuously, a dead language.

A figure is a form — a word or words thrown into a peculiar form. A word is used figuratively when it is brought forward in a form, construction, or application different from its first or its simplest form, construction, or application. Thus, when we speak of the head of an animal, we use the word "head" in its literal and first signification, as meaning that part of the body in which are placed the eyes, nose, and so forth; but when we speak of the head of an army, we think of the resemblance between an army and an animal's body, as to the highest or most prominent part in the animal and in the army, and then we apply the name of that part of the animal to the similar part of the army. In the same way, the dawn and the twilight mean originally the earliest and latest parts of the day; but figuratively these two terms are applied to the earliest and latest parts of other things—as the dawn of bliss, the twilight hours of life. You see at once that forms or figures are often the fruits of that prolific faculty of association which so strongly in-

fluences the mind. The ordinary names, qualities, and acts of things are ascribed to other things with which they are associated in time or place, or by the tie of cause and effect, or by the perception of delicate and beautiful resemblances that flicker on the surface or that centre in the heart of objects; so that thus figures can give to things otherwise cold and dark a lustre and a glow caught from the fairest or sublimest existences of earth or sky. To employ a word with a figurative force is as good as to add a new term to the language—a term dipped in the richest rose-hues of fancy, or coming on us with a sudden, delightful surprise, all twinkling with the rapid flashings of wit. To say of Venice that it is a city half land, half water, is a very plain statement. Washington Irving, in his "Geoffrey Crayon's Tales of a Traveler," which, like his "Life of Washington," gives by no means a great impression of power, puts it thus: "Venice, that mermaid of a city." You perceive that our American Addison was led to call the Queen of the Adriatic a mermaid from this point of resemblance between that creature and Venice, that both have a double nature—one nature belonging to the land, the other to the sea. If we say, "Our present sufferings, by improving us, will give peace and virtue in the future," this would be language as plain as it can be made. In the closing sentiment of Dr. Brown's tragedy of Barbarossa the same truth is flung into this form:

> "The heavens but try our virtue by affliction,
> And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
> Serves but to brighten all our future days."

To say that a swollen river produces a strange noise at midnight is literally true. John Home, in his standard

tragedy of Douglas, makes a peasant hear the water-kelpie shriek; for fancy and fear whisper that the midnight stream dashes with the cry of a wild and angry spirit:

> "One stormy night, as I remember well,
> The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
> Red came the river down; and loud and oft
> The angry spirit of the water shrieked."

Take an extract from the great heart of Dr. Chalmers; mark the numerous figures to which his zeal for the truth constantly hurries him:

"There must be a sad mistake somewhere. The commission put into our hands is to go and preach the Gospel to every creature under heaven; and the announcement sounded forth from heaven's vault was, 'Peace on earth; good will to man.' There is no freezing limitation here; but a largeness and munificence of mercy boundless as space—free and open as the expanse of the firmament. We can not doubt that the time of the complete emancipation of Christianity is coming, when it shall break loose from the imprisonment in which it is held; but meanwhile there is, as it were, a stricture upon it, not yet wholly removed, in virtue of which the largeness and liberality of Heaven's own purposes have been made to descend in partial and scanty droppings through the strainers of an artificial theology; instead of falling, as they ought, in a universal shower upon the world."

The above extract is from Chalmers's "Institutes of Theology," which we recommend highly. There is often in Chalmers's style a lumbering want of classical finish, especially in his "Lectures on the Romans;" but in his "Institutes" this fault is almost wholly absent, while every paragraph glows with that deep-seated warmth of

eloquence which so greatly distinguishes him among divines. Especially read his "Commercial Discourses" and his "Astronomical Discourses." The latter had a circulation when they first appeared as great as Scott's Waverley Novels had at first—an invaluable hint to our pulpit instructors to come forward as the chief popularizers of science. To do so, means not that Christ is to be subordinated to science, but that science delights to be in accord with him, and yearns, unconstrained, to do him honor.

We are proving that figures are most ornamental, and are a growth of nature; as much so as the violets of spring or the rays of dawn. That they are natural and instinctive, take an incident which we find in that delightful work, Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England." There is a figure, ycleped Litŏtes, or Lessening, which Sir Thomas More's Fool uses, proving that, both to grave divines and to jesters, to use figures comes as natural as to breathe:

"Yesterday while we were dining," saith the ever-merry and ever-wise Sir Thomas, "Pattison, the fool, seeing a guest with a very large nose, said, 'There is one at table who has been trading to the Promontory of Noses.' All eyes were turned to the great nose, though we discreetly preserved silence, that the good man might not be abashed. Pattison, perceiving the mistake he had made, tried to set himself right, and said: 'He lies who says the gentleman's nose is large; for, on the faith of a true knight, it is rather a small one.' At this, all being inclined to laugh, I made signs for the fool to be turned out of the room. But Pattison, who boasted that he brought every affair that he commenced to a happy conclusion, resisted; and, placing himself in my seat at the head of the table, said aloud, with my tone and gesture: 'There is one thing I would have

you to know—that gentleman there has not the least bit of nose on his face.'"

Mark how unaffected, buoyant, elastic, is the prose of this great, good man, as far back as the time of Henry VIII., earlier than the birth of Shakespeare. Little good English prose will you find sooner than this. The first prose work published in England was Sir John Mandeville's "Travels."

Figures of speech, then, it is proved, are, when they are worth writing, pre-eminently natural and decorative, as are the dew-drops on the grass, or the frost-work on the window. But they are far more: often they are a necessity of argument, of truth, of reason, of religion. Absolutely impossible is it, in many cases, to set forth what is mental save through words originally descriptive of outward and material things, but applied to things mental from some resemblance in nature or in effects—yes, in effects between the outward and the inward. Thus we speak of the light of thought, the warmth of indignation, the chill of fear; we use such expressions as iron firmness, melting affection, piercing judgment; nay, in Holy Scripture, the Supreme One hath to be depicted with natural organs, not from any tendency to ascribe a body to God—the Hebrew idea of the unity of Jehovah, an idea which forms the most sublime and most peculiar historic fact in ancient history, rises starry high above the notion of his having a body—but simply because the All-Encircling could otherwise be scarcely at all described to such as we are, to whom, from our infancy, matter, inexhaustibly suggestive and teeming with the thoughts of Deity, has been eloquently offering its wondrous forms as emblems, illustrations, hieroglyphics of the spiritual. This subject of figures and rhetoric

runs up to the Divine, and hath its roots in God. Therefore the language of the Old Testament, matchless in grandeur, massiveness, simplicity, is the language of common-sense and universal feeling. Nothing can be more manifest than that the Great Thinker intended to utter forth the thoughts of his mind by the works of his hand—here, by a mountain's mass; there, by an ocean's flow; at our feet, by the glinting of a flower; over our heads, by the geometric curves of a system. Matter and mind must be interwoven; language must be continually busying itself to express these twain, and the one of them by the other. From the deepest sources it follows, not from trivial causes, as many dream, that human speech must be full of figures; and these figures, so mind-like often is matter, so far from obscuring the truth, set it forth with far more graphic vigor, nay, even with far greater accuracy. Mark what we say—with far greater accuracy (Zech. ii., 8). We in the cities of the nineteenth century can not speak of the Vast Pervader with more philosophic wisdom than did the noble Emir Abraham under his oak-shaded tent; we, too, have to revere that Eye and lean on that Hand. It can not but be, then, that the Great Book of religion must be the great book of figures.

By no means are figures confined to savage or half-savage life: they are the result of every fervid passion or tender feeling that quickens the eye of the heart or sets the intellect aglow. But it has been argued that figurative language must continually, in the course of ages, be becoming less and less vivid; for it is at a very early period in the formation of a language that words which at first were descriptive of things external were used to describe mind; and in the course of long usage such terms lose all their liveliness—they cease to be felt as figures.

We speak of a person's Yankee sharpness of mind, or we say his heart is hard, without our feeling more in the phrase than the most commonplace statement. It is manifest that thus through long handling a large number of figures can not but lose all their force as figures; and so some writers, prominent among whom is Lord Macaulay, have rushed to the conclusion that language must constantly be growing less poetic, less picture-like. But such tendency is far more than counterbalanced by the inventive, quick-discovering, keenly observant energy of imagination and the heart—ever finding out new ties, new points of association between one object and another. And so, while spring carpets the earth with leafage and youth; while contentment and good temper beam from the face of sisters and mothers; while there are warm hearts, summer flowers, and streams that sing under apple blossoms; while mountain-peaks converse with heaven, and the North Star guides the seafarer; while original genius sees that in the daisy with Burns or hears that in the skylark with Shelley which no one till that moment ever saw or heard—no fear of language losing its freshness on the whole, or its sheen of poesy. Nay, as in the progress of man, as Discovery, like a mightier Columbus, unfolds Nature's glorious or lovely secrets, and whole worlds that are new, Science itself will ever be supplying to fancy new materials.

It is a fact, than which none is more important, continually to be borne in mind if we would attain a wise creed, that no public speaker ever used figures more abundantly than the Christ. How else could he have discoursed of the inward struggle against sin? of the beauties that shine in duty and in God? of the undying principles of truth and providence? On the text, seem-

ingly so simple, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," Daniel de Superville, eminent as a French Protestant preacher, thus expresses himself:

"That the language of Jesus is evidently figurative can not be doubted. Here you perceive how very familiar and common the use of figurative terms was with Him, even when He was conversing with His dearest disciples, with a view to their instruction and consolation. Such modes of expression serve to convey an idea with more vividness and power, and in fewer words than could be done by simple terms. There is something at once far more concise and energetic in Jesus calling Himself 'the way, the truth, and the life' than if He had simply described Himself as the guide to heaven, the teacher of truth, and the giver of life."

Thus the study of figures has an emphatic bearing on religion, and will bring into brilliant and unexpected view certain remarkable peculiarities, never before pointed out, in the intellect of the Saviour.

Let us hang around the portal of this work a bunch of miscellaneous figures, in the hope that their fragrance may allure you to enter. How many can be understood and enjoyed by the commonest minds!

Hear Henry Ward Beecher—he speaks a universal dialect:

"You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance: little faults can do it just as well."

Or saith he—

"The mother's heart is the child's school-room."

Or again—

"It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk."

Or we open that perfect poem, Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." It contains a famous line, meant to utter forth the sound made by the rush of waves on the beach—a use of words termed Onomatopœia, or, as we would call it, sound-painting:

"The league-long roller thundering on the reef."

Douglas Jerrold's epitaph on Charles Knight was—

"Good Night!"

When the fool-hardy and atheistic letters of Thomas Atkinson and Miss Martineau appeared, he observed that the creed of the twain was—

"There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet."

For a fine ellipsis, mark the close of the following passage from the sublime and thunderous prose of Milton. He is discoursing of how an epic must be prepared:

"A work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine; nor to be obtained of dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Mimesis, or mimicry, we give next, from a work of great ability, "Hans Breitman's Ballads," written in Pennsylvania Dutch—a work of humor by Mr. Leland, quite in the American style—and humor every where must have in it "the flavor of character." The captain, Hans, is captured by the rebels:

"Dey shtripped off his goat, and skyuggled his poots;
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;

But von gray-hair'd oldt feller shmiled grimly, and bet
That Breitman vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.

"He has more in ish pipe as dem vellers allows;
He has cardts yet in hand und das spiel ist nicht aus;
Dey'll find dat dey dook in der teufel to poard
De day dey pool'd Breitman vell ofer de ford."

Good Matthew Henry, in his "Commentary," found it necessary to employ a figure when he said—

"How delightful it is to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly."

And Bowes had to resort to one in his "Illustrative Gatherings" when he wrote—

"The Christian who has put aside his religion because he is in worldly company is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns."

In concluding this Introduction, we urge upon you six points, valuable in bringing this subject before us:

1. Seek not to disparage the claims of the Greek and Latin classics, in order, forsooth, to clear the way for the fuller study of English. Though nothing were said of them as masterpieces of style, what incomparable aid they give toward the acquisition of our own English! We meet in Virgil the Latin verb *cano*. We hunt it up in a lexicon; but there it may have fifteen or twenty English words by which it is translated. The young student has therefore to discover which of these translations suits the context best; that is, he has forced on him the very close study of all these fifteen English words.

2. It is a duty and a delight, which we assure you will accompany the students of this volume from beginning to end, to mark the thousand forms of music that teem in our language, both in prose and poetry. Are you un-

der the delusion that only in poetry is cadence found? The prose of our great prose writers, such as Milton, Dryden, South, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Burke, Ruskin, overflows with melody, in their single words and in the wondrously cunning structure of their sentences; while English poetry is capable of as many varieties of measure as hath Horace himself—nay, even when the measure is deemed by the uninitiated to be one, it is actually shaping its flow into many a variety of break, eddy, and ripple. For proof of this, turn to the opening of "Paradise Lost," quoted at page 149. The cesural pause is varied with consummate art, rather with a seraphic instinct, in almost every one of the twenty-five marvelous opening lines: as after the words disobedience, tree, world, Eden, us, must, Sinai, shepherd, and so on; from which changes, inimitably sweet, arise the melodies that emanate from Milton's pages; as in a mighty forest each great tree sways, in the wind of June, with a motion and a rustling of its foliage peculiar to itself.

To start at once your training as a lover of the melodious, we place before you a few single lines remarkable for their sweetness. Burns says of Tam O'Shanter that, in his celebrated midnight gallop, he was

"Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scotch sonnet."

This is exactly the process whereto you should addict yourself. "Croon" over *each* of the subjoined, one hundred times to begin with. Notice how front-rhyme, or alliteration, intensifies the melody—helps the honey, as it were, to cling to the lip:

"Sonorous metal breathing martial sounds."—*Milton.*

"Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew."—*Shelley.*

"Blaw saft ye westlin' winds, blaw saft; bring hame the laden bees."—*Burns.*

"It was an Abyssinian maid, and on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora."

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory."—*Tennyson.*

3. Another point to have fixed here at the outset of these special studies is to specify the smallest apparatus of books that is essential to the subject. First, the Bible; second, Shakespeare; third, Paradise Lost. To Demosthenes, also, freshly translated by your author, very frequently will reference be made, and to the words of Jesus, that coruscate with figures, especially such figures as take for granted the responsibility, the free will, and the great faculties of man. We will use these abbreviations throughout these pages: S. and P. L., for two of the authorities just named.

4. You can not too soon form a very high opinion of the many high qualities of the one-syllabled words of our tongue. The quickest way to get into such an opinion is for each reader to go a-botanizing, and form a herbarium of at least a hundred such lines. Exquisitely will you be rewarded. We have collected a few. Tennyson especially abounds in them. As all words, in all languages, were at first one-syllabled, so it would appear as if it were an instinct of genius and mental vigor to try to get back to these monosyllables, in which the muscular strength and lurking music of our great language not a little lie. Admire with an intense enjoyment the ivory finish, the fairy-like, delicate polish and vocalization of the lines we refer to. Your gathering of a hundred of them will, of itself, entitle you to be named a person

of exquisite taste; while you will have in your possession a pellucid fountain of enjoyment the most refined.

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night."—*Byron.*

"God wept! The tear he shed, its name was Christ."—*Author.*

"Where are the songs of spring? Ah, where are they?
We wail the wants that oft wait on the Muse."—*Heywood.*

"On that lone shore loud moans the sea."—*Wild.*

"He of his port was meek as is a maid."—*Chaucer's Knight.*

"Oh, it came o'er mine ear like the sweet South."—*Shakespeare.*

"Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves."—*Milton.*

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour."—*Tennyson.*

"We miss thy small step on the stair."—*Macbeth Moir.*

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."—*Wordsworth's Milton.*

"Oh, think on all my love, on all my woe."—*Campbell.*

"He thought as a sage, yet he felt as a man."

"God swells the roar of sea on rock and reef,
Tunes the brook's lay of love, the lark's light trill."—*Author.*

"How deft his touch, who rounds and wheels the worlds!"—*Author.*

"Not aught on earth that doth not change, save change."—*Author.*

"Oh, in that sleep of death what dreams may come."—*Shakespeare.*"

"Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold."—*Milton.*

"As far at sea is seen a peak of And,
Its base in cloud, but o'er its top the sun;
So God, though wrapt in dusk, yet crown'd with Christ!

And so we're sure, as Love's great day rolls on,
The clouds will lift, and vales of Prime be shown."—*Author.*

"With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies—
How silently, and with how wan a face!"—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

5. That department of Rhetoric, or Art of Discourse, which is by far the most important, is Invention. The ignoring of this department in recent times has pitiably degraded rhetoric. An intimate knowledge of the figures in this volume will greatly quicken and happily guide your powers of invention. We lately asked our pastor, who had the previous Sunday, in a sermon on the parable of the sower, divided it into three heads—the soil, the seed, the sower—what led him to that division, which to be admired has but to be heard. "Alliteration helped a good deal," replied he, "for I wished the heads of discourse at least to be remembered; and I knew that alliteration would much help to fix them in my people's minds." So with other figures: a knowledge of them will much aid you to invent impressive ways of speech —a momentous consideration.

6. With a principle that soars very high, but not to be on that account disliked or suspected, let us close our Introduction. Not even will our painful feeling of personal unfitness shut our mouths. As Jesus is the embodiment of the highest truth in morals and religion, so is he the personation of the noblest poesy. The harmonies of Handel and of Beethoven, every sublimest minster and cathedral, the epics of Dante and of Milton, attest the imperial sway which Christ so strangely yet so undeniably puts forth over the realms of intellect. As from the Cross comes a worship destined to dethrone every other, so comes from that Cross, too, a literature

to outglow every other literature. Not the highest view this of the mission of the Messiah, yet a view worthy and interesting. In the same way, the most essential conception of the Deity is as the holy God who hates sin, and as the Father God who loves souls. Yet it is delightful, too, to mark how Jehovah rejoices in the beautiful; else why does he tint the sea-shell with such lovely colors, and wreathe the mountain-mists into such graceful forms? And so, as we might anticipate of one who is peculiarly the Son of God, wherever Jesus treads, though his feet be weary or bleeding, yet the Beautiful springs from his footprints, like the violet from the tears of evening. Let us gather around his cradle, as the shepherds and the magi worship there, and yon strange meteor looks wondering down, and the last notes of the angel choir die away far up in heaven, and deny it if you can that exquisite poesy hovers around the Saviour. Or think of him giving back her son to the mother-heart of the widow of Nain; or, empire on his brow, death under his feet, uttering at the door of the sepulchre these words of command, "Lazarus, come forth;" or on the midnight lake, saying to Gloom and Tempest, "Peace, be still!" or see him like a great chief, who wraps around him, to die in it, a death-mantle worthy of him—for the gloom of the eclipse was Christ's death-mantle. The sublime floats around him like a luminous mist around a sun that sets. Beyond measure he the most poetic personage that ever walked the earth—grand central Figure of that mightiest of all epics, the epic of Human Redemption, whereof every other epic is but a slight episode. From him must come the brightest inspirations of poetry; he must be the living soul of any literature that is fit to shine on that path which we walk toward the stars.

THE MIGHT AND MIRTH OF LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.

PART FIRST.

FIGURES are of three kinds: Figures of Spelling or Etymology, alterations of the original spelling of words; figures of Syntax, alterations of the original construction of words; figures of Rhetoric, deviations from the original application of words, the moulding of them into those forms which the more energetic moods of the mind require.

Figures of Etymology are lowest in importance, but they come first to be considered. We are thus constrained to begin with the least interesting part of our subject. We can not put our best foot foremost. However, these chapters will and must, on this very account, rise in interest as we proceed. Yet even of Etymological figures admirable use can be made: even they can impart an inexpressible charm and delicacy to language.

I. Front-cut, or Aphæresis, very common in Allan Ramsay, Burns, Tannahill, and other Scottish bards, is

the cutting off one or more letters from the beginning of a word: as 'ghast for aghast, 'mazed for amazed, 'fore for before, 'feeble for enfeeble; as in Douglas Jerrold's description of a scoundrel: "That scoundrel, sir! why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother." So there is 'dures for endures, 'front for confront, 'venge for avenge, 'danger for endanger, 'tend for attend, 'larms for alarms, 'scapes for escapes, 'proaches for approaches, 'Nelope for Penelope, 'sdeigned for disdained, while speculation would thus be an honester word, for then it would be peculation. Bret Harte tells us of what goes on "down in 'Frisco."

Blind Harry is a name well remembered in Scotland. He wrote "Sir William Wallace," a poetical biography of the national chieftain of North Britain. We have from him this line:

"Wham Thou's thou, Scot? In faith thou 'serves a blow."

In the old form of the immortal ballad of "Chevy Chace," written some time between 1422 and 1461, is this line, very statuesque:

"The Piercie leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas dee:
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, 'Woe's me for Thee!'"

We carry you back to old John Gower, a contemporary of the great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, though much Chaucer's inferior, at least so far as the narrative in the Canterbury Tales is concerned. Some of Chaucer's pieces are as heavy as Gower's. Gower died seven years later than Chaucer. We quote from the "Confessio Amantis"—the Lover's Confession—an exceedingly long poem in English, with the scantiest possible supply of poesy in it, but very valuable from the light it throws on the history of the language. This mass of lifeless doggrel has the conscience to inflict eight books on us.

Considering that Parliament was opened by a speech in English for the first time in 1362, and that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, 1300, the national language was not as yet more than new-born to the Normans, it is astonishing that this author's pen gives us such good English, which it costs so little trouble to read. The poem was completed about 1392; Gower died in 1408. This, his bulkiest work, was edited in 1857, by Dr. Reinhold Pauli, in three volumes. In 1300, at which time English must have been current among the common people, the Court and the Law Courts used French; the Church, in any written documents it issued, used Latin; Gower himself wrote several of his works in Latin, and several in French. We quote from his Fifth Book:

"Thus it befell upon a night
Whan there was nought but sterre light,
She (Medea, the Witch) was vanisshed right as her list,
That no wight but her self it wist,
And that was ate midnight tide;
The world was still on every side.
With open hede and foot all bare
Her hare to sprad she gan to fare.
Upon her clothes girt she was,
All specheles, and on the gras
She glode forth as an adder doth."

Francis Quarles, whose great vigor was often overgrown by oddities, is the writer of a book called "Quarles's Emblems," once in great repute. In the following significant stanza you can detect the Front-cuts:

"So rich is man, that all his debts being paid
His wealth's his winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow."

From an epigram by Sir John Harrington, we take the following, a favorable specimen of the writer's ability:

"Treason doth never prosper! What's the reason?
For, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

In the subjoined, the author of this volume concludes with 'suage for assuage:

"Let Nature lead thee with her sister hand
To meditative vales—to Alps God-fraught.
Let mist-wrapt cataracts, sunrise-lighted hills,
Skies piled with thunder, Earth's volcanic thrills,
Awe thee to prayer! May the bright, flute-voiced stream,
That sooth'd thy boyhood with sweet symphonies,
Still flow harmonious through thy heart in age,
And bring thy pillow many a youthful dream
Of childhood's mates and thy ancestral trees.
Ah! sights and sounds of youth Eld's load can 'suage,
Like young birds singing in a rust-worn cage."

Ann Collins gives us 'dure for endure:

"O if we could with patience
A while possess the mind,
By inward consolations
We might refreshing find,
To sweeten all our crosses,
How little time they 'dure!
So might we gain by losses,
And Sharp would Sweet procure."

On a certain occasion a miscreant threw a stone at the head of George III. of England, more famous for his sound moral life than for his brilliant intellect. His head was popularly considered one of the thickest in Europe. Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar, his "Pen-name") wrote the following, on the idea that the head would have cracked the stone:

"Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed—
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone."

George P. Morris ranks as one of the best song-writers of America. Take from him a stanza of his far-famed song—a close copy, as to its idea, of Thomas Campbell's "Beechen Tree's Petition:"

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand:
Thy axe shall harm it not."

A pleasant touch of bolder aphæresis is presented by Michael Drayton, in his lengthy geographical poem, the "Polyolbion." Of Robin Hood he speaks, England's famous forest outlaw:

"Then, 'taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer night under the greenwood tree."

We next select lines by Proctor, who has written much and well under the name of Barry Cornwall. These lines you will find in "Without and Within, a Lyric of London"—a contrast very powerfully drawn:

"WITHOUT.

"The outcast's fame was her doom to-day—
Despair! contempt! By to-morrow's light
The roughen'd boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be flung to endless night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone! Poor life and its fever o'er!
So let her in dark oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as before.

"WITHIN.

"The skies are wild and the blast is cold;
Loud riot and luxury brawl within.
Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold,
The insolent nod of a leader of sin.

The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to the beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing,
'Happiness! honor!' and all for him!"

It was so usual for poets to be in debt in former times, when there was no Great Public to patronize literature, that the following is told both of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's intimate, and of Burns's precursor in Scotland, the gifted barber, Allan Ramsay. A creditor assured the poet that his debt would be canceled if he told him, on the spot and in rhyme, four things in four minutes: What God is best pleased with; what the devil is best pleased with; and what the world, and what he, his creditor. Within the time the poet wrote:

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil's best pleased when they persist therein;
The world's best pleased when riches on them flow;
And you're best pleased when I pay what I owe."

We exemplify this figure farther from a pathetic poem of an American bard, the Rev. John Pierpont. It is of his son he speaks, taken from him by death, yet whom he can not feel to be dead; or rather he is continually forgetting that the boy is dead, and as continually, with a bitter start, awakening to the reality:

"I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call—
And then bethink me that he is not there."

In elegant diction, John Lyly, the once famous Euphues, describes a game at cards between his Campaspe and Cupid, in which Cupid loses his charms, one by one, to the young lady:

"The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but how, none knows);
With these the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win."

How exquisitely the blissful feeling is brought out in the following, by John Byrom, that aged parents grow young again in their children:

"How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly cling!
To see them look their mother's features,
And hear them lisp their mother's tongue!
And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys."

The poems of Sir Robert Ayton were reprinted at Edinburgh in 1844. This is the opening verse of one of the best of his pieces; at least it is ascribed to him by the modern editor:

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips can speak had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none."

Southern embalms for us a deep feeling in these classic words:

"Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to. I'm not the first
That have been wretched. But, to think how much
I have been happier!"

How exquisite the line, by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in "The Mirror of Magistrates," the best English poem in the disastrous 190 years between Chau-

cer and Spenser. This line feels to us unsurpassable. Please make a study of it. It owes a very great deal to the humble aid of front-cut. We have not words to express the refined delight which such usages of language give us. Croon it over at least a hundred and fifty times. How alliteration, too, aids:

"The darke had dimm'd the day ere I was 'ware."

We lead you next to a poet, born in the year of the glorious Revolution, whose muse never visits the sublime summits of Nature, such as Alps or Andes—never gives voice to the deeper or wilder emotions—the nightingale of Twickenham, Alexander Pope, that "Homer in a nutshell," unsurpassed in all those qualities of poesy that rank as second in importance, such as smoothness, finish, consummate tact, compact good sense, cutting sarcasm ever wielded on virtue's side, elegant fancy, sparkling wit. Ruskin has said that the two most accomplished artists, merely as artists, who ever wrote, were Virgil and Pope, and that "the 'Dunciad' of the latter is the most absolutely chiseled and monumental work in our language." Pope's shining intellect was cased in a pigmy frame. When he had published his "Dunciad" and other satirical pieces, he had a tall Irishman, armed with a huge shillalah, to walk behind him on London streets, to protect him from personal violence. Wharton tells us: "He was protuberant both on back and chest, and so very feeble as not to be able to dress or undress himself without assistance, and so susceptible of cold that he was not only wrapped up in fur and flannel, but was obliged to wear a boddice made of stiff canvas closely laced about him." Yet he, whose life was a long disease, had a more than triple share of soul, was the immediate and indisputable successor of John Dryden on the throne of English literature, and waged deathless war on fools and knaves. The six successive kings were Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope. Ever since then it has

been a republic. But we hasten to give you a front-cut from this Alexander le Bref, from his epigram on a blockhead: in "there's" for "there is." Pope saith:

"You beat your pate, and fancy Wit will come.
Knock as you please; there's nobody at home."

Shakespeare, whose death in the double sixteen is easily remembered, affords very many admirable instances. Nor does he despise this usage, if you do; as thus:

"Why, all the souls that are were forfeit' once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy."

A short word is "begin," yet this great model of English, all nerve and muscle, much improves it by making it shorter still:

"I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun."

Here, too, let the wondrous versatility of our subject, Figures, impress you; how language can, through them, avail itself of exactly opposite devices: in forfeit', shortening the word at the end; in 'vantage, at the beginning; in 'gin, cutting off at the beginning; in a-weary, lengthening at the beginning—and all with admirable effects, which, we trust, are perceptible to your ear and to your mind.

Dr. Isaac Watts was, like Pope, of very small stature; at which fact a certain lady was making merry. The great hymn-writer defended himself by this impromptu, wherein are two front-cuts:

"Could I in stature reach the pole,
Or grasp creation in my span,
I'd still be measured by my soul—
The soul's the stature of the man."

Washington Irving gives us an incident too beautiful not to insert here. He was asked if he had ever seen Washington. He said he had seen him twice. The following is his account of the second interview:

"My Scotch nurse suddenly caught sight of the General entering a shop. Clutching my hand eagerly, she hurried into the shop, and caught him by the sleeve, crying, 'General! General! here's a bairn that's called after you. Wull ye no gie him your blessing?' 'Called after me, is he?' said the General, in a pleased voice, and laying his hand on my head in a most reverential manner: 'God bless the little one forever,' he said, and went out of the shop. I never saw him again, and I am an old man now; but I can sometimes even now feel the gentle pressure of his hand on my head; and I know his blessing abode with me, for I have been blessed."

We take leave of front-cut by introducing you to a case when it was made a complimentary use of. James Smith, who, with his brother Horace, wrote the once renowned "Rejected Addresses," thus paid his devoirs to Miss Edgeworth, whose excellent novels are a school of pure morality and good sense, especially to young ladies:

"We every-day bards may anonymous sign;
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine;
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light:
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The Bad own their Edge, and the Good own their Worth."

II., III., IV., V. Mid-cut, or syncope, is our second figure, the cutting out from the middle one or more letters. Here also may be mentioned III., synæresis, a taking or drawing together, whereby two vowels are not changed, but coalesce into a diphthong, as æronaut for aëronaut; while IV., crasis, mixture, means in rhetoric precisely the blending or mixing together of two vowels belonging to two different words that come into contact with each other, the first of which words ends with a vowel, and the second begins with a vowel; attended at times with a change of at least one of the two vowels for some other vowel, as "th' oar" for the oar; "in't" for into it. When a crasis is not designated in writing, but is left to the

vocalization of the reader, it is termed V., synezesis, or synecphonesis, as when "do ye" is pronounced "d'ye."

Massing together these four under the one head of mid-cut, we are glad to escape from words whose very look is barbarous, to a sweet example, from Anna Letitia Waring. "E'er" for ever, is mid-cut:

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

Another specimen take we, from the words of a wail too common on the part of very young ladies of from thirty to forty summers, not to say winters. It is from the once very fashionable pen of Thomas Haynes Bayly, whose heroine casts herself on the sympathy of mamma —in the United States, mama:

"Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes.
It is no fault of yours, mamma—
That every body knows;
You fête the finest men in town;
Yet, oh! they don't propose."

At once to annihilate your idea that this figure is utterly insignificant, notice how it enables Thomas Dekker, the old dramatist, to express compactly in one noble line a most noble thought:

"We ne'er are angels till our passions die."

Robert Burns, the great Nature-taught Scots poet, with all his faults, despised infidelity; could not bear to have any one ridicule the Bible, heart-and-life-book of his most patriarchal father and mother. In a company

where he was, a conceited fellow, a Mr. Andrew Turner, was giving vent to a loud and lengthy attack on religion. Some of those present nudged the mighty plowman to favor the mouther with an intellectual drubbing; but he sat silent, his broad, swarthy brow gathering a sterner and sterner gloom. At length, when the scoffer had got through with his jibes, Burns, having first asked the age of the man who had honored 1759 with his birth, broke forth, volcanic, with this epigram; in which be sure to notice the mid-cuts—"de'il" for devil; "ca't" for called:

"In seventeen hunner fifty-nine,
The de'il gat stuff to mak a swine;
But flung it in a corner.
But afterward he changed his plan,
And made it something like a man,
And ca't it—Andra Turner."

To "Love's Victory" pass we next—a production of rare polish, to which of late years attention has deservedly been directed. The author was William Chamberlayne:

"The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step save mine soil'd the earth's tinsel'd robe;
How full of heav'n this solitude appears!
This healthful comfort of the happy swain,
Who, from his hard but peaceful bed rous'd up,
In's morning exercise saluted is
By a full choir of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamor'd air.
Here Nature, in her unaffected dress,
Sits lovely in her native russet."

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, John Wesley's father, is remembered in literature by his epigram respecting a monument to Butler, author of "Hudibras." Butler was abandoned to obscurity and want by the unprincipled Charles II. and his worthless courtiers:

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone."

The memorable sonnet on Shakespeare, by Hartley Coleridge, makes repeated use of syncope:

"The soul of Shakespeare's larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high
O'er the drown'd hills the human family,
And stock preserv'd of ev'ry living kind,
So in the compass of thy single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself; and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
And the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same—
Serene of thought; unhurt by thine own flame."

The name of Shakespeare admonishes us to state the fact, none more memorable in the history of English letters, that contemporary with the Bard of Avon, in the era of Elizabeth and James, flourished a large number of writers for the stage, men of very great genius—undisciplined, but genuine; such as Marlowe, Nash, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Kyd, Ford, Dekker, Shirley, Webster, Marston, Massinger, Heywood, Greene, Peele, Beaumont, and Fletcher, which last two wrote, it is said, fifty-two plays in concert, in a very singular dramatic copartnership; nay, even wearing each other's clothes. The dramas of all these writers have within the last sixty years commanded a good deal of attention, to the great advantage of our speech, their diction is so light, vigorous, and of such ivory polish.

Slight as mid-cut may seem, yet have you never felt its happy effect in a sermon in removing the essay-like deadness, and giving to pulpit eloquence the thrill it always should have of an earnest, life-like, personal address, poured fresh from the heart? As when the preacher cries, "Why don't you improve the grace you have? then you would receive more grace." Consider a remarkable phenomenon in the writer's mind. Many years ago we heard a sermon from an eloquent young Methodist minister on Abraham's offering up of Isaac, in which were many impressive paragraphs; yet only one do we in the very least remember. Speaking of Isaac as an only son, he said:

"Parents are aware that the only child in a family is apt to get a little bit spoil'd."

These artless words of the hearth and homestead, "a little bit spoil'd," we shall never be able to forget. They brought the speaker into our home and down to our level; they made the whole so life-like. Such precisely is often an effect of mid-cut, as when don't is used.

Comes next an example in which wit embodies itself: a witticism of Curran's, the Irish orator. Walking along Dublin streets with a friend, they heard a person use the word cur'osity, by syncope for curiosity. Exclaimed Curran's friend:

"How that fellow murders the king's English!" "Not so bad as that," observed the wit; "it is not murder quite; he has only knocked an eye (i) out."

Or we may conclude our treatment of this figure by referring to a line in the Second Part of Henry IV., by S., where he uses "sick'd" for sickened:

"It did so a little time before,
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died."

Or will it be more ingenious to finish off with a spice

of Irish astronomy, from the pen of Miles O'Reilly, who has discovered an Irish poacher among the constellations, raised thither by St. Pathrick:

"So to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track,
Till Mars grows jealous r'ally;
But troth he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly."

VI. End-cut, or apocope, next meets us: the cutting off a letter or letters from the end of a word, as seld for seldom; Pont for Pontus; Lucrece for Lucretia; obstruct for obstruction; submiss for submissive; auxiliar for auxiliary; amaze for amazement; Moroc for Morocco; addict for addicted. Chaucer and Gower have some striking, daring, elegant specimens, Chaucer giving Pers for Persia; Ind for India; Adon for Adonis; S. giving targe; reverbs; conduct for conductor; Hyrcan tiger for Hyrcanian tiger.

Some end-cuts rise to the dignity of being national: thus Sawney is Scotch for Alexander; Pat is national for Patrick. Curran, after his speech for Rowan, was surrounded by the admiring populace, bent on chairing him. In vain he ordered them to let him go. A gigantic chairman, eying the little orator as an elephant might a lap-dog, bellowed to another:

"Arrah, Pat, don't mind the little cratur; pitch him up this minute on my showlder."

Having presented you with the epitaph on Butler, to Butler himself be introduced, and to his poem of "Hudibras." Dull through constant straining after wit, illustrating the old saying: "Salt is good as a savor; but if one undertakes to dine on salt, it ceases to be a savor, without becoming food," "Hudibras" has seldom been

read through. The tediousness of a production which must surely be witty, since every body says so, arises from the absence of a sufficient story; from the want of skill in painting character; from the obscurity in which through lapse of time many of the allusions are now involved, and from the almost total absence of elevating moral principles; for, as the author's object was to laugh at the Puritans, champions of civil liberty, martyrs for earnest religion, though open to ridicule in some points, there runs through the whole book a sneer at lofty truths; and the work is destitute of moral vigor and solid interest. God and ethical realities are important elements in literature after all, and of that "Hudibras" is a convincing negative proof. It is a suspicious circumstance that one standing quotation is the only one that is continually served up —those stale lines about Alexander and Diogenes. We present you with something new, instead of putting you in the tub again, among old clothes as worn out and offensive to nostril as what Falstaff encountered.

So memorable a thing is End-cut, or Apocope, that it inweaves its eloquent self with two of our dearest names, never-to-be-forgotten personal acquaintances, Sam Weller and Sam Slick, from the latter of whom we cull one sample:

"That 'ere man, Sam Patch, was a great diver," says the Clockmaker, "and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of agin till t'other (Crasis, observe) day, when Captain Wentworth, of the *Susy Ann* whaler, saw him in the South Sea. "Why," says Captain Enoch to him—"why, Sam, how in airth did you git here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines?"—"Why," says Sam, "I didn't get *on* earth here at all, but I came right through it. In that ere Niagara dive, I went so deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came in these parts. If I don't take the shine off the sea-serpent when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch."

There are apocopes, too, through which impudence

can be quashed by true spirit. Dr. Vansittart, an eminent lawyer, was pleading a cause against Sergeant Bearcroft. Said Bearcroft to the Court:

"As long names will be tiresome, I beg leave to call the counsel on the opposite side Mr. Van."—"I have no objection," said Vansittart; "and I will return the compliment, and will name the learned gentleman by the appropriate title of Mr. Bear."

Even into sacred things apocope comes with wondrous sway. Who but hath felt the potency of the Psalm-singer's apocope? In a Brooklyn church the choir began:

"My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart!"

Another line went thus—

"Go in the pi—go in the pi—go in the pious throng."

All our readers are by this time convinced that even these slightest figures are of gigantic worth.

This cutting off from the end is a main feature of our invaluable Doric, the Scottish dialect—rich in humor and in the pastoral; of which we mean to make large use, as Sir Walter Scott does, in his novels never excelled. If you have as yet read none of his, pray lose no time to peruse "Rob Roy," and "Old Mortality," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." We have all the advantage, and much more than all, that the Greek has, in possessing not only the sixty dialects of which Britain can boast, but one most expressive classic dialect, in which is the finest pastoral poem in the world, Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," which Greece and Theocritus never equaled.

From Richard Crashaw let us seek a bold instance: there is a potent charm in such liberties of diction:

"It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch' or happy, rich or poor."

So Giles Fletcher describes a thunder-cloud—

"That sads the smiling Orient."

And Andrew Marvel utters this desire:

"Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic' bay."

Your author lays before you this, from an address to the aged:

"When age steals on,
Let glory glisten in the whitening hair;
A throne of empire be the grandsire's chair;
The prophet-furrows that thy brow adorn,
Be hieroglyphs of morn."

John Keats writes swelt for swelter; sult for sultry:

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandise;
And for them many a weary hand did swelt."

In agreement with this special device, it will be found that er may often be dropped, as fost' for foster; while Chaucer has this, near the opening, so admirable, of the "Canterbury Tales:"

"At Alesandr' he was, when it was won."

Peter Pindar, speaking of Whitbread's brewery, has this—

"A charming place beneath the grates,
For roasting chestnuts and potates."

Henry Neale furnishes this case—

"Fall, fall, thou wither'd leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
Nor kills such lovely flowers.
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform',
When dark misfortune lowers."

Joshua Sylvester gratifies us with a daring and graceful illustration:

"I see Ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store.
I see Gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see even Midas gape for more."

In the following beautiful sonnet—supremely beautiful—by Archbishop Trench, "after" is used for "afterward:"

"The Present we fling from us, as the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste; or cloud it o'er with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears, for that which never may arrive.
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings:
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And as to griefs unborn, to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure."

The poems of Matthew Arnold are superior. A master of language he. How fine the effect of the end-cut in this, from his "Sohrab and Rustum," one of the truest poems of our times:

"A cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and dark'd the sun."

James A. Hillhouse's poem on the "Judgment" is highly finished. Of Nebuchadnezzar he thus writes:

"His countenance, more piercing than the beam
Of the sun-gazing eagle, earthward bent
Its haught, fierce majesty."

Let the student of English—that great and urgent object of study and care, so neglected and trifled with—

open his Shakespeare, marked S. in this volume, and notice how by end-cuts that consummate writer adds not a little to the masterly compactness and elasticity which characterize his wondrous style, which is so light and so massive, like a war-mace of gold swung lightly by a seraph. Give five or six days to such an examination of the effect in his hands of front-cuts, mid-cuts, and end-cuts, and you will be astounded at the superb uses which a master can make of even the minutest and the most opposite dexterities of diction.

This first chapter will suffice to give some idea of the work we aim to engage you in. To obtain any thing like as much benefit from the subject as you easily may, let each reader be a student; purchase a manuscript book, strongly and handsomely bound, of four hundred pages at least; there will be above two hundred figures, those first given being least by far in importance, as can not but be the case. Let two pages be devoted to each figure; these pages let each student fill with specimens of each figure, botanized for himself from the best authors accessible to him; after each quotation write each author's name; prefix your whole herbarium, as in this volume, by a catalogue of writers, with their date and country. Thus will open before you an employment that will crown your entire life with instruction and delight.

A witticism will aptly close this chapter. From Edmund Burke we quote, whose prose is a very model of style. He gives you at once a specimen of front-cut and of end-cut; of wit that sparkles, and of sound sense that weighs heavy:

"Strip majesty of its externals, and it is merely—a jest"—m)ajest(y.

CHAPTER II.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.

PART SECOND.

BEFORE proceeding to our seventh figure, we have a valuable prefatory remark to make.

William Cullen Bryant gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the *Evening Post:*

"I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so; and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance, when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching I found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Do not call a spade a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let a home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

"The only true way to shine even in this false world is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior speak no finer. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or of pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. Sydney Smith once remarked:

"'After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.'"

So much for the advice of our revered sage. It is far from any contradiction of his principle to say that the great recommendation of a word is not its shortness, not its Anglo-Saxon origin, nor yet its length, but solely its being the best fitted to express your idea. Says Marsh:

"Truly able writers select their words, not with reference to their historical origin, but solely for the sake of their adaptation to the effect aimed at on the mind of the reader or hearer; and he who deliberately uses an Anglo-Saxon instead of a more expressive Romance word is as much a pedant as if his diction were composed, in the largest possible proportion, of words borrowed from the vocabulary of Rome. The masters of the English tongue know that each of its great branches has its special adaptation."

Still it is from the well-spring of Anglo-Saxon that the great future, the approaching enrichments, of our language are to come. What vigor of youth, what freshness of spring-time, lie in that direction! What an unlimited supply of words, gloriously new, yet from old ancestral roots, such as unwisdom, disearth, motherland, auld lang-syne, inhearth, ingle nook!

VII. Prefixing, or Prosthesis, is the seventh figure of spelling; the prefixing of one or more letters to the beginning of a word, as when Chaucer says of his favorite flower, as it was that of Burns, the daisy:

"The ground was green, ypowder'd with daisy."

However, this is a prefixing only in appearance; the original is that which Chaucer gives; "powdered" is really a front-cut. After his death, in 1401, the very daisies seem to have been poisoned by blood in the fields of England, accursed by civil strife for 190 years; until, in 1590, the "Faerie Queene" was published—a dark age, during which, as old Fuller, the Church historian, has it, "the bells in the church steeples were not heard, for the sound of drums and trumpets;" and Poesy's skylarks were scared into a silence as dismal as was the silence of Devotion's bells.

Mrs. Sigourney supplies us with "amid" for "mid." A poetess she, far from great, yet of much sweetness, and of a piety very attractive. We place on your parlor wall the portrait of Pocahontas, daguerreotyped by mind-light. Alas! if ever History with rude hand should drag down and blur the picture, and put in its place the features of a coarse savage:

"On sped the seasons, and the forest child
Was rounded to the symmetry of youth,
While o'er her features stole, serenely mild,
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth—
Her modesty, and simpleness, and grace.
Yet those who deeper scan the human face,
Amid the trial hour of fear or ruth,
Could clearly read, upon its heaven-writ scroll,
The high and firm resolve that moved the Roman soul."

The longer we gaze on this picture, the more have we our misgivings. Not at all likely that ever such a youthful maiden budded under thy wigwam, O Powhatan! Indeed, it is not probable that a female bard of the highest inspiration would be soft enough to believe in any such vision. On the page of Edith May, of Pennsylvania, we recognize far firmer power, in the subjoined description of a hurricane at twilight. The loftier chants of the muse can always bear the scrutiny of common-sense.

Here bursts on you a genuine tempest; here is no picture, but the great original:

"The roar of a chafed lion in his lair
Begirt by leveled spears! A sudden flash
Intense, yet wavering, like a beast's fierce eye
Searching the darkness! The wild bay of winds
Sweeps the burnt plains of heaven; and from afar
Ranked clouds are riding up like eager horsemen,
Javelin in hand. From the north wings of twilight
There falls unwonted shadow, and strange gloom
Cloisters the unwilling stars. The sky is roof'd
With tempest, and the moon's scant rays fall through,
Like light let dimly through the fissur'd rock
Vaulting a cavern. There is no bough
But lifteth its appealing arm to heaven.
The scudding grass is shivering as it flies;
And herbs and flowers crouch to their mother earth,
Like frightened children. 'Tis more terrible
When the hoarse thunder speaks, and the fleet wind
Stops, like a steed that knows his rider's voice."

Character-painting, in keeping with historic fact, or in accordance with the profundities of universal man, as in unerring Shakespeare, is a chief thing in poesy. Of this Chaucer is a proof. His production of most value, the "Canterbury Tales," excels in its portraitures, as witness his "Nun." If it be true that so much of character-painting runs through poesy, how deep, how pervading must be sagacity, accuracy, a profound science true to God and to the depths of the human heart, in the flights of the muse; just as the rule of scientific law prevails as much in the wildest whirl of the topmost storm-wave, when realizing the tragic at its highest, as in the dust of the common road, when commonest, most prosaic, most passionless. But let the Nun speak for herself; mark how close an observer of human manners we meet with in Chaucer:

"There also was a nun, a prioress,
That in her smiling was full simple and coy;
Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy;
And she was cleped Madame Eglantine.
Full well she sang the service divine,
Entuned in her nose full sweetly;
And French she spake full fair and fitishly,
After the school of Stratford at Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.
At meat was she well ytaught withal;
She let no morsel from her lips fall,
Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep.
Well could she carry a morsel and well keep,
That no drop ne'er fell upon her breast;
In courtesie was set full much her lest."

You will mark how Chaucer, known as the Morning Star of our literature, ridicules the most gently in the world the style of this great lady's French; while neatness in eating hath with him the stress which it truly deserves. At his death befell the earliest of the four eras of English poetry, the dark age; next, from Spenser to Milton, its grand heroic age; from Milton to Thomson, the artificial; from Thomson till now, the age of revival. How striking the condemnatory fact, dwelt on by Wordsworth, that between the publication of "Paradise Lost" (P. L.) and that of Thomson's "Seasons," not a single new image fresh from nature can be found in all the poetry of these sixty years—with its "verses of society." These two remarks also demand special notice—that William Langlande's "Vision concerning Piers the Plowman" has a value that is very high, as a mine of the most vigorous English; and that in Mr. Wright's edition you ought by all means to read it over; while we do hereby retract our contemptuous verdict on the "Faerie Queene" passed in the first forty years of our life. As it stands with us at present, the older we grow the more do we like it; as also do we the Old Testament.

See for other cases of prosthesis P. L., vi., 258, 353; and let yourself grow familiar with the fact that by the most opposite expedients does literature effect her wonders. Prefixing is quite the opposite of front-cut.

VIII. Epenthesis, or Insertion, is our next figure of etymology, the inserting of a letter or letters in the middle of a word. This usage, the opposite of mid-cut, is rare, except in our comic literature. American humor is of the broadest; the United States people, like the Scotch, are a proof that the gravest folks are exactly they who can laugh the heartiest, for humor is fed on the quiet, shrewd observation of the character of those around us. A humorous man is usually a man of some depth of judgment, whose eyes are open to the ludicrous points in others. Nothing more amusing, in the American way, than the "Bigelow Papers," by James Russell Lowell. Hear his candidate's creed. The speaker is applying for office:

"I du believe in prayer and praise
To him—that hez the grantin'
Of jobs; in every thing that pays;
But most of all in cantin';
That doth my cup with marcies fill,
That lays all thought o' sin to rest;
I don't believe in Princerple,
But, oh! I du in Interest."

In a celebrated letter, that of Artemus Ward to the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his friend the Prince's marriage, we find not a few insertions, like that last one in "princerple." Saith Artemus:

"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once; I shall never attempt it agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's health; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continuered drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with con-

sid'ble lickor concealed about my person. I had sumhow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home; and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip pretty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I cried, 'Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy,' I continuered, crackin' the whip over the bed—'I have cum to reorganize you! Have you per-rayed to-nite?' I dream'd that nite that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over *me* sev'ral consekootiv' times; and whin I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of any thin' since; and if I ever have another reorganizin' business on hand, I shall let it out by the job. There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm."

IX. Annexation, or Paragoge, the contrast to end-cut, is the putting of a letter or letters to the end of a word, as withouten for without. When Lord Howe was in command of the *Magnanime*, a negro sailor was ordered to be flogged. Every thing being ready, and the ship's company assembled, the Captain made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offense. Poor Sambo, tired of the harangue, and of having his unfortunate back exposed to the cold, exclaimed:

"Massa, if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee: but no preachee and floggee both."

He knows little of English and of courting, who knows not the endearing effects of a y at the end. Thus, in R. H. Barham, the humorist:

"The wearied sentinel
At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
Till, ere his hand can sound the alarum bell,
He sinks beneath the unexpected blow;
Before the whisker of grimalkin fell,
When slumbering on her post, the mouse may go:
But woman, wakeful woman's never weary;
Above all, when she waits—to thump her deary."

Shenstone, too often lackadaisical, in his poem "The Schoolmistress," wherein are some sketches true to nature, presents a paragoge in his use of grieven for grieve; which leads us to whisper, parenthetically, albeit very earnestly, that you might much enrich your English by turning adjectives into verbs, through this annexation of n, as when Milton and Southey use the verb worsen, to make or grow worse; and milden, to make mild. Would that you all went back to Anglo-Saxon, that overflows with riches, to beyouth and bestrengthen your style. But hie we to the tasteful Laird of the Leasowes and his school-marm:

> "In every village marked by little spire,
> Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
> There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
> A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name;
> Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
> They grieven sore in piteous durance pent."

In Milton's supremely beautiful word "eremite," for hermit, he deftly gives us in one fine creation an aphæresis, a paragoge, and an epenthesis: a front-cut of the h; an insertion in the second e; an annexation in the final e.

Sir John Suckling, a poet very minor indeed, was ridiculed as follows by a contemporary knight, Sir John Mennis, wherein annexation lubricates the fun:

> "Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
> To Scotland for to ride-a,
> With a hundred men, all his own he swore,
> To guard him on every side-a."

You are by this time convinced that even things so tiny as Forms Etymologic, the least important part of our theme, may add much of humor, of quaint oddity, nay, of considerable attraction, to language. As thus: a country swain makes an insidious attempt to persuade Dolly to let him carry on the courtship at an unseason-

able hour; which, we rejoice to say, the buxom maiden triumphantly repels—ever be it so:.

"Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window—
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.
He begged for admittance. She answered him—'No!'
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
'No, no, Roger; No! As you came you may go!'
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump."

From Horace Smith we purloin the following: sardonical, ironical, for sardonic, laconic; while yees is epenthesis. A bullying barrister would make a butt of a Yorkshire farmer:

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how goes calves at York?"
"Why not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there!
Now look at me, clown, and attend:
Have I not seen you, somewhere, friend?"
"Yees, very like; I often go there."
"The rustic's waggish—quite laconical,"
The counsel cried, with grin sardonical;
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
But, Farmer, do for once speak true.
Mind, you're on oath; so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself *so* clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not *so* many as when you were there."

Such figures as we are at present handling are small, but it is important for us all to remember that things small are in language often of great value. It was said

by a witty lady, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that the sole difference between the infidel and the Christian lies in very small compass; the former merely took the "No" out of the Commandments and put it in the Creed.

We have spoken more than once of a monk of Malvern Abbey, whose name, somewhat uncertain, is given as William Langlande—unsparing in his attacks on the monks; invaluable in the glimpses he gives of the wretched social life of the fourteenth century; a powerful original genius and reformer; a spirit of a far higher order than John Gower, who was a mere listless harper on dead Greek mythologies, but this a soul of flame, warring against oppressions and for the wretched. His work was produced between 1360 and 1370; is older therefore than the "Canterbury Tales." We give you a sample from him—we feel it to be very powerful and deeply pathetic—the description of the miserable life of a poor plowman in those grim days. Mark the annexations, and the alliterations in every line, after the manner of all Anglo-Saxon poetry, and of all Icelandic. Let it be said, also, that it is not even yet, perhaps, too late to restore the plural form of the verb in "n"; as "they loven," which might be in poetry a fine variety:

"As I went by the way,
Weeping for sorrow,
I saw a simple man me by,
Upon the plow hanging.
His coat was of a clout
That cary was called (coarse cloth);
His hood was full of holes,
And his hair out,
With his knopped shoon (buttoned)
Clouted full thick.
His toes toteden out (pushed)
As he the land treaded.
His hosen overhung his hock shins
On every side.

All beslomered in fen (mud),
As he the plow followed;
Four rotheren him before (oxen),
Men might reckon each rib.
His wife walked him with,
With a long goad,
In a cutted coat,
Cutted full high;
Barefoot on the bare ice,
That the blood followed.
And at the land's end layeth
A little crumb-bowl (kneading-trough),
And thereon lay a little child
Lapped in clouts;
And twins of two years' old
Upon another side.
And all they sungen one sang
That sorrow was to hēar.
They crieden all one cry—
A careful note.
The simple man sighed sore,
And said, 'Children, be still!'"

In our humble opinion, no more pathetic passage in all our literature; for it refers to that sore struggle for life which is going on at this hour, in the winter of 1874–75, in New York, the most advanced city of our imperiled civilization.

X. Diæresis is another figure of spelling, the separating the vowels that might form one syllable—a diphthong—into two; as ȧėrolite for ærolite. From that thoroughly classical poem of Milton's, the "Comus," take we an example in the word ȧėrial. A guardian angel thus speaks. Study the production as a whole:

"Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright ȧėrial spirits live ensphered,
In regions mild of calm and serene air,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives."

Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, supplies us with a sort of diæresis, or separation, when he uses, with fine effect, "not ever" for ever:

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all things good denied.
And hearts, in poorest huts, admire
How Love has, in their aid—
Love that not ever seems to tire—
Such rich provision made."

XI. Tmesis, Diacope, or Cutting, let us next illustrate, led to it by the last example, each part split off being a complete word; as "to us ward" for toward us. The poem on "Curiosity," by Charles Sprague, is full of good sense and keen satire:

"In the pleased infant see this power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand.
Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear
When her sweet legend falls upon his ear.
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
And when the waning hour to bed ward bids,
While gentle sleep sits waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads, to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more."

In a renowned passage of the Rev. Richard Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," in defense of the Church of England, a cutting occurs in the expression "what condition soever:"

"Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her

seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage: the least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and creatures of what condition soever, each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" is the earliest great prose work in English, published about 1600; Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was the second. In literature, prose composition is usually later than poetry. The above famous quotation suggests the remark that it is a good sample of the long complex sentence, moulded on that Latin style by which the prose of Hooker and Milton is much marked—a grand orotund diction, where the resounding phraseology reminds us of a long reverberating peal of thunder, or of the far sweep of a mountainous billow; and is powerfully suggestive of profundity of thought and grandeur of conception; but its drawback being that it is apt quickly to weary the ear. A grand, long-rolling sentence, however, would be a pleasant, noble variety now and then among the short sentences of our modern prose. Study Macaulay for powerful short sentences, Ruskin for powerful long ones. Be daring enough to try a long one, now and then, from the pulpit.

XII. Metathesis next claims attention, or Twisting, usually at the bidding of humor, of the letters of a word into some different order of arrangement. You will detect it in the following four pathetic lines by Tom Moore, the Irish bard, wherein he bemoans his destiny, which all of us have shared, in being caught in a heavy shower umbrellaless:

> "O ever thus, from childhood's hour,
> Has chilling fate upon me fell;
> There always comes a soaking shower
> When I hain't got an umberell."

It is not a bad guess of Dr. William Smith, that "Shakespeare seems to have formed the name Caliban, by metathesis, from Canibal."

Few more amusing books have appeared for many a day than the "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington." The humor mainly lies in quaint liberties with the spelling of words: a branch of art in which American humorists have traded very extensively. Let us sit down by the ancient lady, and hear a remark or two from her wise lips. She says that—

"Ike has got a horse so spirituous that it always goes off in a decanter."—"Don't you regard snuff-taking as a sin?" we asked of her. "If it is," she replied, "it is so small a one; and, besides, my oilfactories would miss it so."

Dr. Holmes spells widow "widdah." One of his characters tells us what his experience had been at the dinner-table while boarding with a lady of that profession:

"It ain't the feed; it's the old woman's looks when a fellah lays it in too strong at meal-time. The feed's well enough. After geese get tough, and green pease are so big and hard they'd be dangerous if you fired 'em out of a revolver, we get hold then of all them delicacies of the season. But it's too much like feedin' on live folks and devourin' widdah's substance to lay yourself out in the eatin' way, when a fellah's as hungry as the chap that said a turkey was too much for one 'n not enough for two. I can't help at dinner-table lookin' at the old woman. Corned-beef days she's tolerable calm. Roastin' days she worries some, 'n keeps a sharp eye on the chap that carves. But when there's any thing in the poultry line, it seems to hurt her feelings so, to see the knife goin' into the breast, and joints comin' to pieces, that there's no comfort in eatin'. When I cut up an old fowl, and help the boarders, I always feel as if I ought to say—not 'Won't you have a slice of chicken?' but 'Won't you venture on a slice of widdah?'"

The cutting away the front of "and," so that it gets dwarfed into 'n, is a good case of the rare figure crasis, the word before "and" ending with a vowel.

But if metathesis be twisting, the word must consist still of the same letters. In "Sketches from Life," pub-

lished by the American Tract Society, we have two precise examples:

"In a railway car a stormy debate broke out between a zealous clergyman and an infidel. This debate was carried on very loudly till long after midnight, vastly to the annoyance of the other passengers, who would have greatly preferred sleep to theology. The self-dubbed philosopher avowed that man is like a pig: when he dies there's an end of him. On this a red-faced Irishwoman sprang up, the natural redness of her face glowing more intensely red with feeling, the light of the lamp glaring directly on it. She cried to the clergyman, in a rich brogue: 'Arrah, now, your riverence, will you not let the baste alone? Sure, now, has he not tould you he's a pig? And the more you pull a pig by the hind leg, the louder he'll squale!'"

Here baste and squale have precisely the identical letters with beast and squeal, only their sounds are twisted out of their proper place. Bridget hath therefore helped us to most scientific instances.

XIII. Consequently, another name is needed to comprehend all varieties of change of letters in the spelling; rhetors must insert in their catalogue a new and hitherto unnamed figure, which we call "Intentional Misspelling." In a poem by Fielding, the celebrated novelist—"The Author and the Politician"—occur these lines:

> "While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
> Am never seen but at my window."

Henry Kirke White, whose name is a synonym for youthful genius cut down in its bud—whose name tends to make us connect over-study and consumption, has these two lines, containing a change of spelling not unusual, y for ia at the close:

> "Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
> And Castaly enchastened with its dews."

In "Legends from Fairyland," a delightful Christmas

book for children, we read of the country of the Toomeniaitches; the exploits are spoken of as done by the mighty Tuf-long-bo on his journey to the happy land of that happy people, whom all children envy—the Applepivi. There is a New York periodical whose very name is marked by intentional misspelling; it is called the *Phunny Phellow*. In like manner, Thackeray, whose fun and frolic often broke out in ways that might be called rampageous, delighted in transferring a lisp to paper, as thus, in a rhyming letter of his:

"I pray each month may increathe my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the thipth which croth the theath good tidingth of my girlth may bring."

To pass at a bound from the ridiculous to the noble, consult P. L., i., 353, where you will find an example of that consecrated diction set apart to poetic purposes in which Milton was so great an inventor, and the very sound of which excites lofty associations, or carries away to bosky dell or river's bank.

In the renowned Scottish song of "Tullochgorum," by the Rev. John Skinner, there is an effective misspell in the last word:

"Shall we sae sour and sulky sit—
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?"

Also P. L., vi., 365. So in William Congreve's justly celebrated character of Ben, in "Love for Love," this occurs, on the lips of Ben, the sailor:

"Marry thee! Oons! I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live by selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels."

XIV. A figure used solely for prosodical purposes claims to be registered—the full syllabification of the termination "ed" in the past of verbs, a mark being put

over the e, thus: lovèd; for instance, by Shakespeare, imparting a charming variety:

"The shepherd's homely curds,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates;
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason wait upon him."

XV. Dialect, when presented for the mere sake of letting it be known what the dialect may be, is, of course, no figure; but it is a figure when used for rhetorical ends, as when William Barnes gives us the Dorset dialect, very sweetly. We include not the Scottish, which deserves a high and separate place as our classical Doric:

"Of all the housen o' the pliace
There's oone wher I da like to call,
By day ar night, the best ov all,
To zee my Fanny's smilen fiace;
An dere the stiately trees da grow,
A-rockin' as the win' da blow,
While she da sweetly sleep below,
In the stillness o' the night."

XVI. The Alphabetic is a figure newly invented by the London *Punch*, which designates it as "poetry on a new principle." It defies description; you will perhaps understand it by reading it. It rhymes on the final *letter* of each alternate line, as thus, it being spelled by you:

"On going forth last night a friend to see,
I met a man by trade a s-n-o-b.
Reeling along he held his tipsy way.
'Ho! ho!' quoth I, 'he's d-r-u-n-k.'
Then thus to him: 'Were it not better far
You were a little s-o-b-e-r?
'Twere happier for your family, I guess,
Than playing off such rum r-i-g-s.
Besides, all drunkards, when policemen see 'em,
Are taken up at once by t-h-e-m.'"

XVII. Combination is another etymological figure for the first time discovered, when two or more words are joined into one, usually to produce a fantastic effect. A Scotchman enjoys Sir Walter Scott's name for the hotel of that matchless cook, Mrs. Meg Dodds, at St. Ronan's Well, "the Cleek-um-inn;" and perceives the propriety of locating the Great Unknown, as he for a number of years was called, the long-concealed author of Waverley—still unsurpassed as a novelist—in the romantic clachan, that is, village, of Ken-na-quhair. Many a papa, who has sent his boy to an unprincipled boarding-school, characterized by much starvation and a plentiful lack of instruction, understands why Dickens, in his masterly "Nicholas Nickleby," celebrates the Yorkshire seminary of Mr. Squeers as "Do-the-boys Hall;" for there the boys were done, it being a standing rule of that delectable seat of learning that the boys all got a large dose of treacle and brimstone once a week, administered out of an immense bowl, in a vast wooden spoon, from the maternal paws of the frightful Mrs. Squeers, who herself was the brimstone minus the treacle—a dose given to the boys in order to cleanse their blood, and—lessen their appetites.

It is Charles Lamb who tells us of a rollicking personage, whose manners were of the "How-do-ye-do-George-my-boy" sort of style. In New England they talk, with profound respect, of a "Go-to-meetin' coat." Occasionally we come on good-natured young men, whose good-nature arises from want of firm principle; who have not grit enough to say "No," but who belong to the feeble "O-yes" class. Addison speaks of one who came rushing along "in a helter-skelter-ding-dong-horse-and-foot" style. Joseph Addison contributed to the *Tatler* and to the *Spectator*, two periodicals of the time. When he was Secretary of State, he broke down in a speech he tried to make in the House of Commons; and from the same cause, excessive diffidence, he often sat silent in large parties. But with one or two select friends his conver-

sational powers were of the highest order, and he enjoyed nothing more thoroughly than an animated debate with a determined opponent. With Temple Stanyan, one of his fellow-contributors to the *Spectator*, he used to have many such mental tournaments. At length this gentleman borrowed some money from him; after which he assented to every thing Addison said. One evening a subject was broached on which the two had often opposed each other, but still the borrower was too complaisant to say a word in opposition to his creditor's remarks. This the great essayist would stand no longer; he started to his feet, and cried, "Contradict me, sir, or pay me my money." Knowing his unfitness for general conversation, and yet what great work he could do, he used to say of himself: "I can draw a bill for a thousand pounds, though I have not a shilling of ready change in my pocket." If you would write a style easy, natural, elegant, eminently graceful, buy a copy of the *Spectator*, and read Addison's papers fifty times.

XVIII. Not having any precisely correct place for it, we are compelled to put in here, as a figure of considerable importance, Accentuation. Thus, in P. L., vi., 81:

> "Far in th' horizon to the north, appear'd
> Of battalious aspéct."

See P. L., vi., 841; vii., 4.

So Shakespeare speaks of "Epicúrean cooks;" and soon after—

> "How the fear of us
> May cément our divisions, we not know."

S., "Cymbeline," act iv., scene v., Cornelius, 7th speech, line 1; "Romeo and Juliet," act i., scene v., 1st Capulet's speech, line 4. He has also "perséver," "charácter," "impórtune," "contráct." But no wonder the critics take offense at Dante Gabriel Rosetti's venture (he, a true poet):

> "Every where, be it dry or wet,
> And market-night in the Haymarkét."

These Lectures, we trust, are beginning already to foster a wide and generous catholicity of taste. A main object with us will be—quoting from a rich variety of authors, to widen your intellectual sympathies, so that you shall enjoy good writers, to what school of style soever they may belong. Not long since a contributor to *Putnam's Monthly* tried to prove, with Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, that ballad poetry alone is poetry. There are many, too, who insist that Pope, and writers such as he, who dwell chiefly on the social interests and the elegancies of refined life, are no poets at all. Such ideas are as narrow and sectarian as his would be who should maintain, because the garden-rose is not the mountain-heath, that therefore the rose belongs not at all to the fair sisterhood of flowers. The man who can partake with relish of but one dish has conspired successfully against his own enjoyment. Let it be part of our philosophy of life and of criticism to cultivate a quick eye for all varieties of excellence: let us love the mountain-oak that braves the storm, the violet that peeps through the moss, and even the mignonette that breathes its tiny fragrance from the window-sill. On the same principle let us read with delight the stern, keen satire; the polished verses of society; the high meditations of Wordsworth; the simple lark-song of Burns; the harsh daguerreotyping of Crabbe; the tragic terrors of Shakespeare; the thunder-notes of Milton. There are, whose affectation it is to despise Pope. How is it possible for any one to do so who has actually read him? Is there one who can despise the following, addressed to a friend in reference to the poet's aged and infirm mother:

"O friend, may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine!
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of declining age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death;

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky."

"Joanna Baillie," says Mrs. Jamieson, "had a great admiration of Macaulay's Roman ballads." "But," said some one, "do you really account them poetry?" She replied, "They *are* poetry, if the sounds of the war-trumpet be music."

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles is still remembered by a petite volume of sonnets, only fourteen in number, highly finished, but possessing little force. His edition of Pope led him to argue that—

"All images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature are more beautiful or sublime than any images drawn from art."

Byron replied that a ship in the wind, with all sail set, is a more poetical object than a hog in the wind; though the hog is all nature, and the ship is all art. Beware of being narrow or sectarian in your taste in literature.

CHAPTER III.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.

PART FIRST.

Ellipsis.—Asyndeton, or Lack of "Ands."

HAVING discussed eighteen figures of Etymology, figures of Syntax we reach next, deviations from the ordinary construction of words. We have now attained a higher round of the ladder. But for such deviations, style would be tame and monotonous; grammar would fetter too closely the free movements of the mind, flashing forth its fire and electric glow. For figures are struck out, not by the whim or at the prompting of rhetoricians, but at the bidding of the soul. In classifying figures we are recording, not inventing, phenomena; and these, phenomena at once of language and of mind—of mind yearning to move freely and variously; a yearning strong in proportion to the degree of mental life; as the fir, in the joy and vigor of its young existence, strikes its roots in every direction, in the cliff and through its Alpine crevices, and tosses its defiant head, varying every instant in the breeze.

But, on the other hand, the mind, in its depth and grandeur, recognizes, also, the claims of order and law; bows before these claims with inborn reverence; feels that through obedience to them its strength will be mightily increased. Hence came Grammar; hence it happens that the *permitted* figures of syntax, or licenses of construction, are limited, ascertainable, can be classified. In studying the *legitimate* vagaries of language and its great laws, we are studying the mind of man in its deepest recesses; we have entered on the sublime domain of

psychology, or the strength and beauty of the soul. Mark this axiom carefully: All genuine study of language carries you into the study of mind; and is in affinity with the Deathless, the Immutable, the Divine.

XIX. Omission, or Ellipsis, is one of the most common usages of speech, and is so numerous in its varieties as to deserve a volume to itself; we utter few sentences without it; the omission of a word or words necessary to complete the grammatical construction, though not necessary to make the meaning precise. Cumbrous would style be without this; it is demanded by the free soul's thirst for free movement, so that style may be wings, not chains. It is an approach to disembodied spirit, and hints a longing in that way.

You detect ellipsis in Fontenelle's saying:

"Women are the opposite of clocks: the clocks serve to remind us of the hours; the women, to make us forget them."

There were few words in the retort which Pope once provoked. He had taunted a young officer with his ignorance. The poet was small and crooked:

"Could you so much as tell me what a point of interrogation is?"

Not so much as a verb in the reply. With a wave of his hand toward the poet, the youth answered—

"A little crooked thing that asks questions."

In almost all short repartees the force and effect are a good deal owing to ellipsis. A dull writer was remarking that he and the distinguished Frenchman, Guizot, rowed in the same boat, both being writers of history:

"You row in the same boat," Douglas Jerrold replied, "but not with the same sculls."

Foote, the comedian and farce-writer, passing one day along a humble London street, noticed an odd elliptical inscription over the door of a mean-looking barber's shop:

"Here lives Jemmy Wright—
Shaves as well as any man in England;
Almost, not quite."

Most of the windows had paper in them instead of glass. Foote determined to see the author of such original lines; he popped his head fairly through a paper pane, and shouted inside—

"Is Jemmy Wright at home?"

Jemmy, with the greatest good-humor in the world, popped his head through the adjoining pane, which was of paper too, and exclaimed—

"No, sir! He's just popped out."

In *Punch's* "Poetical Cookery Book" is the following recipe for boiling chicken, a parody on Moore's "Dorah Creina:"

"Lesbia hath a fowl to cook,
But being anxious not to spoil it,
Searches carefully our book
For how to roast and how to boil it.
Sweet it is to dine upon,
Quite alone when small its size is;
And when cleverly 'tis done,
Its delicacy much surprises.
O my tender pullet dear,
My boil'd, not roasted, tender chicken;
I can wish no other dish,
With thee supplied, my tender chicken!"

Your author presumes to intrude on you an instance, and more than one:

"Hast ne'er beheld, while spring's fresh winds were sighing,
When from a nest all ruffled by the blast,
One of the brood was cast,
The mother-bird with patient labor trying
To lift it back? So God thee to his breast—
That softest, safest nest."

In advertisements or telegrams, where every word has to be paid for, one learns right speedily to value high the market worth of ellipses. In the following anecdote the advertising style is mimicked. During the last years of his life McDonald Clark, known in New York as the mad poet, was made free of the Astor House table. Every one knew him by sight, and one day, while quietly taking his dinner, two persons, seating themselves opposite, began a conversation intended for his ears. One said:

"'Well, I have been in New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see—with one exception.' 'What is that?' said the other. 'McDonald Clark, the great poet,' responded Number One, with solemn emphasis. Clark raised his eyes slowly from his plate, and seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up, placing his hand over his heart, and bowing with great gravity to the two, said, 'I am McDonald Clark, the great poet.' The two started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then, amid an audible titter of the company, one of them drew from his pocket a quarter dollar, and, laying it before Clark, still looked at him without a smile. Clark lifted the coin in silence and dignity; put it in his pocket, drew thence a shilling, which he deposited before the man, with these words—'Children, half price.' The titter changed into loud laughter, and the two disappeared in shame."

In Dr. Johnson's best poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," repeated ellipses occur in his spirited picture of Charles XII. of Sweden:

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain—
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait.
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost.

He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay!
Hide, blushing Glory! hide Pultowa's day!
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Look we, for a moment, to the highest region. The grand, massive Hebrew of the Old Testament, in its many poetic passages, is full of this figure. Take an instance from Habakkuk. The translation is by Professor B. B. Edwards, and is a good specimen of that thorough version which the churches are beginning to long for:

"Jehovah looketh forth and maketh the nations tremble!
Broken to pieces are the everlasting mountains;
Sank down the eternal hills.
His ways are everlasting.
Saw Thee, and quaked the mountains!
Uttered the Deep His voice!
High lifted He his hands!
Sun, Moon, stood in their tent
At the splendor of the lightning of Thy spear:
Thou didst trample on the sea with Thy horses,
On the foaming of the mighty waters."

The common version, though it brings out the main truths of the vast original, yet does not bring out one thousandth part of its sublimity, power, beauty, poesy, and matchless precision. Shame on those feuds that make it still difficult to bring together the churches, so as to make a new version possible. How in the original Hebrew the grand thoughts, ablaze with God their sunrise, often stand out in impressive isolation, like mountain-peaks apart, Sierra-like; a style reappearing in the cry of Advent: "Glory to God in the highest! on earth, peace! toward man, good-will!" How admirably ellipses suit this kind of mental scenery of Alpine abruptness! How deep and solemn the sources of such rhetoric

as this! How false and mean the modern notion of the rhetorical!

In ellipsis even the verb is sometimes left out—a characteristic of the Roman Sallust, in his two masterpieces, the "Catiline" and the "Jugurtha." This gives the feeling of a rapid heaping up of circumstances; or of a horror or a triumph too big for utterance. Bishop Doane, in 1855, preached a sermon on a frightful railway collision on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. He thus proceeded:

"There needs no preacher to bring this mournful providence home to your heart of hearts. Those nearing trains! The crash! Car rushing into the midst of car! The cloud of dust! The storm of splinters! The groans! The shrieks! The wounded! The crushed! The torn asunder! The buried alive! The dying! The dead! Our public hall a receiving-vault for unknown corpses!"

Edgar A. Poe, in the "Raven," a poem that thrills with irresistible power all whom the wild and mystic enthrall, has a happy instance, and many a one, of ellipsis of the verb:

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

Dr. Snodgrass, a doctor who attended Poe during his last illness, communicated some years since to a temperance journal an affecting account of the close of his life:

"On a chilly and wet November evening I received a note stating that a man answering to the name of Edgar Allan Poe, who claimed to know me, was at a drinking-saloon in Lombard Street, in Baltimore, in a state of deep intoxication and great destitution. I repaired immediately to the spot. It was an

election day. When I entered the bar-room of the house, I instantly recognized the face of one whom I had often seen and knew well, although it wore an aspect of vacant stupidity that made me shudder. The intellectual flash of his eye had vanished, or rather had been quenched in the bowl, but the broad, capacious forehead of the author of the "Raven" was still there, with width in the region of ideality such as few men ever possessed. He was so utterly stupefied with liquor that I thought it best not to seek recognition or conversation, especially as he was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen actuated by idle curiosity rather than sympathy. I immediately ordered a room for him, where he could be comfortable until I got word to his relatives, for there were several in Baltimore. Just at that moment one or two of the persons referred to, getting information, arrived at the spot. They declined to take private care of him, for the reason that he had been very abusive and ungrateful on all occasions when drunk, and advised that he be sent to a hospital. He was accordingly placed in a coach, and conveyed to the Washington College Hospital. So insensible was he that we had to carry him to a carriage as if a corpse. The muscles of articulation seemed paralyzed to speechlessness, and mere incoherent mutterings were all that were heard.

"He died in the hospital after some three or four days, during which time he enjoyed only occasional and fitful seasons of consciousness. His disease was *mania a potu:* a disease whose finale is always fearful in its maniacal manifestations. In one of his more lucid moments, when asked by the physician whether he would like to see his friends, he exclaimed: 'Friends! my best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow my brains out, and thus relieve me of my agony.' These were among his last words."

Few poems do we possess nobler than Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination." In the close of his famous lines on Brutus's slaughter of Cæsar, a fine ellipsis occurs:

> "For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
> And Rome again is free."

Or from a sermon by the wonderful Christmas Evans, we take a scene in a grave-yard:

"At this moment Justice appeared, as if to watch the gate; for it is the grave-yard of fallen humanity. The angels asked, 'Why wilt thou not suffer Mercy to enter?' He sternly replied, 'The law is broken, and it must be honored. Die they, or Justice must.'"

Mark how inversion and ellipsis unite to make the last sentence like a rapier's thrust.

In Andrew Cherry's admirable sea-song, "The Bay of Biscay, O," mark the fine effect of the omission of the verb:

"The night both drear and dark—
Our poor devoted bark!
Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O."

Alfred B. Street paints with much vigor the gray forest eagle and its haunts. There is no want of ellipses here:

"With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky.
O little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours;
But the dark, gloomy gorge where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce rock-lashed torrent he claims as his home.
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood."

How long, how deeply have the glories of war bewitched mankind! From W. H. C. Hosmer we take these nobly conceived, classically expressed lines, occurring in the seventh canto of his "Yonnondio:"

"Thou phantom, Military Fame!
How long will Genius laud thy name!
And curtain features from the sight
More foul than those Khorassan's seer
Hid behind veil of silver bright,
Tempting his victim to draw near.

How long will thy misleading lamp
Through regions wrapped in smoke and fire
To Slaughter's cavern, red and damp,
Guide beardless boy and gray-hair'd sire!
Up! fearless battlers for the Right!
And flood old groaning earth with light.
Bid nations ponder well, and pause
When blade corrupt Ambition draws!
O teach the world that Conquest wears
A darker brand than felon bears;
Prolific fount, from earliest time,
Of Murder, Orphanage, and Crime."

To thoroughly understand many points in English grammar, many a usage in English speech, we need to study the Anglo-Saxon, the mother-tongue of our mother-tongue, and so our venerable grandmother-tongue. For instance, the articles were often left out by the Saxon bards; hence a main source of that obscurity which not seldom marks the old Saxon verse, which abounds to excess in ellipses, so as to seem, too often, a collection of broken hints and ejaculations. King Alfred, noblest of English monarchs, wrote thus in prose:

"So doth the moon with his pale light, that the bright stars he obscureth in the heavens."

But in poetry he expresses himself thus, obscurity being guarded against by some very emphatic delivery, and by the accompaniment of the harp:

"With pale light,
Bright stars
Moon lesseneth."

So venerable is ellipsis in our speech, especially in poetry.

We have already introduced to you Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's contemporary. When a common soldier, he accepted the defiance of a gigantic foe, and slew him in front of the two armies. Bred in the Church of En-

gland, he became for a time a Roman Catholic; and when, in advanced life, he joined the Church of England again, he quaffed off a whole gobletful of wine handed to him in the sacrament, to testify, he averred, how heartily he returned to his first fold. On his death-bed he left directions to bury him standing on his feet; the coffin was to be placed on end in the grave, that he might be ready to start at the resurrection. Mark in the following piece by him the elastic, pellucid elegance of his diction:

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's-down ever?
Or smelt o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!"

Lord Craven, in the reign of James I., was anxious to see Ben Jonson, who bears in English literature the two epithets of "Stout" and "Rare." When the dramatist went to his lordship's mansion, the porter refused to admit him, his dress was so shabby. Rough language, in which Ben excelled, passed between the two. His lordship heard the din, and came to the door:

"I understood your lordship wished to see me."—"You, friend! Why, who may you be?"—"I am Ben Jonson."—"No, no! You can not be the great author who wrote 'The Silent Woman.' You look as if you could not say 'Bo' to a goose."—The poet looked straight in the nobleman's face, with a comical air, and cried, "Bo!"—"I am now convinced," said the nobleman, "that you are Ben Jonson."

There are what we may call Ellipses Complimentary; as when a letter was sent to the illustrious Newton, ad-

dressed "Mr. Newton, Europe," which came safely to the Unequaled. A young officer, invited to dine with General Wolfe, him who fell at Quebec, was saying, with a strut, to a friend:

"I dine with Wolfe to-day."—Wolfe happened to hear this, and said to him: "You might say 'General Wolfe;' that would be more respectful."—"Pardon me, sir," was the quick reply; "but we never say General Cæsar, General Alexander."

Richard Lovelace, whose style is very elegant, gives us a noble sentiment:

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind;
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Take note of the omission of "if" in the last line.

From Matthew Prior comes this, in a different strain:

"On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs
They both express their care.
'A different cause,' says Parson Sly,
'The same effects may give—
Poor Lubin fears that he may die,
His wife that he may live.'"

We here wish you to remark that as ellipsis is more freely permitted to the poet than to the—our language wants a word—prosist, therefore a master of song can condense more meaning into smaller space in verse than he could in prose; so inexcusable are the writers of unmeaning lines. Never be satisfied with poetry unless it run over with meaning.

It is in good part owing to fine omissions of single words, and, what is finer still, to skillful omission of circumstances, which the reader can supply, that there is such a charm of rapid narrative in Leigh Hunt's ballad "The Glove." King Francis, of France, with his lords and ladies, was looking at the king's lions sporting:

"Romped and roared the lions with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit; they glared; gave blows like beams; a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another;
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thundering smother.
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, 'Troth, gentlemen, we're better here than there.'"

Inasmuch as the P. L.—incomparably the greatest poem, not dramatic, ever written by man; a production which we owe to Christianity—owes much of its force to ellipsis, it is well to bring in here Sir Egerton Brydges's general summary of Milton's style:

"The condensed collocation of Milton's language is peculiar to himself. Its breaks, its bursts; the strong, the rough, and the flowing; the concise and the gigantic, are mingled, with a surprising skill, and eloquence, and magic. It is easy to find single gems in other authors—the galaxy is the wonder. Milton's splendor, when it began to rise, did not stop till it blazed."

To read not only, but to study the P. L., is not merely a delight and a privilege, but a sacred duty. Avail yourself of the invaluable helps which are afforded by Boyd's "Notes."

The chief reason of the heap of unnecessary words, or rubbish, which we too often use, is the not having a precise idea of the thing we are depicting; consequently, we keep talking about it and about it, in a jumble of

verbiage. It is a misfortune, also, not to know the very term, usually but one, that best suits the place; for seldom are there two words exactly synonymous. Abundant translating of Latin and Greek into English gives, better than aught else in the world, training on the second point here specified; on the first point, exact information must be poured into the mind. Ponder Remark First, page xlix. A French gentleman, who knew that Dr. Samuel Johnson had written a periodical called the *Rambler*, said to him when dining with him:

"May I have the plaisir of to drink the vine with you, Mr. Vagabond."

As this point of ellipsis is one, fully to attend to which will much aid toward a deep acquaintance with English, we proceed to minute details; by no means attempting a complete list of ellipses, yet specifying a few. We give a table of twenty-nine varieties. It is asserted that there are six hundred varieties of snow-flakes; we have no doubt there are as many varieties of ellipsis. Let the reader of this volume, who is wise enough to strive to be a student of it, give at least a fortnight to classifying two hundred different sorts of ellipses from Milton and from Shakespeare. The result will astound him. Meanwhile we collect, with microscopic gaze, the smaller number of twenty-nine.

1. The antecedent pronoun is omitted, as by Dana—

> "Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
> Though all around be beautiful."

This omission of the antecedent pronoun is very common in Cæsar and in the Greek and Latin classics. See the first sentence of the "Commentaries"—"qui," for ii qui. We may state here that Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" is one of the best collections of our shorter poems; as also is Bryant's "Library of Song."

2. The particle "there." A faithful old African gave

good advice to a clergyman who, having received calls to several congregations, did not know which to close with:

"Go, massa, where is de most devil."

See P. L., v., 348.

3. The relative pronoun—"who," "which," or "that"—is very often left out, as in the last lines of Lord Rochester's extempore epitaph on Charles II. The king—talented, idle, unprincipled, good-natured—insisted that Rochester should on the spot write his, the king's, epitaph. Rochester favored him with this:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

4. The connecting word "namely," its place being supplied by a semicolon or a pause, as in this ill-natured saying by Bayle, author of a famous work, "The Critical Dictionary:"

"There is only one secret a woman can keep—her age."

5. "Of," as in Milton:

"His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round."

6. The sign of the infinitive. Phineas Fletcher writes:

"With that a thundering noise seem'd shake the sky."

7. A preposition: a form of the figure that covers hundreds of cases, as in "The Midsummer-Night's Dream," by Shakespeare; who is very partial to this usage, and handles it most deftly:

"Steal forth thy father's house to-night."

In P. L., i., 722—

"The ascending pile,
Stood fixed her stately height."

Or open the "Rienzi" of the very able Miss Mitford:

"Ask Orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires; sigh for rarest birds
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers to flit
Around thy stately bower; and at thy wish
The precious toys shall wait thee."

Or Goethe, in his noble Christian drama, "Iphigenia in Tauris"—study it by all means:

"Ah! woe is him who leads a lonely life."

"Me seems it" we meet with in Cary's "Dante." How bold and beautiful is this variety!

8. "If;" as in this statuesque group by Chaucer—very marvelous:

"The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
Armed and looking grim, as he were wud (mad);
A wolf there stood beforne him at his feet,
With eyen red; and of a man he ete."

9. The nominative to the verb very often, as in Pickering to the song-sparrow:

"Did the green isles
Detain thee long? Or 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright South, where Nature ever smiles,
Didst sing thy loves?"

P. L., vi., 430; S., "Coriolanus," act iv., scene iv., line 12.

10. The relative is omitted, while the antecedent is retained, the opposite usage to No. 1; figures going usually, as you have noticed, in contrasted pairs, like two arms to strike with, right and left. Thus said a senator:

"Are we a degenerate race who have not the manhood to preserve that their fathers won?"

This usage is eminently neat and classical. S., "Julius Cæsar," act i., scene iii., Cæsar's 12th speech.

11. "It is" and "that it is." As in Goethe's "Iphigenia in Tauris:"

"But woman's happiness how narrow'd in."

S., "Julius Cæsar," act ii., line 3.

12. More widely, the verb "to be" in some part of it, together with the demonstrative adverb "there;" as in Marvell's well-known ode; of the great Cromwell he says:

"What field in all our civil wars,
Where his were not the chiefest scars?"

13. "Able to." When the author of the "Seasons" was told that a certain learned Londoner, Glover, was writing "Leonidas," an epic poem, he cried:

"He write an epic poem! It is impossible. He never saw a mountain in his life!"

James Thomson was born and John Dryden died in the same year, 1700. It is plain that when Thomson uttered that exclamation the artificial age of English poetry was nearly gone; star and waterfall were again to be invoked; Burns and Cowper were at the door.

14. A verb which in strict grammar should be repeated. Two city men, very smart as they thought, traveling in a remote district in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, not far from the Queen's autumn residence at Balmóral—not a French locality, Balmorál—came on an aged shepherd:

"You have a wide view from these mountains," said they.—"Yes, that's true," said the shepherd.—"You can see," said they, "America from here."—"Muckle farrer than that," he replied.—"Ah, how can that be?"—"Whan the mist drives aff, ye can see the mune."

15. "Merciful" is used for Merciful One; "Holiest" for Holiest One, and the like; as by Milman:

"Thou knowest, Merciful,
That knowest all things! Thou didst come,
O Holiest, to this world of sin and gloom."

P. L., vi., 131. S., "As You Like It," act v., Duke's 9th speech, line 7, Senior Duke.

16. A negative, or more than one. John A. Shea thus addresses the Ocean:

"Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still stainless art thou."

17. The article. P. L., xii., 533. S., "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii., scene ii., Antony's 13th speech. This omission of "the" has many a fine effect in the Hebrew. As in Psalm lv., 8:

"I will hasten my escape from rushing wind, from tempest."

It has long been fashionable to denounce the heavy tediousness of Milton; how he burdens his pages with that dreadful thing, creed. Milton was right; his theology is indestructible. Truth will make his poesy deathless; whereas poesy alone will never make poetry immortal. The poets of the day should bethink them of what need there is to link their pretty thoughts with enduring truths, or with some enduring cause or heart-shaking tale, as Virgil his "Æneid" with the birth and fortunes of Rome, and Homer his two epics with "Hellas." Ever and again Milton's theology will bring his poetry into prominence. It will be pondered for instruction and guidance. The poetry that aspires to live must be a means even more than an end. Well said Addison of "Paradise Lost:"

"This work is more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language."

18. Ellipses, nobler and bolder, use words as mere

hints, letting many expressions be guessed at from the context. This may be carried to the excess of obscurity; but it is often exceedingly grand. Milton has much of it, yet is seldom or never obscure—xii., 600:

> "The great deliverance by her seed to come
> (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind."

19. The verb of questioning and the verb of reply; as in Tennyson's poem "The Princess:"

> "And, stand! who goes? Two from the palace."

S., "Romeo and Juliet," act iii., scene v., Capulet's 1st speech, line 4.

20. Other verbs. S., "Coriolanus," act iv., scene vi.:

> "Shall us to the Capitol?"

"Cymbeline," act iv., scene ii., Belarius's 21st speech, 5th line.

21. "Do;" as Shakespeare:

> "What they do delay, they not deny."

22. "Such;" as Shakespeare:

> "Those arts they have as I
> Could put into them."

23. "Same;" by Shakespeare:

> "I am made of that self, as my sister."

24. A whole clause, with fine effect; as suiting the perturbation of the mind. Thus Shakespeare, in "Lear," when Cordelia says—

> "If—for I lack that glib and oily art
> To speak and purpose not."

The full expression would be: "If you cast me off, for this reason, as is likely, that I lack—"

25. "Those of;" as by Shakespeare:

"What with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth."

26. "As for;" thus Shakespeare:

"Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough."

27. "Every" is used for "every one of;" as by Shakespeare:

"I'll resolve you
Of every these happen'd accidents."

28. "For which;" see Shakespeare:

"We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come."

29. The first "as." Thus by Thomas Buchanan Read:

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."

This designedly incomplete list of ellipses is sufficient to show that to conceive of figurative language as necessarily artificial is a most shallow and despicable notion. Not to use figures would often be the artificial thing. Burns was asked to say grace before dinner. At the spur of the moment he gave the following, in which are ellipses, how natural:

"There's some hae meat, but canna eat;
And some would eat but want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankèd."

As eager argument can scarce stay for words, we may be sure that Demosthenes will abound in omissions. He does; yet how free from obscurity. Thus he cries, in his First against Philip:

"Of a criminal, it is the part to die, sentenced by law; but of a general—fighting with his country's foes."

A specimen of the noble axioms with which his speeches are interspersed.

Let us now take at random a few ellipses; as this from Henry Peacham, on the flowers of the field:

"Withal, as in some rare limned book, we see
Here painted lectures of God's sacred will:
The daisy teacheth lowliness of mind;
The camomile, we should be patient still;
The rue, our hate of vice's poison ill;
The woodbine, that we should our friendship hold;
Our hope, the savory, in the bitterest cold."

The anecdote of Dr. Samuel Johnson and the sign-board shows to what extreme lengths ellipses may be pushed. A person consulted him as to what to put on his sign-board, proposing "John Williams: boots and shoes sold here." Dr. Johnson began to criticise it:

"What's the use of 'here'? Is not your shop seen to be here and not at the North Pole?" [The word "here" went out.] "'Sold.' Does any one expect to get them for nothing? 'Sold' is an insult; you hint to your customers that they are idiots who expect to get boots for nothing." [Out went "sold."] "'John Williams'—ah! What care I whether John Williams or John Gumpus sells them?" ["John Williams" went out.] "'Boots and shoes!' But suppose a man passes who can't read? His money is as good as that of the most learned professor? Pray off with 'boots and shoes,' and paint on the board a boot and a shoe."

The student of this very commonplace figure will discover a thousand capabilities of language that he never

dreamed of before, small, indeed, like the dew-drop, but as lovely. In Shakespeare especially he will meet with the most tiny beauties united with massive grandeur, as when the leaf of the birch twinkles in sunlight over Alpine rocks. Read "Coriolanus," "Lear," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Cymbeline," "Merchant of Venice," "Winter's Tale," "Henry VIII." Almost superhuman are they. Read each ten times; study each as a whole, yet go so close as to master the ellipses.

Sydney Smith yields a large crop. A medical adviser counseled him to rise earlier, and walk a mile every morning on an empty stomach:

"Very willing to do so; but—on whose stomach?"

A warning, carried too far, against the omission of the relative occurs in a criticism by David Hume, the rather untrustworthy historian of England, in a letter of his to Dr. William Robertson, the historian:

"I do not like this sentence of yours, 'This step was taken in consequence of the treaties Wolsey had concluded with the emperor at Brussels, and which had hitherto been kept secret.' Certainly it had been better to have said, 'which Wolsey,' etc. That relative ought very seldom to be omitted, and is here requisite to preserve symmetry between the two members of the sentence. You omit the relative too often, which is 'a colloquial barbarism,' as Dr. Johnson calls it."

On the other hand, we protest against being always tied up by such insertion. We demand to breathe at times more freely. Far more daring omissions than this are used with the best effect. We are impudent enough to claim that we have led you into a much deeper study of ellipsis than ever Hume undertook.

Let us add the statement—a truth often forgotten by or unknown to students of Latin and Greek, and unnoticed by even Latin and Greek grammars—that neither

in Latin or Greek can there be an ellipsis of the personal pronoun from the verb; for this reason—that these personal pronouns form the personal inflections of the verb, as in some cases is still very evident; thus Amavi is three words run into one, "Am-have I." When Ego is expressed, it is emphatic: "I have loved, I." On the other hand, it is the common Greek usage to omit the apodosis; thus, in Luke xi., 49, where our translation reads, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" The original has it: "If we shall smite with the sword?"—that is, "If we shall smite with the sword, will it please thee?" So, in Acts i., 6, the disciples say to their Master, not, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" but, "Lord, if thou art restoring the kingdom to Israel at this time;" where the conclusion or apodosis is wholly omitted.

The great painter, Hogarth, had been employed by a very plain-featured lord to make his portrait, and did so with such unflattering truth that his lordship would not pay for it. On this Hogarth wrote to him as follows:

"Mr. H.'s dutiful respects to Lord L. Finding that his lordship does not mean to have the picture, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money. If his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man, for an exhibition-painting, when it is thought it will make an excellent monkey."

Fear of the metamorphosis brought in the cash forthwith.

XX. Asyndeton, Lack of Ands, a special form of this great figure, falls to be treated along with it. The birth-shout of a nation occurs in Exodus xv.—a poem of liberty; for the earliest republic ever born on earth was inspired into being by miracle—by Jehovah, Patron-God of human freedom, and in express preference to monarchy. No son of Moses mounted an hereditary

throne. Pure Judaism frowned alike on monarchy and on priestcraft. This poem is the oldest lyric in existence; its very antiquity should make it venerable; its occasion should make it dear to all who hate despotism:

"The enemy said: I will pursue; I will overtake; I will divide the spoil; I will draw my sword; my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind; the sea covered them; they sank like lead in the mighty waters."

How much of force and hurrying rapidity would be lost by putting in the "ands." This is true to the heart, for Passion occupies itself with great prominent causes and large effects; it is for cold Reason to link them together. Yet too much of this gives an artificial and forced air; as in the writings, powerful but strained, of Seneca among the Romans, of which one said that Seneca's sentences were "sand without lime." Unaffected ease is a far higher attainment in style than labored attempts at strength. The style of the *Spectator* is utterly unconscious of itself, as is the wave curving on the beach, which it animates with movement and song. Luke xvii., 27, 28; Ezek. xxxiii., 15, 16; S., "Cymbeline," act v., scene v., Posthumius's 1st speech, lines 4, 5.

Lamartine enriches us with an example of the judicious use of asyndeton in the close of the following sentence from his delightful "Travels in the East." He speaks of the All-pervading:

"This great Divine Figure, which man from his infancy is ever striving to reach and to imprison in his structures built by hands, forever enlarges and spreads forth; it outsteps the narrow limits of temples, and leaves the altars to crumble into dust; and calls man to seek for it where alone it resides—in thought, in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, in infinity."

Let us now gaze on a Dutch landscape, painted to the life by the masterly pen of the justly famous American, John Lothrop Motley, whose historical works deserve a

place in the highest rank. We quote his description of Zutphen (South Fen), in his "History of the United Netherlands:"

"Long rows of poplars marking the straight highways, clumps of pollard willows scattered around the little meres; snug farm-houses, with kitchen-gardens and brilliant flower-patches, dotting the level plain; verdant pastures sweeping off into seemingly infinite distance, where the innumerable cattle seemed to swarm like insects; windmills swinging their arms in all directions, like protective giants, to save the country from inundation; the lagging sail of market-boats shining through rows of orchard trees—all gave to the environs of Zutphen a tranquil and domestic charm."

The seemingly infinite sweep like that of the sea, which is not more level than those plains are, will be recognized by the traveler in Holland as very characteristic.

The speech of Henry IV. of France to his troops before a battle is a spirited instance of the leaving out of all conjunctions, and of the circumstances and feelings that prompt men to do so:

"I am your king. You are Frenchmen. Behold the enemy."

Take another example from Mrs. Osgood; the young men will see before them—somebody, the unparalleled:

"Her laugh is like a fairy's laugh,
So musical, so sweet;
Her foot is like a fairy's foot,
So dainty and so fleet;
Her smile is fitful sunshine,
Her hand is dimpled snow;
Her lip a very rosebud
In sweetness and in glow."

What a number of the grandest aims to aim at does Mrs. Jameson present to you in the following:

"To trust religiously, to hope humbly, to desire nobly, to think rationally, to will resolutely, to work earnestly—may this be mine!"

We are ardent admirers of many of Dr. Bushnell's works. We have read lately his volume entitled "Christian Culture," a book of the utmost profundity, truth, and beauty. It is far the ablest book on the subject that we ever read—the godly upbringing of children. Hear what he says of a true Christian home, and take note of the asyndeton:

"What scene of family dignity is more to be admired? The highest splendors of wealth and show have but a feeble glow-worm look in the comparison—a pale, faint glimmer of light, a phosphorescent halo, enveloping what is only a worm. Even the poor laboring man, thanking God at his table for the food he earned by the toil of yesterday; singing still each morning in his family hymn of the glorious rest at hand; moving on thitherward with his children by single day's journeys of prayer and praise; teaching them, even as the eagles do their young, to spread their wings with him and rise—this man, I say, is the prince of God in his house; and the poor garb in which he kneels outshines the robes of palaces. Religion leads in the day as the dawn leads in the morning. It blends a heavenly gratitude with the joys of the table; it breathes a cheerful sense of God into all the works and tempers of the house; it softens the pillow for rest when the day is done. Home and religion are sacred words—names both of love and reverence: home, because it is the seat of religion; religion, because it is the sacred element of home."

CHAPTER IV.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.

PART SECOND.

Polysyndeton.—Zeugma.—Syllepsis.—Paradiastole.—Pleonasm.—Me-ism.—Hypallage.—Hysteron-proteron, or Putting the Cart before the Horse.

XXI. Polysyndeton is our next figure, or Superfluity of Ands. All birds have two wings, so has the mind figures in contrasted pairs. Asyndeton assures us of polysyndeton—a proof and illustration, running through our whole wide theme, that we are studying the habits of a creature that soars. See Luke vii., 38; x., 27; xii., 46, 58; xv., 22, 23. Gen. viii., 22.

In the following beautiful tradition about our Master you find a superfluity of "ands:"

"Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and sent his disciples on to prepare a frugal supper; while he himself, intent on doing good, walked weary through the streets into the market-place.

"And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around its neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the mire; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

"And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose, 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not

cut even a shoe-tie out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all draggled and bleeding.' 'No doubt,' cried a fifth, 'he hath been hanged for thieving.'

"And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth.'

"And the people turned toward him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could find something to pity and praise even in a dead dog.' And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way. Be ours that gentle judging; that quickness, that tendency to detect some good in even the vilest; and immeasurable capabilities. Turn we our severity on ourselves, our gentleness on others."

By keeping the mind tarrying on each circumstance; by the frequent recurrence of the particle of addition "and," we have left on us the feeling that the circumstances must indeed be numerous. To Nathaniel Lee let us look for an example, quoting from one of the best of his eleven tragedies. A master of genuine passion and tenderness, he sometimes degenerates into bombast. Death is his theme. His tragedy of Lucius Junius Brutus is open before us:

> "Groans, and convulsions, and discolor'd faces;
> Friends weeping round us; plumes and obsequies;
> Make it a dreadful thing to die. The pomp of death
> Is far more terrible than death itself."

This gifted man had to be kept in an asylum for the insane from 1684 to 1688; and his death was occasioned by injuries received in a drunken night-frolic. Mark how shallow his sentiment in the passage just quoted. Not death's circumstantials, but death's essence—the solemn close of our probation; the entrance on dawn or midnight; the reaping as we know we must have sowed; these be what make death sublime and dread. How

much deeper philosophy, how much fitter for even poesy, Paul's plain yet profound statement—

"The sting of death is sin."

What digs deepest, strikes out the deepest founts for the Muses to drink of.

Many instances of the repetition of "ands" occur in Demosthenes—matchless model of orators. One of our main objects is to make you familiar with him—much spoken of, little read, never worthily translated. The passages we shall quote from him, translated by us for this work, will, we hope, deepen in your minds the conviction that he merits all his fame as one of God's greatest miracles of eloquence; in whom, too, eloquence is ever simple, natural, life-like, thoroughly unaffected; and a great lesson for all future orators, especially in the political arena, where the eloquence is sustained in its power by noble virtues breathing through it; such as forgetfulness of himself, disinterested enthusiasm for his country, for independence, for the master axioms that are the food and soul of private and public worth—axioms announced by him, ever and anon, in words few but all of fire; and where, with the undaunted boldness of a man willing to die at any hour a martyr for truth, liberty, and duty, he denounces, in every form of sarcasm, detestation, and profound sorrow, the ruling vices of that great Athenian people whom he sought to convince and rescue, and in whose hand his life was. He as bold an orator as Elijah a prophet. In the First against Philip, near the close, we meet this instance of many "ands:"

"These things let us thoroughly know—that the man is our enemy, and has spoiled us of our dominions, and for a length of time has insulted us, and that all things whatever which at any time we hoped others would do for us are found against us; and that all the things which remain must be found in our own very selves; and that if we will not to fight him there, here it is likely we may be forced to fight him."

This is a fair sample of the kind of words Demosthenes uses. You will find no dandyish poetical or semi-poetical phraseology in him; nor one speck of self-conceit as tainted the eloquence of Cicero; nor a single instance of a passage foisted in for the mere sake of ornament. He uses not at all either fuss or feathers. He puts an immense force into the plainest, shortest words; as in the above passage into "there" and "here." Intent he on carrying his point; not on fine ornaments, of which he has not one. Yet the ancients said of him truly that in every sentence of his there is some figure; for burning earnestness rushes into figures by the hundred.

We can not turn from Demosthenes without taking this opportunity of urging on you two lessons—to us they seem great—gathered from a prolonged study of this wondrous man. We lay before you the concluding sentence of that mighty oration, "On the Crown:"

"O all ye gods, I pray to you all in one prayer, that not one of you may favor these feelings and desires so hostile to Athens; but O do ye infuse—this is my most earnest prayer—infuse even into these traitors to their country a better mind and better sentiments; yet, if it be certain that they are incorrigible, then O pursue them, man by man of them, with ruin and destruction, by sea and by land; and on the rest of us O do ye bestow the speediest possible deliverance from these overhanging terrors, and grant us a national salvation that can not be shaken."

First, this reflection forces itself on us—we by no means go in search of it: Many can not endure the imprecatory—they love to call them the cursing—prayers in the Psalms of David; in which, though they are for the most part predictions, the Psalmist perhaps once or twice invokes a curse on sworn oppressors and shedders of blood. Yet all the best educated minds for centuries have lauded with a just enthusiasm this oration about the Crown; and not least the close of it. Justice is done to the won-

drous Greek; inexpressibly less than justice to the Bible. To invoke from heaven Heaven's best blessing, even a change of heart, on rāncorous persecutors and murderers of women and children; and then, if it be certain that they are to wax fiercer and fiercer, to implore God to remove them from the earth, is a prayer worthy of the noblest and most merciful soul in its noblest hour. David's foes were immeasurably worse than the enemies of Demosthenes. It is easy talking for us, who are in safety; but if you saw a fiend in human shape tossing infants into the flames, you might be glad, if you believed—if you really believed that the Most High alone could or would help you—you might be right glad to implore him to interfere to give the human fiend a right heart, or, if not, to remove him from the earth.

The second lesson from Demosthenes: Some imagine that the human mind can reach its highest, unaided by any use of or any reference to religious truths. Let it be known—not half widely enough is it known—that while the closing sentence of this greatest oration is what we have quoted, a solemn prayer, not a little Davidic and Puritanic in its tone, the opening sentence begins in these words:

"First of all, men of Athens, to all the Powers of heaven do I make my petition!"

This double fact moves us deeply. The glorious Greek began and closed with prayer the world's greatest oration; and ever and again he mingles prayer with his burning argument, as he proceeds. This most astounding and decisive example convinces us more and more that the highest flights of the intellect can not, in any kind of literature, be attained, if unaided by the religious element; especially if unaided by this thing—eager prayer, which some wither and annihilate by their scorn.

A third very remarkable fact, on which, hastening on

in our theme, we can not tarry, are those extraordinary resemblances that burst out between the style of Paul in its depths, and the style of Demosthenes. Any competent Greek scholar, following out this hint minutely, would be rewarded by valuable discoveries. You see in the mighty Athenian the word, terror, destruction, salvation; and the doctrine of the inhabitation of man by God. Would that Paul were thoroughly translated. The Church allows the sword of this foremost fighter to have some rust on its steel.

Without earnest piety and stern virtue the Athenian whom we honor so deeply could never have been the miracle of eloquence he was. Simple in his style as the naked heavens; free from all affectation and vanity; disinterested, patriotic, panting for his country's liberty and greatness; as undaunted as Elijah himself, so as continually to remind us of Elijah and of Paul. Two charges against him: He fled in battle; but only in a universal rout, and in circumstances such that his countrymen, though smarting under defeat, never blamed him for retreating with the rest. He was accused of taking a bribe; wonderful to say, in such a day of fiery faction, on only one solitary occasion. His enemies never proved it; the closest examination discredits it. Says Grote, in his masterly "History of Greece:"

"Reviewing the facts known to us, we find them *all* tending to refute the charge against Demosthenes."

Therefore let him, in this republic blushing for its political men, be one chief model.

In the following account of Solferino, written by Russell of the London *Times*, are fine examples of lack of "ands" and of many "ands." He writes of June 24, 1859:

"Since the three days of Leipsic, now six-and-forty years ago, so great a battle has never been fought in Europe as that which only seventy hours since cumbered the plains of Lombardy with

dead. Imagination toils in vain to realize the story of more than three hundred thousand men engaged in mortal conflict, over an area the front of which extended twelve miles. The common incidents of a battle—the plunging cannon-shot, the devouring grape, the advance of long-drawn columns, the resistance of dense masses, the furious charges of cavalry, the sudden deploy into lines lengthening in long vistas and meeting in stern and furious collision, bayonet to bayonet—are all, in such a mighty battle as this, multiplied to indistinctness. After sixteen hours of thundering sounds, and dense smoke, and shrill death-shrieks, and the rush of squadrons shaking the earth, and the measured tramp of many thousands marching to death, and the shouts of multitudes in wild excitement, we are told that, upon one side alone, thirty-five thousand killed and wounded are stretched on the plain."

Polysyndeton is a figure not seldom abused, as by Dr. Chalmers; who often used it, however, with great effect; and in that invaluable work, Kent's "Commentaries on American Law," as in vol. i., p. 391:

"I shall consider the jurisdiction of the District Court as a Court of Common Law, and clothed also with special powers."

The "and" had better be away.

XXII. Zeugma, Junction, is a figure not frequently occurring; where the same verb is related to two clauses that strictly would require two different verbs, as in Homer:

"Thetis leaped down into the sea; but Zeus, to his halls."

Or as when Curran, of an erring lady, cried:

"Send her back to her husband, to her children—to herself."

This figure occurs when two nouns or two infinitives are united to a verb, which verb is applicable to only one of them; as when Sallust describes a ruler as—

"Waging peace and war."

Under this figure may be ranged, too, the employment of a noun, or any other word with two references, as in the expression:

"A country crowded with rebels and with anarchy."

It shows how multitudinous are the forms which are assumed by language—that miracle of organs and of thought, whereto no creature but man makes any approach—to mark the distinction of zeugma, pun, and double meaning. In zeugma one of the applications of the verb is improper; in pun the words are different, though similar in sound; in double meaning the words are used in two senses, both of which are proper.

XXIII. Syllepsis is that figure in which a word is construed syntactically according to its meaning or import, not according to its mere narrow grammatical characteristics. It is also termed synesis, or synthesis: "The adapting of the construction to the sense of a word, rather than to its gender or number," as when the Saviour is spoken of as "the Rock on whom we trust," instead of "in which." Similarly, we heard a clergyman say lately:

"Let us recognize every where the Hand who sways the universe."

On his mind, perhaps, unconsciously lay the influence of Dr. Philip Doddridge's verse:

"While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That Hand which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his children well."

XXIV. Paradiastole, or Neithers and Nors. Multiplicity of neithers and nors, when invested with a classical title, goes by the alarming name of Paradiastole: a putting together disjunctively—a putting together so as to keep asunder; as when a bar of iron has a globe fixed at either end of the bar. The two globes are then at once joined and separated, and we perceive that a dis-

junctive conjunction is the most possible thing in the world. Thus speaks Cicero against Verres:

"Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony; nor the tears of pitying spectators; nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; nor the fears of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious cruelty of a monster who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?"

See Luke xviii., 29.

XXV. Pleonasm, or Superfluity, is our next figure, the using of more words than would convey the idea. Thus says Dr. Stephen Olin:

"It is a still and dark domain, that of death."

This is usually one of the grossest vices of style. The plays of James Thomson were very inferior to his "Seasons"—a poem that every well-read person has perused. In one of his tragedies, the heroine is thus addressed by her lover, in sonorous blank verse:

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!"

A wag in the gallery bawled out—

"O Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, O!"

The consequence was, the tragedy was laughed off the stage.

A celebrated hymn by Addison opens by a weak pleonasm:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky."

It needs an astronomy very keen-eyed to see any difference between these two things.

Yet so greatly discrepant is a skillful and an unskillful use of language that, in a dextrous hand, this very figure is capable of producing an exquisite effect. In the more modern edition of the renowned ballad of "Chevy Chace," one brave knight is thus spoken of:

"There, too, the gallant Widrington—
He was in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

But how noble and simple a picture is the original, given in that valuable collection, "Percy's Reliques," which by all means read:

"For Witheryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his legs were hewyne in to,
He knyled and fought on hys kne."

Mary Howitt favors us with an example of how an elegant pleonasm can be made:

"The Spring, she is a blessed thing,
She is the mother of the flowers."

In a well-known piece of Thomas Hood, the lamentation of a certain little husband domineered over by a large wife, pleonasm can be detected in the second line:

"And when I speak, my voice is weak;
But hers, she makes a gong of it:
For I am small and she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it."

An epic in prose we introduce to you, one of the most impressive works that the human mind has produced—Carlyle's "French Revolution:"

"For kings and beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all. Thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances, and throne and scaffold contrast, how far short is it of 'the thing pitied.'"

Read and ponder Carlyle by all means; but by no means imitate him. His "Past and Present" is a very noble book—every book he has written is noble; abandon

your soul to it; but make not yourself ridiculous by mimicking his style.

The orator may rivet his argument by a judicious use of this figure; for it employs the style of passion, which loves to dwell on and reiterate its theme. Thus Daniel Webster, exhorting his countrymen to preserve the Union, shouted:

"The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted."

And as the uneducated turn over and over again the same idea, so we often meet with pleonasm in the rudest form of the ballad; as thus, in a strain beyond the reach of the sublime:

"Come all ye brave Kentuckians,
I'd have ye for to know,
That we against the enemy
Are going for to go."

A slight flavor of pleonasm strengthens the humorous; as in Saxe's merry little versicles "On the Rail." How dancingly the measure goes! How the sparks are flying from the engine!

"Ancient maiden lady,
She nervously remarks
That there must be danger
'Mong so many sparks.
Roguish-looking fellow,
Whispers to a stranger
That in his opinion
She is out of danger."

You can scarcely have failed to notice a certain pleonastic use of "it," which may have a perceptible charm; as thus by Mrs. Browning. Study her "Aurora Leigh."

"The world goes riding it fair and grand,
While the truth is bought and sold."

Burns's ballad, "Duncan Grey," narrates the ups and downs of a courtship. Ailsa Craig, mentioned in it, is a noted rock that shoots up in the entrance of the Firth of Clyde. At first Meg was as deaf to his plaint as Ailsa Craig. Then he pretended to be love-proof; whereupon Meg gives way:

"How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't!
Something in her bosom rings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And oh her e'en—they spak sic things—
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't!"

How charming, too, this by Dennis Florence MacCarthy:

"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

There is another form of pleonasm, indefensible, though common—the oath. Sydney Smith exposed well the silliness of this would-be-smart practice. In a stage-coach he was annoyed by a youth who dealt largely in these blasphemies. After bearing with this for a while, the wit asked the company's permission to tell them a story:

"Once on a time," said he, "there was a king (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes!), who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes!), picked up the Countess of Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes), and said, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes)."—"Rather old that story," said the youth, "but what * * * have boots, sugar-tongs, or tinder-boxes to do with it?"—"I will tell you, my young friend," replied Sydney, "when you tell me what your oaths have to do with your conversation. In the mean time, allow me to say that that is my style of swearing."

XXVI. Me-ism. Happy linguistic effects may be produced by that special form of pleonasm which supplies "me" to verbs usually not followed by "me," as in Sir John Falstaff's encomium on sack:

"A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, dull, crudy vapors which environ it; and then the vital commoners muster me all to their captain the heart."

Lear, act ii., scene iv., Lear's 29th speech, lines 6–9.

XXVII. Hypallage, an interchange of construction, is seen in Shakespeare when Cassius says of Julius Cæsar—

"His coward lips did from their color fly;"

instead of "the color did fly from his coward lips." From the long pedantic Greek names which cumber our subject we are in this instance rescued by the celebrated "Tristram Shandy," in the shape of an out-and-out Saxon definition:

"'You can scarce,' said he, 'combine two ideas together upon it, Brother Toby, without an hypallage.'—'What's that?' cried my Uncle Toby.—'The cart before the horse,' said my father."

It is high time it was called no longer hysteron-proteron, putting the first last; as in Virgil, who for once was author of an Irish bull:

"Let us die, and rush into the heart of the fight."

The hypallage ascribed to Cicero was plainly an intentional one—a good-humored jest on the small stature of his son-in-law, who was strutting about with a long sword stuck to his side. Cried the orator:

"Who is it that has tied my son to that sword?"

In the 37th Ode of Horace's First Book, he says of Cleopatra that—

"The queen was preparing frenzied ruins for the Roman Capitol."

So Cæsar speaks of Lake Leman flowing into the Rhone.

In Virgil's 3d Georgic, line 251, he says—

"If but the smell has brought the well-known breezes;"

instead of, "If but the breezes have brought the well-known smell." Again, he tells us of an abundance of large milk—iii., 308; and of a snow-white gift of wool—iii., 391.

But hypallage arises generally from confusion of mind, rather than from seeking literary effects, as when a Carmelite friar mentioned in a sermon what a wise Providence it was that so often made a river run through a large town; or as when, on its being urged as an objection to Homer that he made Vulcan take nine whole days to fall from heaven to earth, the defender of Homer replied that it was according to nature that Vulcan, being lame, could not fall so fast as another. A lofty place, too, belongs to the sagacious remark of the Lowland gardener in Scotland, who treated the potency of the weather-glass with the utmost contempt:

"'Deed, sir, I never saw the glass hae muckle effec' on the weather in these pairts."

In closing this chapter a great truth let us urge upon you: the study of words is admirably fitted to lead to the discovery of the most important moral and religious truths. Take a fine instance from "Outlines of Theology"—compiled from the writings of Alexander Vinet, a great Swiss divine:

"Remorse—marvelous word! It is fortunate that our fathers should have invented it, for it is by no means sure that we should find it now. Remorse! The repeated morsure, or biting or gnawing; perpetual, incessant, again and again, of the outraged law; its anticipated vengeance; a wound always open, or rather always opening; a cruel tooth, which does not remain where it first fastened, but at its pleasure leaves the gash for a

while, to gnaw into it again; so that in every sense and in all directions it may bite and bite again into the heart of the criminal. Do not believe the indifferent or lofty air some persons put on; they disguise from you the terrors which perhaps their death-bed will too plainly reveal; but even supposing they have succeeded in freeing themselves from the fears felt by the majority, still they have had to free themselves. And how have they done this? By avoiding the thought of them. They are, you imagine, not alarmed at what terrifies you; but they are afraid of being afraid, which is much the same thing; and the very word—eternity—sounds like thunder in their ears."

Having now completed our discussion of Figures of Spelling and Figures of Syntax, it is the proper place to insert the true historic view of our English speech—the view which is now triumphant among scholars. Once or twice in the above pages we have not hesitated to talk of the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon tongue; we have even called the English our mother tongue, and the Anglo-Saxon our grandmother tongue; but, in strict accuracy, these two, English and Anglo-Saxon, are one language—essentially one; nay, before the Saxon pirates had left the shores of the Baltic, and when as yet there was no England, still there was English. As Sir F. Palgrave expresses it, the terms Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon convey (at least, if we are not greatly on our guard) "a most false idea of our civil history. They disguise the continuity of affairs, and substitute the appearance of a new formation (of a language) in the place of a progressive evolution"—of what is essentially one and the same language. Accordingly, King Alfred has these decisive words:

"Aelfred Kyning waes wealh stod thisse bec, and hie of boclaedene on Englisc wende."

—"Alfred, King, was commentator of this book, and it from book-language into English turned." Besides, our weary plodding in Gower has been repaid by our obtain-

ing for ourselves the sweeping conviction that as early as 1300 English was in full currency, and could not have sprung into recent birth. No; you will find English in the great epic lay of Beowulf, uttered ere the Angles had left Schleswig on the Baltic; in Caedmon, inspired cowherd and monk of Whitby, who died about 680, and gave Milton, it is likely, a hint of "Paradise Lost;" and in the "Brunanburh War Song," descriptive of the great battle at Brunanburgh in 937. There was Old English down to 1154; Middle English from 1154 to about 1500, when it was ridding itself of its inflections, and adopting words from many quarters, especially from the French; and Modern English, from about 1500 till now. Most glorious and very ancient speech, wherein to this hour we hear the roar of the northern seas, the thunder of the polar storms, the battle-cries of heroes, whose race, spite of Dane and Norman, has only grown nobler under even the training of the worst catastrophes.

CHAPTER V.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.

PART THIRD AND LAST.

Enallage or Exchange.—Antemeria.—Antiptosis, Heterosis.—Metastasis.—Hyperbaton or Inversion.—Antistrophe.

WE trust that by this time you have fully adopted the opinion—no other enters more deeply into the philosophy of our subject—that figures of speech are not tawdry things called into existence artificially by rhetors, but beautiful and necessary phenomena produced by Nature, according to certain fundamental laws of mentality, acting on language—that next to miraculous instrument or incarnation of thought, and which is God's open proclamation that man hath the divine in him, and is of an order of being altogether superior to the brutes. The laws of the epic poem, for instance, came from Homer, the bard and man of feeling, to Aristotle, the rhetor, who collected and analyzed hundreds of years after the blind old "Maker;" assuredly they did not pass from Aristotle to Homer. Figures are as natural to the mind as breathing to the lungs. The prismatic colors of heaven's rainbow were not called into existence by Newton's analysis of the sun-ray; these colors can not but be painted by the day-beam on the rain-cloud; and so rainbows glistened long before a philosophy was constructed. In like manner figures have existed wherever Fancy has playfully sported, or Passion cataract-like has rushed; the Indian shouts them in his forest; Bridget screams

them from the kitchen, as when she cries: "Misthress, dear, the kittle's boiling;" for no kettle ever boiled or ever will, but only the water in it.

XXVIII. Enallage is the figure we proceed with—of very great value; the use of one part of speech, or of one modification of a part of speech, for another. We lay before you twenty-six varieties, each deserving to rank as a separate figure. Judge sternly for yourself if they lead you not deep, and with a Venus-like hand, into the inmost recesses of this vast forest which we call language. The following is the fullest account of Enallage that ever has appeared. Gather out of Scripture two hundred varieties—a feast of strawberries for your own private eating; and then a hundred individual cases of each sort.

1. Noun for adjective. In Henry Taylor's powerful tragedy, "Philip Van Artevelde," are these lines:

> "Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue—
> Forgiveness may be written with the pen;
> But think not that the parchment—and mouth-pardon
> Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart."

Often the noun used like "mouth" in the above is joined to the noun it modifies by a hyphen. Thus John Mardley wrote:

> "Thy mercy-gates are open wide
> To them that mourn their sin."

Francis Turner Palgrave gives us this:

> "Star of morn and even,
> Shine on us from heaven·
> From thy glory-throne
> Hear thy very own."

So Shakespeare has "Carthage-queen" for Carthaginian queen. Very common in the Hebrew, as "sacrifices of righteousness" for righteous sacrifices.

In the following, very admirable, from Isaac Williams, you have "seraph-sound" and "shepherd-crowd:"

"In the depth of night profound,
There breaks a seraph-sound
Of never-ending morn—
The Lord of Glory born,
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

"Now with that shepherd-crowd,
If it might be allowed,
We fain would enter there;
With awful hastening fear;
And kiss that cradle chaste, in reverend worship bowed.

"Within us, Babe divine,
Be born and make us thine;
Be born, and make our hearts thy cradle and thy shrine."

This figure, altogether, is so elegant and so racy that it is in the very frequent use of it that many of the coming improvements of English will be found. S., "Richard II., act iv., scene i., Richard's 3d speech, lines 7–9.

2. A phrase for a noun, as in Burns—

"But Downa do's come o'er me now,
And oh I find it sairly, O."

3. The use or misuse of the nominative for the objective. In a story told us by Sydney Smith, we have a rough case of it in "I" for "me." That witty divine, whose works are such a feast of wit and wisdom, went to a cumbrous dinner-party in the country. Every thing was very ostentatious; very ill-managed; the would-be-fine dishes ill-cooked; the lady of the house, and Betty the cook, and the overtasked servants were in a perfect broil and pother. In the solemn pause between course No. 1 and course No. 2, when every body felt awkward, suddenly the door was slammed open, and in rushed the servant-boy of all work, exclaiming, in piteous tones—

"Meester, meester! has Betty any right to lather I?"

This use of one case for another struts about in the literary realm by no less a name than, XXIX., Antiptosis. What dignity doth a Greek word of four syllables give to the matter! By no means was that boy beslapped aware what a classical antiptosian way of speaking was his. So we are informed by the rhetors that XXX., Antemeria, is the use of one part of speech for another; while the use of one form of a noun, pronoun, or verb for another is—XXXI., Heterosis!

4. Beautiful examples may be found of the adverb employed as a noun, as when, in the closing words of that pure and sweet poem, Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Hiawatha is described as setting forth on his journey—

"To the land of the Hereafter."

Or, as in T. S. Arthur's instructive tale, "What can Woman Do?" in the beginning of Chapter XXXIV., the expression occurs:

"The old love that won and warmed his heart in the long-ago was in her eyes."

In Shakespeare we meet with this:

"Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou losest here, a better Where to find."

5. Not deep has he gone in the English tongue who has not discovered how beautiful an enallage is the use of nouns for verbs; a usage springing from the depths of our speech, inasmuch as in Saxon almost all verbs are derived from nouns; thus bier is a carriage for the dead (bear); bearan is to carry. Shakespeare peculiarly, and with an indescribable beauty, abounds in instances. Thus Perdita cries:

"I'll queen it no inch farther,
But herd my ewes and weep."

Belarius, in "Cymbeline," fears lest they learn at court—

"That such as we cave in the rock."

By the very frequent use of nouns for verbs our language may be greatly benefited. By prefixing the Saxon prefix en or be, this may be much more extensively accomplished, as if we, in a line for the occasion, were to exclaim—

O Christ, rise on us, and bedawn our sky.

The prose of old Fuller is very valuable from his bold use of striking forms of enallage. Thus he writes:

"The hyssop doth tree it in Judea."

Yet we find, from the lips of Goold Brown, than whom no more popular writer of grammars for schools prevails, the following:

"This figure borders closely upon solecism; and for the stability of the language it should be sparingly indulged."

He, with ease, finds other grammarians who support him in putting this brand on enallage—a fair sample of the treatment which at present figures receive. Our reply is this: Go to Shakespeare; study merely this fifth variety of enallage; collect one hundred cases of this fifth variety alone—we pledge ourselves that no collector but will be astonished and enraptured with the amount of beauty, in thought and expression, which he will meet with. All our best writers use it often; con over this choice line of Henry Vaughan, referring to a June pathway:

"Crimson'd with flowers, and dark with leafy shade."

Alexander Smith, who was a master of some of the most hidden beauties of our not as yet half-developed language, and which will never be done justice to so long as the present run of school grammars hold mastery over the young, has especially many instances of nouns used as verbs; and Dr. Dwight speaks of a village "Edened round;" while Thomas Adams, the old preacher, says of a benevolent rich man that he

"Furs himself warm with poor men's hearts."

6. A powerful effect may be produced by using a proper noun as an adjective, as when the eloquent Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters"—a work for every one to buy—terms the idea of those who value such things only as minister to the body's wants—

"A Nebuchadnezzar curse that sends us to grass like oxen; whereas man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God; and whatsoever enables us to fulfill this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us."

See P. L., i., 306.

7. The employment of an intransitive verb as a transitive verb we find in Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," a perfect poem. He is describing a youthful witch:

"Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat."

P. L., xii., 487—a remarkable instance.

8. Adjective for noun we find in Percival's "Apostrophe to the Sun:"

"Thy path is high in heaven; we can not gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car."

S., "Lear," act iii., scene vii., Gloster's 8th speech, line 10.

9. Adjectives for verbs. Giles Fletcher, whose poems richly reward perusal, speaking of grief, says:

"It lanks the cheek, and pales the freshest sight."

From Shakespeare we have this:

"This day will gentle his condition."

Greatly admired deserves to be Campbell's expression of the Normans as to their effect on our Saxon and on our Celtic blood:

"They high-mettled the blood in our veins."

10. A tenth variety is to compare, by er and est, adjectives usually compared by more and most; or the opposite, the comparison by more and most of adjectives that usually have er or est annexed. Spenser, in that

fine poem, the "Epithalamium," calls his bridal heroine his "beautifulest bride." Mrs. Browning, in her lines to the "Seraphim," uses "most sweet:"

> "I, too, may haply smile another day
> At the far recollection of this lay,
> When God may call me in your midst to dwell,
> To hear your most sweet music's miracle."

11. The plural for the singular, a kind of hyperbole, abounds in the original Hebrew of the Old Testament. In the first verse of Psalm xxxii., which in our version reads—

> "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,"

the original, vastly more energetic, expresses an irresistible outburst of surprise, gratitude, happiness, at God's forgiveness of the monstrous congeries of sins in the matter of Uriah the Hittite—

> "Blessednesses! Transgression forgiven! Sin covered!"

12. A noun for an adverb—the opposite of No. 4. In the original Greek of the New Testament, where our version reads of Peter—

> "He went out and wept bitterly,"

the real expression is—

> "He went out and wept bitterness."

13. An adjective for an adverb is common, as in the last line of the subjoined, the well-known opening of the "Vision of (concerning) Piers the Plowman," an opening much admired for its exquisite naturalness. The study of this ancient poem would make you familiar with many Old English usages of speech, which we all should somewhat labor to revive (see page 84):

> "In a summer season,
> When soft was the sun,
> I shaped me into shrouds (clothes),
> As I shep (shepherd) were;

In habit as an hermit,
Unholy of works,
Went wide in this world,
Wonders to hear.
And on a May morwening,
On Malvern hills,
Me befell a ferly (marvel);
Of fairie, methought.
I was weary for wandered,
And went me to rest,
Under a broad bank,
By a bourne's side;
And as I lay and leaned,
And looked on the waters,
I slumber'd into a sleeping,
It swayed so merry."

How wild and unkempt the woods here—how fresh, sweet, untamed were the breezes of that long-ago May—what a green on the hills—what music of poesy in the cadence of those dear waters, that "swayed so merry!"

14. XXXII. Metastasis is the change of the tenses, as when, every where in Cæsar's "Commentaries," the present is used for the past; and thus we feel carried back to the occasion, and spears shiver once more, and war-cars gleam by, and the trumpet sounds the charge, as the Rhone or the Rhine or the Arar sweep on. How deep a source in the heart this variety has! We delight to banish the monotony of our common life by being present at great events; we travel great distances to gratify this longing. Literature, with its pleasant witcheries, gratifies it for us, without asking us to leave our own hearthstone; literature is the fairy carpet that bears us whither we will.

Let our friend Sam Slick supply us with a metastasis, or change of tense. His subject, how great a one—widdahs:

"Widows are the very mischief! There's nothing like 'em.

If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I knew one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she runs into Mr. Smith's house (Mr. Smith was a widower), and clasps her little hands, and flies around like a hen with her head cut off, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder-storms had rattled over her head. How many thunder-storms they had after that, I don't exactly know."

15. The use of I for He—in the report of speeches; that is, the giving a speech in the first person instead of in the third person. Cæsar has made himself the undying beacon who warns us never to give an account of a speech in the third person. Without reading more than the first book, what instances of obscurity arise in the speeches he sets before us, in even that opening book, when the mighty founder of empire, or Divitiacus, or Ariovistus, discourses; whose speeches are so obscure, owing to the historian putting them always in the third person. What liveliness would be obtained in the pulpit by occasionally couching a speech by Death or Pomp or Wealth or Sin in the first person! Nay, do it often, O pastor!

16. Another form of enallage, very deft, is to use a noun and a preposition, for an adjective, as in the expression "a thing of joy" for "a joyous thing." Thus Chaucer in the Book of the "Duchesse:"

> "Was never heard so sweet a steven (sound),
> But it had be a thing of Heven."

We now find out where the exquisite poet Keats had suggested to him his never-to-decay household words:

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But see S., "Cymbeline," act v., scene iv., line 47; "Lear," act i., scene iv., Lear's 41st speech, line 10.

17. The form of the past tense is used for the past

participle. Let the grammarians, who would margin a living lake by the most rigidly straight lines, say what they choose, yet there is a beauty in this; for you thus often obtain a monosyllable for a dissyllable, which in poetry is a great point. It is common with Shakespeare, and is ever a charm; as thus, "broke" for broken:

"Fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep."

"Coriolanus," act iv., scene v., Aufidius's 6th speech, lines 2, 8.

18. A preposition is used as an adjective. "Impossible!" says one, who has little knowledge of the free eddyings in which glorious language disports itself. Yet Shakespeare thus writes, "Coriolanus," act iv., scene v.:

"I will fight
Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
Of all the under fiends."

19. An adverb for a pronoun; as "where" for which; thus Shakespeare:

"Where against,
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke."

20. A preposition for a noun; as in Shakespeare:

"Thou long'st for me to see thy lord; thou long'st,
But in a fainter kind. O not like me,
For mine's beyond Beyond."

21. A very curious variety is to compare a verb as an adjective is compared. Here, too, who but would cry—Impossible! Yet Shakespeare says:

"Obey you, love you, and most honor you."

22. A verb and preposition in place of a preposition; thus in Shakespeare:

"For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother."

23. A verb is used for a noun—contrast to No. 5; as in Shakespeare:

"With every gale and vary of their masters."

24. An adjective is used for a participle, as in S.:

"Let the bloat king tempt you."

25. Usages similar to "methinks" might well be multiplied. From James Clarence Mangan we cull this very fine one:

"Medreams I feel as though I
Should have slight regrets."

This is slippery ice, on which few have courage enough to skate; not remembering that the more slippery the ice the nobler skating it makes.

So by Dante Gabriel Rosetti:

"Here seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers."

26. Instead of "by," a classical archaic touch may be imparted through using "of," as by old John Still:

"I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old."

Your author inflicts on you, to conclude, an instance of No. 1, in Planet-soul:

How vast is He who makes the planets roll;
How greater far who built thy planet-soul!
Haste, prove thyself an orb of that strange kind
That waxeth ever larger through all Aeons,
From asteroid to star; from star to sun;
Pervaded by the power of Godward growth,
Wherein all deathless radiance hath abode,
Thy soul—epitome and hint of God.

XXXIII. Inversion, Transposition, or Hyperbaton, is the arranging of words in an inverted order. This is one

of the most important capabilities of speech, imparting to Greek and Latin much of their sonorous force and harmony; much of their power to keep up attention; for when the verb is put at the end of the sentence, the hearer has nothing for it but to listen to the close, else he will lose the meaning of the whole. In English poetry this figure abounds so much as to be one of its chief characteristics. In Milton's prose is more of it than in any other great prose writer; but while it adds to the cathedral grandeur of his majestic style, still his sentences soon tire, much inversion long kept up at a time being contrary to the genius of English prose. But in poetry, English is capable of far more inversion than is usually thought; as by James Smith:

"In England rivers all are males,
For instance, Father Thames;
Whoever in Columbia sails
Finds them mamselles or dames.
Yes, there the softer sex presides—
Aquatic, I assure you;
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri."

A more emphatic example take from Giles Fletcher, a finished piece of writing, on the remorse of Judas:

"For him, a waking blood-hound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping lain,
A guilty Conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly."

Bulwer, in his "Rise and Fall of Athens," has this:

"The Ionians were susceptible, flexile, more characterized by the generosity of modern knighthood than the sternness of ancient heroism. Them, not the past, but the future, charmed."

Mark the powerful effect produced by Byron's arrangement:

"The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew."

Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton) introduces a married lady endeavoring to be literary, but every minute interrupted by inexorable household cares:

"Let me see—where did I leave off? The setting sun, with ray resplendent, was gilding ['Mamma, mamma—I want some bread and molasses, mamma!'] of Inverness the church steeple, when ['Where's my Sunday waistcoat—do you know?']—when was seen approaching a horseman ['Mistress, I'm bothered entirely. The potatoes are all out; there's ne'er a one for dinner'], and shouting, 'Liberty or death!' ['I'm the butcher, ma'am, and I wants to know whether you're for sausages or mutton-chops']." At which crisis the harassed lady throws down her pen, exclaiming, "I see it's in vain for a married woman to try to cultivate her intellect!"

No biography in the world is more intensely interesting than Boswell's "Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson"—one of the books to be bought. Peter Pindar puts the subjoined into Boswell's lips—Johnson's style was too swelling and inverted:

"We said, which charmed the Doctor much, no doubt,
His mind was like of elephant's the snout:
That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigor
For trimming well the jacket of a tiger."

From beginning to end of "Paradise Lost" inversions are numerous, the opening being a noted example:

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
Sing, heavenly Muse."

The following is the opening sentence of a famous book in defense of Episcopacy, "Hooker's Ecclesias-

tical Polity." Mark the air of grandeur which inversion gives:

"Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information extant this much concerning the present state of the Church of God established among us, and their careful endeavors that would uphold the same."

The grandeur connected with inversion is strongly proved by the fact that all the great epics open with it. Homer's opening line is—

"War-wrath sing thou, O Goddess, of Peleidean Achilles!"

We thus place it before you in the only way in which it ought to be given, in that splendid measure, the same as his—hexameter verse. Virgil begins the "Æneid" thus:

"Arms and the Hero I sing, who first from the shores of Ilium,
Exiled, fate-driven, came to Italy and to Lavinium."

Tasso commences his "Gerusalemme Liberata"—a poem of no great power, but sweet and elegant—with these two lines, which we render thus:

"I sing the arms religious and the man
Who the great sepulchre set free of Christ."

The "Divina Commedia," Dante's stern, sublime, deeply meditative epic, opens with words which we thus turn:

"In the midway of this our mortal life
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray—
Gone from the path direct."

From Worsley's Homer's "Odyssey"—a translation which is a fine poem, not in the Homeric measure, but

in the Spenserian stanza—we select the parting words to the island nymph Calypso, of Odysseus:

"To whom the wise Odysseus answering spake:
O nymph Calypso, much revered, cease now
From anger; nor be wroth for my wife's sake.
All this I know, and do myself avow;
Well may Penelope, in form and brow
And stature, seem inferior far to thee;
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus, 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home to see."

XXXIV. Anastrophé is the name of a certain very strong Hyperbaton. In the following, Tennyson uses the descriptive or adjective first, the possessive second, the noun third; or you may illustrate "a strong hyperbaton" by the Latin *Saxa per et scopulos*—"Rocks through and cliffs:"

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon his knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears:
'Sweet, my child, I live for thee!'"

At this point, again, as we did with ellipsis and enallage, we strongly urge you to draw out a lengthy table of inversions, as found specially in Milton—at least a hundred from him. We give specimens to make clear our meaning.

1. Between the adverb and its verb a noun and its adjective intervenes, as by Gray, that poet of such classic finish:

"Fain would I pay thee with eternity;
But ill my genius answers my desires."

2. The verb is put before its nominative; a form often employed, as in Scott's graphic poetical novel of "Marmion:"

"Burns Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire."

3. Not only the adjective is after its noun, but one or more words come between. In Cowper's "Homer," more faithful than Pope's, which, however, is a delightful poem, Hector's death is thus depicted:

"He ceased; and death involved him dark around."

4. In Hooker, in whose grave style we come every now and then on touches of exquisite music, we often find a Latinism, according to which the participle in the compound tenses, or the adjective, precedes the nominative, as "able we are not to deny;" "dangerous it were;" "brought already we are." Artificial though this may appear, yet there are impassioned moods of oratory in which it will sound on the ear of the hearer as the most natural diction the speaker can use; just as there are strong contortions of wind and wave and cloud natural to certain vehement writhings of the storm. Is it always that the snow-wreaths lie smooth in the gusty nooks of the hills? Knows little of language he who will deny that words can be whirled even more wildly than snow-flakes; to which, indeed, in the old epic time, Homer, for good reasons, likened them.

5. A word or words are placed between "to," the sign of the infinitive, and its verb; as by Byron—

"To slowly trace the forest's shady scene."

As to hyperbaton, remember, generally, that every new mode gives you another way of making your sentence emphatic or musical. And so we read of Plato experimenting out his wondrous style by arranging a sentence in six different ways, and Ariosto in ten. Nay, on the part of a truly great writer or speaker, the music that is in his soul will spontaneously invent for itself arrangements of wondrous variety. Yet a very great deal can be done of skillful design, working in accordance with nature. Hyperbaton is one of the most prominent ways

in which euphony and force are to be obtained; study this figure very minutely and at great length.

6. The objective is put before the governing verb with fine effect, as by Wordsworth, the greatest English meditative poet:

"Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine."

7. Two parts of a sentence grammatically connected are disjoined by a clause thrown between. Thus can very fine effects be produced; as in Queen Catharine's reproaches of Wolsey in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.:"

"He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful."

8. Beautifully, the preposition is put first, the participle follows; as by Milton:

"Into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen."

9. The thing possessing, with its preposition "of," is placed before the thing possessed; thus in Byron's "Manfred:"

"Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind."

10. The preposition is put after the noun it governs, as by Shakespeare:

"It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands."

Or in that unsurpassable "Lament," written by Lady Ann Bothwell:

"I canna chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy faither still;
In weil or wae whare'er he gae,
Mine heart can ne'er depairt him frae."

11. The possessive adjective is put by Lady Ann after the other adjective, which usually it precedes:

> "But do not, do not, prettie mine,
> To faynings false thine heart incline."

In taking leave of Figures of Syntax, we have just found ourselves admirably sustained by Profesor Bascom in our grappling with those who, like Macaulay, maintain that poesy is dying out, and with others of more degraded views, that Christianity is departing, and should depart:

"Many are ready to insist that the passions in the outset move us only the more strongly from the murky intellectual medium in which their subjects are presented, and the great predominance of sensible over intelligible objects. We would rather say that in its early periods emotion is more rude and demonstrative, not more strong, than in its later periods. While the movement of mind, though substantial, is yet crude and incomplete, it may tend to render both poetry and oratory somewhat formal and barren, to restrict them to its own didactic method; but when culture becomes deep, rich, and productive, its emotional products will be more profoundly passionate than those of any previous period; more just and symmetrical, they will also be more thoroughly vital. Not till the mind has worked its way through the periods of skepticism and destruction into those of belief and construction, out from uncertainty and doubt into hearty faith and advocacy, will the emotions claim and fulfill their highest part in the progress of man. The stream of human life does not run shallow as we advance. The most profoundly emotional truths committed to the mind, like morning stars, appear late above its horizon. In the fullest discipline of the human mind, therefore, we seem to return to the order first presented, in which a delicately, broadly, profoundly apprehensive Intellect stands at the threshold of human faculties."

In harmony with all which, our fond hope is that the Christian pulpit is on the eve of vindicating its potency more than ever yet it has done; is to aid in binding the

nations together; is to be the chief popularizer of science to the common people; is to set Christ forth, more than ever, as the grand specific for time and for eternity; is to study him as the prime model of oratory, and to point to him as the pole-star in morals and in religion.

The full treatment of this great figure, Inversion, requires that mention be made of the Periodic Sentence. Every periodic sentence has as its essence the suspension of the meaning till the close of the sentence:

"Ape-born, not God-born, is what the Atheists say of—man,"

is our example. This structure excites anticipation, and keeps up curiosity till the denouement. The key-word, "man," is at the end of the sentence. It is evident, therefore, that the periodic structure implies inversion. Be much on your guard against making such sentences lengthy, if you wish to avoid tiring your readers or hearers. Hooker, Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Samuel Johnson, De Quincey, are periodic writers of eminence. The early writers tend too much to long sentences. Practice the mixture of short and long; and also Dean Swift's definition:

"Proper words in proper places is the true definition of a style;"

which, if it be so, shows us how important must inversion be; as see in Archbishop Whately's example of the periodic formation:

"One of the most celebrated of men, for wisdom and for prosperity, was Solomon."

CHAPTER VI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART FIRST.

Simile.

WE rejoice that the most important division of our theme is at last before us—Figures of Rhetoric. Indignantly do we protest against the common definition of a rhetorical figure: "An intentional deviation from the ordinary or literal application of words." What deviation from ordinary or literal application in the cry of David?

"O my son, Absalom; my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son, my son!"

—an accumulation of figures bursting from the heart; a cry that has re-echoed century after century in the sympathizing soul of every reader. The common definition needs to be greatly widened; it is the result of unworthy ideas of rhetoric long prevalent, and greatly aids to uphold these ideas on the throne. Such a definition as the following is demanded:

"A figure of rhetoric is a deviation from the literal or from the more ordinary application of words; or it is some turn of expression prompted by the mind in intense action."

Figures are thus at once vindicated, as by a magic stroke, from the usual charge of surfaceness. They must often be among the simplest forms of speech; they are seen to well up from the deepest inward fountains. We become convinced that the study of them on sound principles must form one of the most important departments

of criticism; must bring us into connection with the grandeur and versatility of language and of mind; nay, with His glories of whom speech is the proclamation, and mind the image; while these figures are the war-gear of the orator wherewith he is to conquer the world.

We defend the new definition proposed, by the authority of one of the soundest thinkers of our time, Theremin, in his great work, "Eloquence a Virtue:"

"This change in the position and movements of the orator, peculiar to moral activity of all sorts, can be perceived in the case of the activity of the orator only in the thoughts and the words, and in their constantly varying turns; since the orator makes use of thoughts and words only in order to the realization of his idea. These turns are the so-called rhetorical figures; an expression which must not be taken to denote mere ornaments coldly and artificially contrived to set off the discourse (to which the expression might lead), but lively movements in thought and language, prompted by the imagination under the guidance of rhetorical affection."

In admirable agreement with this profounder view is the fact that, although Demosthenes despised the showy, the merely ornamental, and has a style the farthest possible from poetical flourishes, yet the ancients boasted that he never brought forward a thought that did not throw his language into some figure.

Of figures of rhetoric it has been usual to say that there are two kinds: figures of words and figures of things—a distinction worse than useless. The true doctrine is that all rhetorical figures show us some new moulding of words in accordance with some actual relation between things outward one to another; or between an outward and a mental thing; or at the bidding of some emotion or inward thing; or between two or more mental things; so that every figure of rhetoric is at once a figure of words and a figure of things. Even alliteration, wherein two or more words placed near each other be-

gin with the same letter, produces a reality, a delicate rhyme at the beginning of words instead of at the end; as in Pope, of a pedant:

> "A bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head."

So, too, the pun is more than mere words; for in it there must be a difference of sense, and not merely a similarity of sound. Voltaire and Lord Chesterfield met at a gay party in Paris, where shone several French ladies with cheeks artificially radiant:

"My lord," said Voltaire, "what think you of our French beauties?"

Replied Chesterfield:

"I am no judge of paintings."

Some time after, in London, an English lady, outrageously rouged, was paying the French wit great attention. Whispered Chesterfield to him:

"Take care you be not captivated."—"No fear," replied the lively Frenchman; "I shall not allow myself to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

Even in Gay's new song of "New Similes," points of resemblance, fantastic yet real, are caught at:

> "My passion is as mustard strong;
> I sit all sober sad;
> Drunk as a piper all day long,
> Or like a March hare mad."

Many a false and bloody dogma has been bolstered up by misinterpreting figures; how important, then, to understand the laws by which they should be interpreted. When the literal meaning of an expression is incompatible with plain human experience of the nature of things, common-sense compels us to receive the expression as

figurative, if the Figurative lies at the door. We meet in the Bible this:

"The little hills leap on every side."

We know that the hills can not leap; we have no difficulty in seeing that they leap figuratively. In another place we find—

"I am the door."

Our knowledge of things tells us that the Great, Lowly One never was a plank of wood used as a door; we bethink us of a point of resemblance between Him and a door: both give entrance. We know how metaphors abound in Holy Writ. We have recourse to metaphor when one says, pointing to a portrait on the wall:

"This is Washington."

There is no riddle; "is" very frequently means "represents;" that usage is very common in the Bible. When we read,

"This is my body,"

we trample on the laws of Nature, on the laws of language, especially on the laws of Bible language, when we force these very plain words to tell us that dough hath become God. Many excellent people have fallen into that opinion. Yet in the Scripture the word "is" never means "becomes," or "is changed into;" but very often it signifies "represents." The scientific, the common-sense interpretation of one figurative utterance would sweep from the earth much of religious error.

To be true to Nature and to matter of fact is, then, one of the first excellences of a writer. Mrs. Dunlop, the early patroness of Burns, had an old housekeeper who was astonished at the attentions her mistress paid to a plowman. To remove this prejudice, Mrs. D. made her read a MS. copy of that perfect poem, "The Cotter's

Saturday Night," in which Burns described family worship in a peasant's cot. Mrs. D. asked the old woman what she thought of the piece. She replied with indifference:

"The like of you Quality may see a vast in't; but I was aye used to the very same as a' that in my ain faither's house, and I dinna ken how he could hae described it ony ither way."

She was full of the notion that fine poetry must be opposite or superior to nature. Burns, when told of the old woman's criticism, said that he never had received a higher compliment.

The conception, very common, that there must be, in figurative passages, something vague, conjectural, undetermined, is another base view. Figures are governed by fixed, thoroughly ascertained laws, they are the very opposite of new inventions; under careful study have they been for many ages. For example, we have been aided in our treatment of them by reading Quintilian's Ninth Book, written some sixteen hundred years ago; and the subject was a very old one in his time. The right mode of interpreting them can not but have been long since defined with precision. By every honest writer they are employed, not to make his meaning obscure, but with the set purpose of rendering it brilliantly distinct; very often they are absolutely indispensable to an accurate statement of the truth. Let us never again be so weak as to utter the idiotic cry over a Scripture passage, "Oh, this is figurative," and to cradle ourselves in the opinion that, if figurative, it must needs be vague and obscure.

XXXV. Simile is the rhetorical figure that comes first before us. Of this, it is an express law that the names of the things compared are employed in their literal sense. A simile is a comparison distinctly stated; marked by some such word as "like" or "as." When it is said, "The wicked are like the troubled sea," both of the terms, "wicked" and "sea," are taken in their usual

sense. Turn to William Wordsworth, greatest meditative poet the world has ever seen; sometimes prosy, sermonizing, but rich in the noblest moral truths nobly expressed; sympathizing most deeply with Nature, reading in her mountains, rivers, and lonely tarns or lakes deep among the hills, glorious hints of God and duty; and in these clouds, every where lovely, islanding the sky with charm. Of a calm evening he says, as one might of Wordsworth's own muse—which it precisely suits:

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and still.
> The holy time as quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration."

All honor to him, were it but for the homage he paid to man's true nobility, in his selecting as the hero of the "Excursion," his most labored work, not baron or knight, but a Scotch peddler, whose knighthood came direct from God.

Turn back in the years to Thomas Lodge, the dramatist, who died of the plague in 1623. Note the Bible spirit that dictates his thought; may it imbue you with the feeling that every thought which breathes a Bible spirit is sure to be noble, and to contain in it the elements of poesy:

> "Aye, but the milder passions show the man;
> For as the leaf doth beautify the tree,
> And pleasant flowers bedeck the painted spring,
> Even so in men of greatest reach and power
> A mild and piteous thought augments renown."

Bible influence reigns, the strongest impulse on his mind, in the opinions of the next writer from whom we quote, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one of the profoundest thinkers, one of the most imaginative poets, one of the most philosophical critics in our literature; unhappy in his being so desultory in his mental exertions; who,

if he had proposed to take you from Boston to New York, would have gone round by Cuba, the Sandwich Islands, and California, and likely would not have got to New York after all:

"Human experience," said he, "like the stern lights of a ship at sea, too often illuminates only the path we have passed over."

Lord Bacon, father of our modern Philosophy of Experiment, condescends to give us this:

"Tall men, like tall houses, are usually ill furnished in the upper story."

Or let a simile convey to you a criticism, in part just, on the style of Gibbon, whose "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is a most splendid masterpiece. Said of him the eminent Greek scholar, Professor Porson:

"Gibbon's style is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style on every subject. He is like Christie, the auctioneer who says as much in praise of a ribbon as of a Raphael."

Or hasten to Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, the great pulpit poet of England, the Spenser of theology, whose similes at times are over-rich, carrying him away from his subject to themselves. He thus compares the good man's prayers, that have to struggle their way to heaven through many a cross-wind of temptation, to the sinking, soaring, and singing of a lark:

"So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises; and he hopes to get to heaven, and to climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and rose and sang,

as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometime through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man."

A simile that is over-rich; but how sweet a poem.

Spurgeon has found, as will every man of power and fervor, that the bare Gospel, impetuously preached, is stronger to make a sensation than artistic ceremonial, or pretty adornments hung in gaudy festoons around the portals of bliss and woe. Take this from him:

"God puts our prayers like rose-leaves between the leaves of his book of remembrance, and when the volume is opened at last, there shall be a precious fragrance springing from them."

Every sin against fact is a sin against taste. Skelton, a satirical poet of Henry the Eighth's day, thus writes:

"Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower;
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower."

Our idea of falcon and hawk is such that we would rather be excused from wedding a lady of that ravenous class. This simile, we fear, was predictive of sharp nails after marriage. Yet, though a daring simile, natural enough was Sydney Smith's, when, speaking of Daniel Webster, he said—

"He struck me as much like a steam-engine in trousers."

There are two modes of treating a simile: one by simply affirming one thing to be like another; and one by not merely affirming a resemblance, but pointing out the nature and details of that resemblance. Sir Walter Scott, the Shakespeare of the North, says:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose."

If he had stopped there, we would have had a simile

treated in the first way; but how much more effective when he expands:

> "When next the summer breeze comes by,
> And shakes the bush, the flower is dry."

Oliver Goldsmith contributes to us next. Vain as a peacock, guileless as a child; liberality itself; giving away his last waistcoat or last penny to the distressed, yet overflowing with a certain wondrous sagacity which he seemed incapable of using in his own affairs; master of a style admirably elegant, simple, easy; who in poetry, novel, comedy, essay, has left us masterpieces. Open his fine poem the "Traveler;" this passage is justly celebrated—of the Swiss mountaineer he speaks:

> "Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
> And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
> And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
> Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
> So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
> But bind him to his native mountains more."

In Moore's "Life of George Gordon, Lord Byron," the biographer in his beautiful prose declares of the gifted but licentious nobleman:

> "Like the chestnut-tree, that grows best in volcanic soils, he luxuriates most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark."

You will observe here how botanical knowledge supplies a happy illustration; and the same can not but be true of all kinds of science and knowledge. To be quick in seeing likenesses between many things, you need to know many things. An ignorant, unobservant man is very unlikely to originate good similes, which to be good need to be true to nature and to fact. If you would write a style richly illustrated, heap up facts in your mind. Hence it is that some whose style was bare and dry in youth, when their knowledge was very limited, have

written with animation and brilliancy in advanced life, when their memory teemed with information, with suggestive facts. The extract from Moore teaches you to form a habit, especially, of marking with quick eye the modes of life in animals and plants; the poet-biographer had seen and taken good note of the majestic chestnuts that grow from the lava-soil of Vesuvius, or he had read of the circumstance, and it had been stored in his recollection. But if you try at similes before you have knowledge, or while your eye is dull or your heart uninterested, your similes will be worn-out tinsel, borrowed at second-hand from others. Commit to memory this priceless maxim: No one can be a fine writer merely by wishing to be so, or by directly putting forth an effort to be so; you will succeed better by working at it indirectly; by filling your mind with facts, especially if these be obtained direct from nature rather than from books; then similes will come "at their own sweet will."

We enforce this most significant law by a simile from Dr. Campbell's admirable "Philosophy of Rhetoric:"

"As when the rays of the sun are collected into the focus of a burning-glass, the smaller the spot is which receives them, compared with the surface of the glass, the greater is the splendor—so in exhibiting our sentiments by speaking, the narrower the compass of words is wherein the thought is comprised, the more energetic is the expression."

A quotation this, proving, what Macaulay and others deny, that science is admirably fitted to give majestic contributions to poesy. Macaulay argues very strenuously that as science extends, imagination must wither, and poesy forsake the earth; just as a loud-voiced band are proclaiming that science will scare God off the field; but it lies plain before you here that science supplied Dr. Campbell with his illustration—a highly poetical one, yet no illusion.

Hear, farther, the Rev. Dr. Caird. He is maintaining

that attention to the claims of Heaven and to the claims of earth should and easily may go together. It is science that gives him his illustration:

"The planets in the heavens have a twofold motion—in their orbits and on their axes; the one motion not interfering, but carried on in perfect harmony with the other. So must it be that man's twofold activities, round the heavenly and the earthly centre, disturb not, nor jar with, each other."

Or from the same author take this:

"Reason is to faith as the eye to the telescope."

How finely these few words illustrate the invaluable principle that reason and faith never contradict each other; that faith may pierce beyond human reason, because faith avails itself of the reason of God, the telescope it looks through.

"The Wagoner," by Thomas Buchanan Reid, opens with a crowd of similes, as the hero dashes into a Philadelphia inn:

> "The latch went up, the door was thrown
> Awide, as by a tempest blown;
> While bold as an embodied storm,
> Strode in a dark and stalwart form."

For Bible similes, see Matt. vii., 24–27; ix., 37; Ezek. xv.

The sources of simile, how deep they lie! David Macbeth Moir, on the death of his son, gives an example of one of the most overflowing sources—the heart. How the heart gives us to see the outward through emotion —through those we love! Casa Wappy was the child's love-name:

> "We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
> The chamber fills;
> We pine for thee when morn's first light
> Reddens the hills.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea—
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea—
Are changed: we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy."

Very pleasant to luxuriate among similes, gentlest births of the Muse; too deliberate and calm for passion in its stormiest; blossoming forth when meditation or fancy breathe their placid summer breezes over the lake-like mind. Oratory and tragedy shun them. Cicero, over-ornamental though he be, has scarcely one; when Shakespeare in any crisis of emotion introduces them, they are exceedingly short and simple, as when over the sleeping body of Desdemona Othello whispers, more, however, in meditative sadness than in wrath—

"Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster."

Still, the range of this figure is far from narrow, for it may glisten with tears or dimple with laughter. Paulding, in "Salmagundi," describes a young lady, very corpulent, yet very tight-laced:

"She was like an apple-pudding tied in the middle."

Sir Thomas Overbury, an old writer of delightful essays, who was treacherously assassinated in 1631, says:

"The man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground."

Youthful composers are more apt to go to excess in this figure than in any other. Dr. Anthon assures them that Homer has not one simile in the whole First Book of the "Iliad." But at line 47, of the Sun-god coming in wrath to send pest on the Achaians, it is said:

"He came like Night."

Very unlike to the usual Homeric simile, which generally is a comet, a small nucleus with a long tail. The old king of song having once started the illustrative image, often indulges in a lengthened description—at times very homely. Ajax, pommeled in vain by Trojan swords, is compared to an obstinate ass cudgeled by a dozen shepherds, yet refusing to budge an inch; and the mind of Odysseus, restless in a fierce struggle of indignation against self-control, is compared to a haggis kept bobbing around in a boiling caldron. However, many of his similes are admirable: brief, vivid, breathing the very spirit of the heroic age; as when of the Myrmidons—

"They rushed to battle like thirsty wolves to a spring."

From Dr. Bushnell let us now strengthen our position that the rhetorical is not necessarily the unreal. After mentioning that all words descriptive of mind were originally descriptive of matter, he thus proceeds:

"It is not perceived that when a word rises out of fact in the physical range to be the fixed name, by figure, of something in the range of thought and spirit, it obtains a meaning as much fuller and more solid as it is closer akin to mind. Is good taste nothing, because it is not the literal tasting faculty of the mouth? Is a good heart nothing, because it is not the pumping organ of the body, but only a figure derived from it? Is rectitude nothing, because it is only a figurative straightness, and not a literal straight line? Is integrity nothing, because it is only a moral wholeness, and not the veritable integer of arithmetic? How visibly does the figure, as figure, rise to a nobler and more *real* meaning in all such examples; and when we find that human language is underlaid all through, in this manner, with physical images, observing their wondrous fitness to serve as a wording for all that mind can think or wish to express, we are half disposed to believe that they were set into nature for this purpose. They become even more REAL as figures than they are as facts; and there is no so great victory for any truth or subject of intelligence, as when it has obtained some fit figure of the true to be its interpreter."

To be witty or humorous you must use figures, expressed or implied. Let the Rev. Dr. Emmons prove it. A pompous young preacher once asked him how he liked his sermon. The Doctor, then ninety years of age, rose from his chair, protruded his cheeks, inflated his chest, gave a significant puff, and sat down without saying a word. To another youth he said:

"Your sermon was too much like Seekonk Plain—long and level."

We have mentioned that Homer's similes are often short poems, far expanded beyond the point of resemblance. Such, too, the habit of Milton; which has been defended by Addison, the critic who, earlier than any other, brought Milton into view of the British world:

"When Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave it birth. The simile does not perhaps occupy above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some brilliant image or sentiment adapted to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of a heroic poem."

In short, though you never are to imitate them, regard such similes as brief episodes; and, instead of grumbling, be thankful that copious Heaven hath sent you a mind who sins on the side of over-wealth.

CHAPTER VII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART SECOND.

Simile.

WITH many the conception is deep-rooted that poesy is necessarily at war with sound common-sense. It is one main object of this work to disabuse you of so inconsiderate a prejudice. In Shakespeare's beautiful drama, "The Tempest," study his conceptions, so contrasted—Ariel and Caliban. Supposing such beings to exist, Shakespeare's genius shows itself, its balance and wisdom, by his making them each play a part in perfect consistence with the supposed nature of each. Imagination created them, but common-sense, judgment exquisitely accurate, filled in the details; if not, both would have been ridiculous to every cultured mind.

Accordingly, a simile that runs counter to any clear perception jars on the intellect. Robert Montgomery contributes the subjoined. From his poem on "Satan" he is ycleped "Satan Montgomery:"

> "Lo! the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
> Like liquid rapture upon Beauty's eyes."

Very well to compare the dew-bead to the pity of a beautiful eye, but the ladies are entitled to object to likening their eyes to brambles. William Habington, who often wrote elegant and choice English, is chiefly remembered nowadays by an absurd simile. Blackfriars is a street in London abounding in candy-stores; and

so of a feast so rich that Heaven must have rained down sweetmeats, he exclaims:

> "It seem'd as though Heaven were
> Blackfriars, and each star—a confectioner."

Our very admiration of Mrs. Barrett Browning, queen of all poetesses, makes us more willing to aid in ridiculing her conceits and her husband's unendurable obscurities; as thus:

> "Then the bitter sea
> Inexorably pushed between us both;
> And sweeping up the ship with my despair,
> Threw us out as a pasture to the stars."

Saith Bayne:

"No Ossianic juvenile ever perpetrated purer nonsense. What possible resemblance there can be between a ship and a pasture; why and when stars go out to grass; and wherefore having so gone they should feed on ships and young ladies —these are questions of insoluble mystery."

But to admire is pleasanter than to carp. In "Festus" is this:

> "I'll not wish for stars; but I could love
> Some peaceful spot, where we might dwell unknown—
> Where home-born joys might nestle round our hearts
> As swallows round our roofs."

Passing into the domain of eloquence, let us mark, we can not do it but with delight, how Lord Chatham rises from a casual expression, almost beneath the dignity of the occasion in the House of Lords, into a magnificent image, enforced by a sublime classic quotation:

"I would not touch a *feather* of the prerogative. The expression perhaps is too light; but since I have made use of it, let me add that the entire command and power of directing the local disposition of the army is to the royal prerogative as the

master-feather in the eagle's wing; and if I were permitted to carry the allusion a little farther, I would say that they have disarmed the imperial bird—the *ministrum fulminis alitem* (the winged minister of the thunder). The army is the thunder of the crown."

This was spoken January 22d, 1770. A few months after, Junius wrote what is considered his finest image:

"The king's honor is that of his people. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

The proof from handwriting seems to have proved, quite recently (1871), Junius to have been Sir Philip Francis.

Mr. Mudie, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea-party at the house of the Rev. Dr. M. The Doctor was renowned for the suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said, in his wonted manner—

"Do take a little honey, Miss ———, 'tis so sweet—so like yourself."

Mr. Mudie could not restrain his native tendency to humor; so, handing the butter-dish to the host, he exclaimed—

"Do take a little butter, Doctor; 'tis so like yourself."

A circumstance recorded in Mitford's "Life," of the poet Gray, is a striking example of how much a good simile improves a passage. Thomson, author of "The Seasons," had written thus his picture of Lavinia, in his "Autumn:"

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city dames
Will deign their faith. And thus she went, compell'd

By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields."

Thomson laid this passage before Pope, then in the zenith of his fame. Pope drew his pen through it, and wrote thus:

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the close embowering woods;
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance on the wild;
So flourished, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia."

John Locke, whose brief treatise on the "Conduct of the Understanding" is invaluable (let every young person buy it, and read it fifty times), a writer who uses a very plain style, very seldom giving way to the poetic, gives us, in endeavoring to explain the faculty of memory more accurately, this fine instance of a simile naturally suggested:

"The ideas as well as the children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and the marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery is mouldered away."

If he had compared the aged mind to a canvas from which the painting had faded, the comparison would have been less beautiful far; because old age by no means so naturally suggests the thought of a picture as it does the thought of the sepulchre, to which the tottering step of Eld is so inevitably drawing near. But lay it to heart—nothing in a figure charms more than naturalness.

Avoiding all we can the cant of the falsely Puritanic,

we must maintain that poesy is marred by mean views of first principles. Pope tells us of angels wondering at the intellect of Newton:

> "Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton as we show an ape."

Holy Writ, though revealing to us our hideous downward tendencies, insists on, rejoices in our priceless faculties, our capabilities of repenting and of soaring. Pope imbibed whatever of meanness there was in his philosophy from his shallow teacher, Lord Bolingbroke. You mark how the above lines are degraded by infidel views of man; till man dwindles down into a "pampered goose," or to an ape—as, long before Darwin, Lord Monboddo made our species out to be. Holy Writ would represent a Newton as an embodied eternity. The gifted Poe makes the worm greatly man's superior, when he says of human life—

> "The play is the tragedy—man;
> And the hero, the conqueror—worm."

Infidelity is the mean, crawling, and unintellectual thing which leads quick to the reign of the commune in our cities—of the groveling in our literature.

Once more, truth is necessary to every good simile in this, that it must be born from some real glow of soul; not from false fervors artificially wrought up. Go to the "Annus Mirabilis" of Dryden, Pope's immediate predecessor. He is describing a sea-fight between the Dutch and English, he knowing nothing of the sea save at second-hand from books:

> "Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
> Deceived themselves or to preserve a friend,
> Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
> And English fires with Belgian flames contend."

Compare, if you choose, two war-ships to two Ætnas; but for two Ætnas to throw out grappling-irons at each other is equally offensive to common-sense and to the Muse, who is a much more sensible woman than people give her credit for:

"Then at each tack our little fleet grows less,
And like maim'd fowl swim lagging on the main;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain."

Of a sudden the grappling Ætnas have dwindled into maimed fowl—ducks, or other water-fowl; while the general diction is hard and ungenial, as appears in the words "tack," "lagging," "scarce," "cheaper;" and the degradation of the subject is completed by the mercantile account of profit and loss in the closing line; and all this because Dryden, great in prose and in poesy, is trying here to lash himself up into the sublime, the genuine sea-enthusiasm being wholly absent. Better one epithet of Dibdin, in his justly famous sea-songs; when, old salt as he was, in heart at least, he speaks of his ship as she goes spanking through the water, dashing the foam from her bows, as

"The saucy Arethusa."

Be honest; be in downright earnest; if you would be great in speaking or in writing.

The critical essays of Talfourd are valuable. We bring before you his—not simile, but comparison, of Mackenzie (author of the "Man of Feeling" and of "Julia de Roubigné") and Lawrence Sterne, in order to introduce to you the assertion that comparison must be catalogued as quite distinct from simile, as you will see at once: comparison admitting of dissimilitudes as well as similitudes:

"Sterne's pathos is, indeed, most genuine while it lasts, but the soul is not suffered to cherish the feeling which it awakens.

He does not shed, like Mackenzie, one mild light on the path of life, but scatters on it wild coruscations of ever-shifting brightness, which, while they sometimes disclose spots of inimitable beauty, often do but fantastically play over objects dreary and revolting. All in Mackenzie is calm, gentle, harmonious. No play of mistimed wit, no flourish of rhetoric, no train of philosophical speculation for a moment diverts our sympathy. Each of his best works is like one deep thought, and the impression which it leaves is soft, sweet, and undivided, as the summer evening's holiest sigh."

In a choice simile, James Montgomery (carefully to be distinguished from Robert Montgomery) sets forth the additional charm which rhythm gives to poesy:

"How much the power of poetry depends upon the nice inflections of rhythm alone, may be proved by taking the finest passages of Milton or Shakespeare, and merely putting them into prose, with the least possible variation of the words themselves. The attempt would be like gathering up dew-drops, which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run into water in the hands; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone."

Being about to refer once more to Addison, fix in your mind these facts as to his great work the *Spectator:* a daily paper of one article, printed in London every morning from March 1, 1710, till December 6, 1712, and resumed in 1714 for other 80 numbers, of which Addison wrote, out of the whole 635, 274. It was collected into eight volumes; in which form the circulation rose to ten thousand.

Three famous similes, often referred to, let us now place before you. The first is well known from its being the boldest figure in all the tame poetry of the graceful Addison. It occurs in his poem "The Campaign," justly characterized as a gazette in rhyme:

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts, unmoved

Amid confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war.
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Another simile of historic celebrity is Cowley's on Lord Bacon, founder of what is the philosophy of experiment, not of Darwinian ape-honoring guesswork:

"From these and all long-errors of the way
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And like old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon like Moses led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he passed;
Did on the very borders stand
Of the blest promised land;
And from the mountain-top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and showed us it."

A third that has become familiar occupies the four last lines of Sir John Denham's "Cooper's Hill." Of the River Thames he speaks thus:

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme:
Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

We pointed out the distinction between simile and comparison. Mark that between simile and allegory. In simile, both objects must be named—the thing represented, and the thing that represents or resembles it. In allegory, whose name means "another discourse," and which as a discourse may be extended to a volume, as in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the representing object alone is set before the reader. Compare two passages

very similar in their meaning. The first is Shakespeare's simile of the career of a dissipated youth, likened to the fortunes of a gay ship destined to hurricane:

> "How like a younger or a prodigal
> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet-wind;
> How like the prodigal doth she return,
> With over-weather'd sides and ragged sails—
> Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind."

Here you have Shakespeare naming in so many words both the objects—the prodigal and the gay ship. This, then, is a simile. But con next Gray's depicting of the wretched fate of King Richard II. of England. It is an allegory. The king himself, the object represented, is not named—but only the object representing:

> "Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

As the sight is the most lively and distinct of the senses; as it includes, too, so wide and varied a range of objects fair and magnificent, you will soon discover that many of the best similes are drawn from objects of sight. As, too, it is, generally speaking, easier to apprehend what is outward and visible than what is inward and unseen, hence material things are usually brought to illustrate the things of the mind. Happy instances, however, can be quoted of things outward illustrated by things inward. Thus Scott, of Loch Katrine, in his exquisite "Lady of the Lake:"

> "The mountain shadows on her breast
> Were neither broken nor at rest;
> In bright uncertainty they lie,
> Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

So Tennyson, of mists from mountain torrents:

"Those thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air."

Or from the often too dim, dreamy, metaphysical Shelley:

"Our boat is asleep on Terchio's stream;
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream."

Similarly, in Mrs. Osgood's "Daughter of Herodias," Herod's banqueting-room is thus described:

"The vast and magnificent banqueting-room
Was of marble, Egyptian in form and in gloom,
And around wild and dark as a demon's dread thought."

Charles Dudley Warner, in his principal work, "Backlog Studies," contributes another, when he says that a great wood-fire in a wide kitchen-chimney, with all the pots boiling and bubbling, and a roasting-spit turning in front of it—

"Makes a person as hungry as does one of Scott's novels."

This sort of simile is apt to be dim to common people. Mark how numerous Henry Ward Beecher's are of the other sort; how he obtains them by the hundred from objects commoner than common; how level they are to the unlearned. Such suit the pulpit best; what a delightful surprise to find the noblest and most beautiful in the most prosaic haunts. Would that our preachers cultivated the art and power of illustration by similitudes, especially from homely things. A single bunch, from loftier sources, by Burns:

"Ah, pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then dark forever;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

The distinguished Greek critic, Longinus, who writes so sublimely of the sublime, couches his opinion of the "Odyssey" in two noble similitudes:

"In the 'Odyssey' Homer may be likened to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, though his beams have lost their meridian heat."

After a little he adds—

"Like the ocean, whose shores when deserted by the tide mark out the extent to which it sometimes flows, so Homer's genius, when ebbing into the fables of the 'Odyssey,' plainly discovers how vast it once must have been."

What an unexpected stroke of originality we meet with in Jean Paul Richter:

"The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

Mrs. Radcliffe, who was never out of England, in Chapter XVI. of her famous "Mysteries of Udolfo," thus describes, with an accuracy that has been wondered at, the appearance of Venice:

"Its terraces, crowded with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched as they now were with the splendors of the setting sun, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter."

It is an interesting form of this figure, too, when, after the points of resemblance, the point or points of dissimilitude are stated, as thus in Anthony Trollope's "Three Clerks," Chapter XIII.; excellent, as are all his novels:

"New friends, like one's best coat and polished patent-leather boots, are only intended for holiday wear. At other times they

are neither serviceable nor comfortable; they do not answer the required purposes, and are ill adapted to give us the ease we seek. A new coat, however, has this advantage, that in time it will become old and comfortable; so much can by no means be predicated with certainty of a new friend."

Let the student of style reflect how often such stating of a dissimile may be impressive. Let us also recommend strongly Anthony Trollope's female characters; and his English style, admirably accurate.

We have been eagerly lauding Beecher's homely similes; no more perfect instance can be found of the effective use of such than in the following by Miss Charlotte Young, on "Evening:"

"How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child!
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild.

"Hark to the gentle lullaby
That through the trees is creeping—
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping."

This other comparison accept of, from a work still celebrated in the history of English literature, the "Euphues" of John Lyly. If he had always written as follows, his work would not have become a synonym for affectation in style:

"I have read of Themistocles, which, having offended Philip, the King of Macedonia, and could no way appease his anger, meeting his young son, Alexander, took him in his arms, and met Philip in the face. Philip, seeing the smiling countenance of the child, was well pleased with Themistocles. Even so, if through thy manifold sins and heinous offenses thou provoke

the heavy displeasure of thy God, inasmuch as thou shalt tremble for horror, take his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, Jesus, in thine arms, and then He neither can nor will be angry with thee."

We betake us for another bunch of flowers to James Joseph Callanan, on the Loch of Gougaune Barra, County Cork, Ireland:

"There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning;
And the waters rush down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle."

W. W. Fosdick paints thus a scene in a maize field—very American; be sure not to leave out of your view the haze on the hills:

"A thin veil hangs over the landscape and flood,
And the hills are all mellow'd in haze;
While Fall, creeping on like a monk in his hood,
Plucks the thick rustling wealth of the maize."

Two remarks in conclusion. First, the distinction between the form and the essence of the poetic—its body and its soul. A long controversy has prevailed as to what constitutes poetry; from the vain endeavor to express, by one word, the internal spirit and the external form. This can not be done; let there be two words carefully kept apart. Ossian has the soul of poetry without the rhyme and rhythm; Sternhold and Hopkins, in their wretched versions of the Psalms, have the form without the imagination, the fancy, or the inspired glow. In this volume we purposely designate the inward as Poesy—the outward as Poetry; and the obscurity at once is gone. For a subject will be kept in perpetual obscurity and confusion by the lack of a sufficiently rich and precise nomenclature. One fit word can dissipate a

thousand mists. Truth is retarded piteously by men's not having the right word, or not knowing how aright to use the words they have.

Finally, we have hinted at many of the deeper sources of simile; and of all those figures that rest on resemblance. We have not referred to the deepest source of all. We state it now very briefly. If one writer pen "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," many resemblances it will be possible to detect between the two. But outward nature and mental nature are from the same author—the One great Thinker and Poet, who hath developed his divine ideas on sky and sea; on conscience, heart, and intellect; a basis, God-given, whereon to rest those similitudes on which rhetoric rests; and which render rhetoric vivid, the servant of truth, and accordant with the Deity. Low, shallow views have degraded our subject; yet, manifestly, it reaches up to God. Ponder this for life. Atheism, into whatsoever literary field it intrudes, brings with it the narrow, shallow, and degrading. No theme can reach its highest, or attain its apotheosis, till it reaches the feet of God. We laugh therefore at the idea that our atheists can sneer Religion from her throne. They may as easily sneer away the dews, the mountains, or the dawn.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART THIRD.

The Metaphor.

XXXVI. THE Metaphor next introduces itself. Let us take you to hear old Father Taylor preach. He is trying to give his congregation an idea of redemption. He described a terrific storm at sea, rising to greater and wilder fury; amid the weltering waves a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore; the masts bend, break, go overboard; the sails are rent; the helm unshipped; the vessel begins to fill; she sinks deeper, deeper:

"But what do I see yonder! Through the mist I see it. That flash of lightning has shown it to me. A life-boat!—a life-boat! Christ is that life-boat!"

"Christ is like that life-boat" is a simile. "Christ is that life-boat." is far stronger; an expression not of resemblance, but of identity; it is a metaphor; shorter, stronger, a flash of thought. That quick flash is delightful: condensation of mental power; bolt of the Jove-like mind. Or listen to Ebenezer Elliott; in essence, simile; in utterance and feeling, more:

"O lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low, sensual sin!
Give him a home, the home of taste;
Outbid the house of gin.

O give him taste! It is the link
Which binds us to the skies;
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs."

In metaphor, the subject of which the metaphorical affirmation is made is always taken literally; the metaphor lies wholly in the copula or verb, which asserts something of the subject that is not literally proper to the nature of that subject:

"Judah is a lion's whelp."

Here Judah is taken literally, as is always the subject spoken of; all the metaphor lies, not in the subject and just as little in the predicate "lion's whelp," which means something, and that something is precisely what it expresses, but in "is," the mind being strongly affected by some points of—what? why, of resemblance; so as to use the verb "is" instead of the more cautious and measured verb "resembles;" which verb "resembles" would be truer to the matter of fact, but, mark it well, not nearly so true to the matter of feeling. How wise the principle, how deep the condemnation in Lamartine's critique on Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire:"

"Man is every where evident in this history; God is nowhere. M. Thiers's book is a landscape without a sky."

The two objects, "book" and "landscape without a sky," mean exactly what they express; else the assertion means no one can tell what. The whole figure lies in the verb; which is used instead of the milder verb "resembles." Some have taken the ground that it is a peculiarity of the Hebrew to use "is" for "represents." We take the wider and far more philosophical ground—it is a peculiarity and an absolute necessity of the universal human mind:

"This is my body."

If these words teach a change, they must say so—"This is changed into my body." As they stand, they express a figure the most common in human language. "This" is taken literally; "my body" is taken literally; all the figure lies in "is;" and for "is" to mean "represents" is nothing more than the great and every-where-spread usage of the common figure called metaphor; whereas for "is" to mean "changed into" is altogether unknown and violent. Ponder this carefully; we can not linger on it. The correct doctrine of the metaphor sweeps the doctrine of transubstantiation out of the Scriptures.

Hare, speaking of atheism, couches much argument in the following—and atheism lies at the other extreme from what we have just been looking at in transubstantiation:

"There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind can not use its wings."

Washington Irving met Sir Walter. The classical American told the North Briton that Campbell was kept from writing by the superior brilliancy of Byron's poetry and of his, Scott's. To this Scott, free from envy as he was always, replied:

"Pooh! How can Campbell mistake the matter so much? Poetry goes by quality, not by quantity or bulk. My poems are mere cairngorms, wrought up perhaps with a cunning hand, and may pass well in the market so long as cairngorms are in fashion; but they are mere Scotch pebbles after all. Now Campbell's are real diamonds, and of the first water."

Mark ever in the metaphor how the mental glow acts on the connecting verb. And as the rapidity and force are greater, so, better far than in the simile, the metaphor at times suits the orator, and that tone of unpremeditated earnestness which dreams not of ornamentation, but solely of the subject itself. There is not in all the speeches of Demosthenes a single simile. S., "Coriolanus," act iv., scene v., line 3, of Aufidius's 4th speech.

Metaphors are direct—that is, founded on a resemblance between the things themselves; as when you say, "The ways are mountains in their height;" or they are analogical, that is, founded on the fact that the two objects mentioned bear resembling relations to certain other objects; thus, when you say "Reason is a guiding light," you proceed on the idea that reason bears a similar relation to the mental world that light does to the outward world. As such analogies, or analogical relations, are altogether innumerable, it is arithmetically impossible that true genius can ever find its materials run out. Then, since the more unlike two objects are, the more is the mind exhilarated with a sweet surprise by the discovery made to it of a point in which these apparently so unrelated objects do really agree, it follows that analogical metaphors and similes must often give more pleasure than direct ones, as when Trench, in his admirable work on the "Parables," says:

"Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved."

No similarity between language in itself, and amber in itself; but they have resembling uses, or may produce resembling effects.

Holy Writ, what a storehouse of metaphors! If it were worth reading on no other account, it would be well worth reading for its metaphors alone. A vast treasury of the beautiful as well as of the true. Gather a hundred from it, and a hundred similes from it. The poet cries:

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings!"

Behold yon mountain-eagle; a mother's tenderness animating the bird; covering on an exposed crag its nestling with its wings, when darkness lowers, when lightnings threat. Jehovah is the Parent-eagle of the soul; the warmth of his parental wings makes this life, which

but for him were an exposed crag, a home of love and safety. Luke xxii., 19, 20.

One of the main truths in the sweet science of poesy is that very much of the poetic lies in the vivid perceiving of relations between the world of matter and the thoughts or feelings of the mind. Hence our great bards place in a scene of inward passion, or near those who are enjoying great delights, or who are suffering from dark sorrows, some outward object, which we feel to harmonize with what brightens or darkens in the soul. In nothing that you can specify do lofty genius and ideality more strikingly display themselves. In Shakespeare's "Lear," the lightning is made to burn, the pitiless tempest to rave, around the bare, discrowned head of the king, so old and so desolate. In "Paradise Lost," happy Eve is bowered all around by budding and blushing roses, and by each lush flower of graceful stalk, which seem as if they had caught their graceful waving and their brilliancy of tint, from the elegant form and delicate blush of their young May-queen. On the other hand, when the first sin volcanoes out its way, Milton tells us, with the deepest poetic truth:

> "Sky lowered; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
> Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

Sir Walter Scott places the wild enthusiast, Balfour of Burley, in a gloomy cave, amid overhanging crags, and over the bed of a river, dark in its rushing, and tortured among pitiless rocks. When in the same wondrous novel, "Old Mortality," Morton is doomed to death by an extreme sect of the Covenanters, they place him before a clock, to watch the approach of its hands to the fatal minute fixed for his death; and the light tick of the clock thrills on his ear, with such painful distinctness as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin on the naked nerve of the organ of hearing. On the same great principle that there is an analogy between the outward and

the mental, in the delightful old ballads, when two lovers are buried near each other, the following lovely miracle occurs:

"Lord William was buried in Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire;
From the ladie's grave grew a red, red rose,
And out o' the knicht's a brier.
And they twa met, and they twa plat,
Sae fain they wud be near;
And a' the warld micht ken richt weel,
They were twa lovers dear."

But our field of vision changes; we open the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton: a drama sternly plain, as if hewn in Parian marble, worthy of Æschylus, him earlier than Sophocles and Euripides, the other two great tragedians of Greece. The "Samson" is moulded very much on the Greek model; breathes the very tone of the Greek genius; yet, very singular to say, is full-fraught with the Hebrew spirit of worship, contrition, and the prophetic; as though we heard the harp of Isaiah struck on a hillside of Arcady: a blending of the classical and the adoring, which who hath attained so greatly as Milton? John Milton is the unsurpassed; the great Puritan and republican poet, of whom Wordsworth said, in a line that is a proverb:

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

In his youth he was so fair and beautiful as to be called the Lady of his college. Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, after the restoration of Charles II. he lived in close retirement, hated by the party in power; Samuel Johnson, a hundred years after, detested him. As he grew older, he entirely lost his sight; to his daughters was dictated the "Paradise Lost," incomparably the world's most sublime poem. Hear two verdicts on him. Said Waller the poet:

"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

Next let Dryden decide, referring to Homer and Virgil; but Dryden's greater third was Milton:

> "Two poets in two distant ages born
> Did famous Greece and Italy adorn:
> Nature exhausted could no farther go;
> To make a third, she joined the other two."

Metaphor supplies us with abundant proof that to write well we need to fill our minds with facts. Thus Bancroft, in his "History of the United States"—eloquent, impartial, but deficient in graceful ease—is helped by his botanical knowledge to a good metaphor:

"Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world."

Mark how science here ministers to poesy; as does a sympathetic familiarity with, not the hollow shams, but the stern realities, of human life. So Gray, looking on schoolboys at their sports, prognosticates the fierce passions that shall tear many of them when they grow to be men:

> "These shall the fury passions tear—
> The vultures of the mind."

Surface views of man and his career, which ignore his depth of guilt, his intense miseries, may seem poetic; and may perchance accord best with the tinkling of a lady's guitar; but wherewithal shall be fed those crises of the Tragic without which the genuine poesy can not live? The dread Bible pictures of man, with their abysmal glooms and their heaven-piercing heights—their inward hells and heavens—will, strange to say, suggest ten thousand metaphors, and of a far nobler sort, for one suggested by those ideas of man which ascribe to him, as his destiny, a voluptuary's opium-dream or a trifler's

butterfly flight. Nothing so poetical, romantic, and epic as is the severely true.

For a minute let us seek relief in a few metaphors very brief and sparkling. From Douglas Jerrold these:

"Contentment is the poor man's bank."
"In the wedding-cake, Hope is the sweetest of the plums."
"Military glory is a bubble blown from blood."

Of a very tall gentleman dancing with a very dumpy lady:

"There's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

Washington Irving gives this:

"A scolding woman's tongue is the only edge-tool that grows sharper by constant use."

Roundell Palmer, in his choice selection of hymns, "The Book of Praise," terms the sacred paintings of the early painters—

"The hymns of painters addressed to the sense of sight."

Alexander Smith has equaled Tennyson in finish, in delicacy of touch, in pellucid clearness, as witness his admirable tale, "Deira." Of the clouds, he says:

"The changing clouds,
The playful fancies of the mighty sky."

And again—

"I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed;
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame."

Of an infant he thus writes:

"O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God!
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.

'Tis ages since he made his youngest star—
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday—
Thou later revelation! Silver stream
Breaking with laughter from the Lake Divine,
Whence all things flow."

From Byron is this, of man:

"Thou pendulum between a smile and tear."

Let this quotation cause us to follow Mr. Trelawney to a pitying visit to Byron's corpse, as he lies dead at Missolonghi, in the noble cause of Greek Independence. Byron was then at the early age of thirty-seven:

"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud; and there lay the embalmed body of the pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

Well may the sad name of Byron bring to mind the great line of Campbell—which Sir Walter called "the most beautiful and original simile" (he should have said, metaphor) "which we have yet found applied to a theme so often sung:"

"In the fond visions of romantic youth
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow;
But, Mortal Pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

When Campbell was a student at Glasgow University,

of which he afterward was chosen Lord Rector, there stood next door to each other on the street he passed along in going to his classes, the store of A. Fyfe, an aurist, and of a Mr. Drum, a seller of ardent spirits. Campbell and some other students took down the sign-boards of the two neighbors during a dark night, and put up in their stead a board on which they had painted the well-known line from Shakespeare:

"The spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fyfe."

Sir Thomas Browne, a learned physician and very quaint writer, is justly renowned through the potency of a single metaphor:

"Light that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven invisible. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration; and in the noblest parts of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum—and light is but the shadow of God."

Connected with our subject, which by this time you feel to be no trivial one, is Henry T. Tuckerman's theme, the Poetical Principle:

"It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the highway of time, and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the Mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness, and grief loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress, that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavor."

As in this work we must perforce deal so much in bits and scintillations, we quote from Hudson's very able "Lectures on Shakespeare" a necessary caution:

"I agree with old Montaigne that every abridgment of a good

work is foolish. For a genuine literary work is not a collection of wheat and chaff, to be winnowed before it is fit for use, but a living tree, covered with leaves and buds and blossoms; cut it up for its beauties, and all is but chips. Or, to vary the figure, such a work is not a mere articulation of parts, dovetailed together grossly or closely, according to the dullness or ingenuity of the artisan, but an organic growth like the human form, shaping and fashioning itself out into an individual whole; and it is the breathing harmony, the eloquent physiognomy of the whole, that forms its beauty and its worth. Selecting beauties from such a work is as foolish and almost as wicked as plucking out a lady's eye, and showing it to us that we may the better appreciate her beauty. If the lady were no lady at all, but merely an automaton with glass eyes, all this might be well enough, for in that case there would be no life or expression to be lost; but as it is, the very life and living grace which made the divine beauty of this soul-speaking organ has been destroyed by the separation."

To appreciate good metaphors we need to look at a few bad ones. Saith Addison, whose own *Spectator*, No. 595, is law on this subject:

> "I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
> That longs to launch into a bolder strain."

It is a wise rule, in regard to this and to many another figure, never to mix or jumble together two that are discordant. Yet his Muse is a lady and a goddess. Addison, however, speaks of having bridled her—atrocious unpoliteness. It will not do to tell us that it is Pegasus he was thinking of; for Pegasus nor any other horse was one of the nine Muses. But, not content with regarding his goddess as a horse, he instantly views her as a ship that longs to launch itself, and, of all places in the world, into a strain—a horse that longs to break out a singing! which inclination to break out a singing is to be kept in check by a bridle. Yet Addison himself has given us an excellent test to try metaphors by:

"Try and form a picture on them."

If the parts, when pictured out by a painter, be incongruous, put your metaphor in the fire; lest there should stand before you a goddess, horse, and ship, all in one.

We betake ourselves to Robert Montgomery:

> "And shall the soul, the fount of reason, die,
> When dust and ashes round its temple lie?
> Did God breathe in it no etherial fire,
> Dimless and quenchless, though the breath expire?

He asks whether a fountain can die. One would think he need be in no great anxiety on that account. Then what can he mean by the temple of a fountain? And how can fire be breathed into a fountain? Besides, what may the breath of a fountain be?

The idolatry of conceits infected much of English literature from Surrey to Dryden's middle age. John Lyly, "the Euphuist," being its high-priest, though the style by no means originated with him, but is traceable to an Italian influence. Lyly's work, "Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit," was published, the first part in 1579, the second part in 1580, and went through ten editions in fifty-six years. It is a novel in prose. The hero, Euphues, is an Athenian youth. It is a wiser production than is generally conceived; but its cumbrous affectations in style, and its lack of an interesting plot, have sunk it in oblivion. Well said Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," which is the earliest exposition in English of the principles of sound writing:

> "Nothing is lasting that is feigned;"

precisely what this book in your hands sets forth from beginning to end. Nay, Lyly himself, in the dedication to his work, attacks those Englishmen—

> "Who desire to hear finer speech than the language will allow; to eat finer bread than is made of wheat; or wear finer cloth than is made of wool."

The rapidity and condensation of the metaphor are illustrated in the clergyman's remark, who, having been once addicted to bawling in the pulpit, had at last made the discovery that the low tones are the most effectual:

"I once thought it was the thunder that killed, and now know it is the lightning that does the execution. I mean to thunder less and lighten more."

Sir Archibald Alison, the historian of modern Europe, leads us back to false metaphors once more. Of the allied sovereigns, when first they caught sight of Paris in 1814, he asserts that

"They inhaled the entrancing spectacle."

Of the intrigues in Napoleon's favor at Elba:

"The inferior officers and the soldiers of the army were, in an especial manner, the seat of this conspiracy."

And again:

"He did not establish a throne surrounded by republican institutions, but a republic surrounded by the ghost of monarchical institutions."

As when the brave Irishman led his three captives into his general's presence:

"How did you take them?" said his general.—"Faix, I surrounded them."

How to surround a republic by a ghost is a problem that would have puzzled Euclid. Besides, here are many institutions that have but one ghost among them—a small slice of a ghost to each.

Yet be this caution inserted, else criticism will be a ruthless scalping-knife: When a figurative expression has been current so long as to have lost its figurative character, we must not urge too far the "catch-thief" cry of

"mixed metaphor!" Shakespeare's expression is much found fault with—

"To take arms against a sea of troubles."

But not one only, but both sides of the phrase have lost the figurative sense; it is no more than "to contend against innumerable troubles." There are thus three kinds of expressions: many wavering between the figurative and the literal; many whose figurative character is worn wholly off; many decidedly figurative. The critic must not, in too tiger-like a style, tear a defenseless metaphor to pieces. Yet it is better to lean to virtue's side: never be thine a far-fetched ornament; be your metaphors founded on a resemblance that is clear and striking when once pointed out; never join metaphor and plain language in such a way that part of your statement must be understood metaphorically and part literally; never dwell long on a metaphor; never condescend to any that is threadbare by long use; their charm is rapidity, freshness, surprise; all of which you feel in this from Jeremy Taylor, in a funeral sermon:

"Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ."

And for our teachers in the pulpit is this special passage from Dr. Guthrie:

"How difficult would it be to name a noble figure, a sweet simile, a tender or attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo the reluctant sinner and cheer the desponding saint. Am I wounded? He is balm. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I poor? He is wealth? Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I in debt? He is a surety. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in darkness? He is a sun. Have I a house to build? He is a rock. Must I face the black and gathering storm? He is an anchor, sure and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is sentence passed and am I condemned? He is pardon. To deck him out and set him forth, Nature culls her

finest flowers, brings her choicest ornaments, and lays her treasures at his feet."

This being so, no excuse for a dry sermon. O yes! as much excuse as for not being at pains enough to read the Bible well; the volume, intensely eloquent, which supplies matter for the noblest elocution; but which we laymen are—shall we say *seldom*—condemned to hear read with such slovenly carelessness that even the very words are blundered; and so, when we hear it read with heaven-born reverence, and with emphasis deep as a whisper of thunder, or gently light as evening's last sigh, we look up in astonishment from our pews, wondering who this man can be who has been Christ-taught to read it, as suits its Author, its Hero, its Wielder, its truthfulness, its passion, its calmness, and its theme.

By the time this page has been reached, every reader feels the vast importance of our subject. Think of the great historical words:

"This is my body."

Ah, the tens of thousands slaughtered for transubstantiation! According to Protestantism and the laws of metaphor, "this" is literal; "body" is literal; "is" stands for "represents"—a sense emphatically given, which it has, thousands of times. According to the priests, "this" is literal; "body" is literal; "is" stands for "is changed into"—a sense it never has. Which of the two parties is the *more literal?* Our subject holds within it such truths, laws, applications, as would, by God's blessing, have saved to the earth much of the most precious blood; and tortures so dire in their cruelty, so cowardly in the circumstances of their infliction, that at the recollection of them History blushes. Is our subject trivial, then? Degraded so long by tame, shallow, thoroughly unphilosophical handling!

Permit us to cool our indignation by launching for

a moment, like Addison's Muse and horse, into "a strain;" one of our own:

> Moveless for ages, see vast Erie lying:
> At length, from forth its rock-bound bed, the lake
> Pours, with a high outbreak.
> In terror from its rush see thousands flying!
> Christ—Grace, Love, Life, and Light, not crushing awe—
> Is God's Niagara!

We now lay before you Professor Lowell's anathema of old John Gower, Chaucer's contemporary. In this passage are several good specimens of both metaphor and simile:

"Gower has positively raised tediousness to the precision of a science; he has made dullness an heir-loom for the students of our literary history. As you slip to and fro on the frozen levels of his verse, which give no foothold to the mind; as your nervous ear awaits the inevitable recurrence of his rhyme, regularly pertinacious as the tick of an eight-day clock, and reminding you of Wordsworth's—

> 'Once more the ass did lengthen out
> The hard, dry see-saw of his horrible bray,'

you learn to dread, almost to respect, the powers of this indefatigable man. He is the Undertaker of the fair mediæval legend; and his style has the hateful gloss, the seemingly unnatural length, of a coffin. Love, beauty, passion, nature, art, life, the natural and the theological virtues—there is nothing beyond his power to disenchant; nothing out of which the tremendous hydraulic press of his allegory (or whatever it is, for I am not sure if it is not something even worse) will not squeeze all feeling and freshness, and leave it a juiceless jelly. It matters not where you try him, whether his story be Christian or pagan, borrowed from history or fable, you can not escape him. Dip in at the middle or the end, dodge back to the beginning, the patient old man is there, to take you by the button and go on with his imperturbable narrative. You may have left off with 'Clytemnestra,' and you may begin again with 'Samson'—it makes no odds, for you can not tell one from t'other."

But while you flee for your life from John the Idealess, you will find in Carlyle's "French Revolution," or in the writings of Thomas Fuller, figures all fresh, and flashing by the hundred; while the wit and whimsicality of Fuller will tickle you to your heart's content. Or for a lofty delight, hasten to Burke, "the supreme writer of his century," as De Quincey has well said of him. Mark in the following what excellent use Fuller makes of one of the homeliest of facts:

"To use force before people are fairly taught the truth, is to knock a nail into a board without wimbling a hole in it, which then either not enters, or turns crooked, or splits the wood it pierceth."

What a pity and shame that such a writer is so little read!

We close our discussion of the metaphor with "The Three Mourners," translated by us from the German of Chamisso, and never presented in English before. In this translation we claim the whole of the metaphor in line eighteenth—

"A thunder-bolt borne on a thunder-cloud;"

and we have expunged the coarse sneer in the original, which represents the widow as mourning only three weeks—"drey wochen:"

"From vale and from mountain bursts the cry—
'To arms! to arms! the invader is nigh!'
See hastily riding, from near and far,
Our choicest youth to Freedom's war.
Severe the hour and dark with fate;
Full many a home left desolate.
'Stern war! Thou takest each dearest one,
My blooming bridegroom; my brother; my son!'
Woman's hand fits out for battle's rough bed:
The bride puts the helm on her lover's head;
Sister brings the black steed he loves so well;
Mother opens the gate, and weeps—'Farewell!'

'My bridegroom! my brother! my son!—again
When comest thou back? Quick! Tell us when!'
'When air and water and land are free
From invasion's taint, I'm again with thee.'
They are off, with a cheer, and a neighing loud—
A thunder-bolt borne on a thunder-cloud.

"'The time is long; far away the camp;
But we listen each night for his war-steed's tramp.
Day drags after day. Night's dark and dreary;
No horseman returns. We're weary, weary!'
At last 'tis a horse, with a rapid tread;
No horseman there—the bridle is red.
They crowd around him; the blood-marks see—
'Why com'st thou alone? He—where is he?
Hast thou left him bleeding, untended, alone?
Give me back my bridegroom; my brother; my son!
They have slain my hero! O steed accursed,
Why left ye him dying, in blood and thirst?'
The steed seemed to answer, the lightning-eyed,
'I've brought you his message!' Then reeled and died.

"To the gory field have hastened the three,
To seek the lone mound where their loved one may be.
They sat them down by that bloody bed:
At the feet, at the side, and one at the head.
At the head the mother; and at the side
The sister dear; at the feet the bride.
'O woe! O woe! Broken-hearted here,
Who knows our bitterness, loneliness, fear?
Yet we willingly gave him to God's great strife,
For a threatened homestead, a nation's life.
Yet we're but women! Life's light hath fled!
Our only joy, to bemoan the dead.'

"The bride and the sister wept long and sore;
But the years went by—they wept no more.
But lifelong tears mother's love supplied,
Till she slept in his grave by her young hero's side."

CHAPTER IX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART FOURTH.

Metonymy.—Synecdoché.—Metalepsis.

XXXVII. THE class of figures now to be considered is Metonymy: a title that comes from two Greek words, which, with Athenian precision, mean "a change of name or noun." That is, metonymy lies always in a noun, never in an adjective or in a verb. Mark that point. Molière, the great French comedian, tells of one who, taking to grammar late in life, was amazed to find that he had all his life been using substantives, adverbs, and such like, without his knowing of it. Many a capital metonymy have you produced in your day without ever dreaming of it.

Metonymies are not founded on resemblances, as similes and metaphors, the sisters, are; but on such intimate relations as those thirty-four which we shall now specify, each whereof is a figure. How many more they are! for each has its twin. The close study of this figure is fitted to give deep insight into the delicacy of language, that exhaustless marvel, and proof of man's God-birth. Variety is what calls attention; and sylph-like elegance. Nothing more etherial can be thought of.

1. A noun that expresses the cause is put for a noun that expresses the effect. In one of Goldsmith's poems, "The Deserted Village," is this:

> "There was a time, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man."

"Ground," the cause, is put for the produce of the ground. Nobody uses the ground for food. "You write a bad hand," says teacher to pupil; "hand," the cause, being put for "writing." When Keats, in his rich "Lines to the Nightingale," cries, in his creamy, mellifluous style—

"O for a beaker full of the warm South!"

"South" stands for the wine mellowed there.

We obtain from his excellent poem, "Prince Adeb," this from George Henry Boker, where he uses "summer" for the flowers that are the effect and bloom of summer:

"Mossy floors
Flower'd with the silken summer of Shiraz."

You say, "I have read Prescott and Thierry; I have read Froude, I have read Freeman:" you mean their noble histories, which the sooner you read the better. We have prescribed for you a very little of Edmund Spenser—say ten lines a day. In the following are two fine metonymies, in "Old Decay" and in "Darkness;" which aid us much in detecting the source of the delight given us by this variety—the wide, dreamy vagueness that lies in the cause. It is the Cave of Mammon:

"Both roof and floor and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and Old Decay;
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof, for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display.
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
Such as a lamp whose life doth fade away;
Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright."

Tennyson we turn to. Would he did not refine and polish quite so much, till the bow is becoming so much

ornamented away as to lose its rough and oaken strength. But here is a choice metonymy:

> "And like a flower that can not all unfold,
> So drenched it is with tempest."

Or a princess is seen—

> "Robed in the long night of her deep hair."

"Night," the cause of darkness, is put for darkness, the effect; "tempest" is put for rain. A feeling of vague width is on us: far larger than a single sharply defined effect. This half baffles, half pleases the mind, which roams forth untrammeled in a hazy dream-land peopled with wonders. Jeremy Taylor is rich in a usage akin to this, as when he tells us that—

> "The rose began to put on darkness;"

or Spenser speaks of Una in her white innocence:

> "She, of naught afraid,
> Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought."

See her wandering, almost without hope of end, like the white and stainless moon, through limitless mists and far Sahara-stretches of midnight. Very choice, too, the following from Aaron Hill, both in expression and in sentiment:

> "Hide not thy tears: weep boldly, and be proud
> To give the flowing virtue manly way—
> 'Tis Nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
> Shame on those breasts of stone that can not melt
> In soft adoption of another's sorrow."

2. In a way precisely the converse of that just mentioned, the noun proper to the effect is used to express the cause. The Rev. James Harvey, author of "Meditations in a Flower Garden," remarkable for its florid

style, and of "Theron and Aspasia," a very able work on the side of stalwart Calvinism, has this line:

"Swift as an arrow flies the leaden death."

"Death," the effect of the bullet, is put for the bullet itself. When Junius, with his too usual sneer, asks:

"Can gray hairs make folly venerable?"

"gray hairs," the effect of old age, stands for old age. The advantage of this is evident. Some one graphic effect can be singled out; the cause can thus be pictured to our eyes by its most picturesque result. See 2 Kings iv., 40, where "death," the effect, is named for the poisonous gourds, the cause. Oratory can make a deep impression in this way. Passion naturally fixes on the dreaded or on the desired consequence. Thus Thomson, in his description of a spring shower:

"'Tis silence all
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig; and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure."

Or in his justly celebrated "Hymn on the Seasons," he says of God:

"He
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day."

"Day," the effect, is used for light, the cause. So, by Sir Walter, in his great novel, the "Antiquary," which you really must read. "The deep voice" for Time, the utterer or cause—the deep voice, unembodied thing, that hovers in mystic evanescence around us:

"'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried;
'So long enjoy'd, so oft misus'd;
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused.'"

See Gen. xxxi., 53; Rev. i., 12.

So "Henry VIII.," act iii., scene ii., Surrey brands Wolsey thus:

"Thou scarlet sin."

But how unworthy of the heart and of the reason the too common metonymy of Nature, the effect, for God, the cause: as if it were a burden to name our Father or to own a Personal Deity, without whom man were an orphan. Wisely, Lamarck, the great botanist and geologian:

"Nature is an order of things constituted by the Supreme, and subject to laws which are the expression of his will."

Lyell's "Principles of Geology" is a work of merit. In the first edition was this sentence:

"Our admiration is strongly excited when we contemplate the powers of insect life, in the creation of which Nature has been so prodigal."

In the later editions the cold term "Nature" is altered into the phrase, "the Author of Nature:" more philosophic far; for the laws of Nature, geometric to the core, bear the deepest, most pervading impress of a Thinker; as do the arrangements of the solar system; for example, in Bode's law.

It is time to point, in the most definite manner, to a very singular fact in language, particularly manifest in metonymies: that if, by one mode, fine effects are produced, fine effects will also be produced by exactly the contrasted mode, as witness No. 1 and No. 2, P. L., ii., 704.

3. A noun denoting the place is used for a noun denoting the inhabitant. In a rugged ballad by the Italian shoemaker, Fantini, written in 1860, on King Victor Emanuel, "house" is for family or dynasty:

"They'll keep to-day in the happy future;
'Twill be a holiday set apart;
For then as now the House of Savoy
Will wear us all in its royal heart."

Matt. x., 11–13; Isa. x., 5.

In Parnell's best poem, "The Hermit," we find "world" for inhabitants of the world:

> "At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
> Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose."

So we speak of Heaven smiling on us; of America disgraced by shameless peculators; of Europe precipitating itself on Asia in the Crusades. Resemblance is not in the least the ground of such metonymies: something real must be that basis. It is the ground of residence, so dear and permanent—the charm of fatherland.

4. The badge is used for that of which it is the symbol. We speak of the sword and the gown. James Shirley, the dramatist, gives us this:

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows—not substantial things;
> There is no armor against fate,
> Death lays his icy hand on kings.
> Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Using this kind of metonymy, George Canning, the English statesman, after hearing Chalmers preach, cried:

"The tartan beats us! We have no preaching like that in England."

Mrs. Hemans says of Bernardo del Carpio:

"His banner led the spears no more amid the hills of Spain."

Ruskin, the most eloquent, deploring the time in a prosperous nation that forgets God in its prosperity, makes mention of—

"The noise of jesting words and the foulness of dark thoughts, which succeed to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp."

It is scarcely too much to affirm that this one variety

of this one class of figures deserves a long volume to itself, and would disclose a whole realm wealthy in many kinds of beauty. 1 Kings xii., 10–14.

In Douglas Jerrold's hands, how energetic the language becomes by using it, merely by signifying "respect" by its emblem, "a bow:"

"A man who is not able to make a bow to his conscience every morning, is not in a healthful condition."

In the subjoined, from Tennyson—mark how monosyllabic his language—with what trim neatness and classic polish he utters his idea; and with what thrice delicate touches he thinks out his thought. Flower, snow, shadow emblematize summer, winter, death:

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

"But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man."

In these lines, from one of Toplady's many beautiful hymns, how appropriately the manger is used as the badge of humility:

"Let thy Cross my will control;
Conform me to my Guide;
In the manger lay my soul,
And crucify my pride."

5. A noun proper to an attribute is used to denote the subject to which the quality belongs: that is, an abstract is used for a concrete. How often there is reason to cry: "There goes down Broadway a sleighful of youth and health;" the abstract qualities, youth and health, meaning the young and healthful. Shenstone skillfully succeeds, with the word Tenderness:

"I have found out a gift for my fair:
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me the plunder forbear—
She would say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

Of this variety, where the name of a quality designates that to which the quality belongs, we have an instance when the name of a color denotes the robes that are colored. Can that be done? Exquisitely, by Giles Fletcher; who hopes for mercy through being wrapped in the robes of Christ, dyed purple with atoning blood:

"O in thy purple wrapt, receive me, Lord!"

What a happy allusion, too, to Christ as a mighty King, clothed in the purple of state! In S., "Lear," act i., scene i., the 2d speech of Lear, line 5, "strengths" affords a choice instance of the attribute as the denomination of those who possess it. Sir Robert Grant writes:

"By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept."

6. Mark carefully the opposite of No. 5—the subject for the quality or qualities contained in it: that is, the concrete for the abstract. Metonymies are golden coins, of the most elegant mintage, with two faces. Thus, in a discussion whether a Presbytery should sanction a split in a certain congregation, and the erection of a new church edifice, Dr. Lyman Beecher decided in these words:

"Sanction the split: Adam and grace together will do twice as much as grace alone."

By Adam he designated that love of strife, that spirit of rivalry and faction, by no means unknown in congrega-

tions of Adam's children. Dangerous work to build churches by the hands of the devil as mason.

7. The container for the object contained; that object not being a quality or abstract, but itself a concrete or object that has qualities. This therefore is not the same as No. 6. See Luke xx., 11, 20. "Your purse or your life," shouts the highwayman. Not with your purse, the container, is he enamored—he loves the dollars in it; metonymy comes as natural to him as his pistols. Virgil, in his "Georgics," speaks of the Falernian cellars, meaning the wine in them. Lord Lyttleton, in lines on a departed friend, uses "breast" for the spirit who animated it:

> "O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
> O manners gently fair, and nobly plain;
> O sympathizing love of other's bliss;
> Where will you find another breast like his."

8. If every metonymy or change of noun has its converse, we may expect to find the name of the contained put for the container. Ponder the question whereto Charles Lamb made rejoinder. He was returning to London in a stage-coach after dinner, feeling very rotund, when a person thrust his head in at the coach door, and asked:

"Are you full inside?"

Lamb pretended to take the query to himself, and replied:

"I am, for one; that last slice of plum-pudding did my business."

Mark the metonymy in the query, "Are *you* full?" where by *you*, the contained in the coach, was meant the coach, the container.

9. We dwell thus long on this figure for the very reason of its minute details. To have any full appreciation of how delicate an instrument language is, needful is it

to study its most refined niceties. The name of the giver or producer is used for the thing given or produced; when we speak of a glass of Madeira, Madeira, the name of the island producing a certain sort of wine, is used as a name for the wine. Sydney Smith was dining with a rich merchant; the host remembered his having Constantia, a wine from the Cape of Good Hope, in his cellar, so he sent for one bottle of it. They grew clamorous for another bottle, but the entertainer refused them a second:

"Well," quoth the wit, "since we can not double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira."

10. On the contrary, as usual; the name of the product stands for the producer: as in that wondrously delicate passage in "Paradise Lost," v., 349—odors for the flowers that breathed them forth:

"She strews the ground
With rose; and odors from the shrub unfumed."

That is, without the application of fire or the emission of smoke. See P. L., vi., 216.

11. The voice or sound is used for the speaker, or object producing the sound, with an effect striking almost to paradox; as in Rev. i., 12:

"I turned to see the voice that spake with me."

P. L., vi., 212; John i., 23.

12. A deity of mythology is used for the name of the object presided over. Bryan Waller Proctor, whose literary name was Barry Cornwall, is remarkable for the variety and delicious melody of his rhythms; for his love of the gentle and the genial; for his passionate earnestness and refined sentiment. Here is a quotation from him:

"In a high, solitary turret, where
None were admitted, would he muse, when first
The young day broke; perhaps because he there
Had in his early infancy been nursed;

Or that he felt more pure the morning air,
Or loved to see the great Apollo burst
From out his cloudy bondage, and the night
Hurry away before the conquering light."

The gods and goddesses of Hellas and of Rome would not thus still sit on the cloud-thrones of fancy, did not a whole world of moon-ray imaginings haunt every name. Even Pollok, devout and dying Christian, in his grand poem, "The Course of Time," published in 1827, makes use of these names as the names of objects. Dr. Holmes is led, by his bigoted spite at Christianity, to maintain that Pollok has no tenderness—nothing but gloom. Judge for yourselves:

"It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
The cornfields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf,
Falling from its fellows, rustled to the ground;
And as it fell bade man think of his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon,
With all her stars, gazing on Earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there."

13. A noun that denotes the thing supporting is used for a noun that denotes the thing supported. We say "field" for battle; "table" for the eatables on it; "altar" for sacrifice. Milton thus writes:

"Amazement seized
The rebel thrones."

14. The name of the thing possessed instead of

the possessor; as when Fisher Ames, in a noble passage:

"The war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle;"

and Shakespeare informs us that Coriolanus—

"Drove the bristled lips before him."

The style of "Coriolanus" is Shakespeare at his best.

15. On the contrary, we have the possessor for the possessed. In the "Georgics," iii., 324, Virgil has it thus:

"Let us browse on the fields cool with dew."

At first inspection, we are apt to think that the figure here lies in the verb "browse;" on looking more closely we see that it lies in the pronoun "us," for "our flocks;" expressing, in a Nebuchadnezzar-like way, the identity between the farmer and his live stock. Dr. Bushnell warns us that—

"There is a busy infidel always lurking in our hearts;"

where "infidel" stands for infidelity. Luther, in his rough, honest way, used to cry—

"Every one of us has a pope in his inside:"

pope being used for the haughty feeling that loves to deal in anathemas.

16. The instrument for the user: Isa. xiii., 18. Milton, in his "Lycidas," in which pathos is blent with learning, speaks with his wonted scorn of priests, and calls them—

"Blind mouths that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the herdsman's art belongs."

Kossuth used this variety when he exclaimed—alas! it was a dream—

"Light has spread, and even bayonets think."

But Sir Walter rebukes Croker for writing—

"Full fifty thousand muskets bright,
Led by old warriors trained in fight."

17. This ever-recurring figure gives the name proper to that which exerts an influence, for the influence exerted. Joanna Baillie, celebrated by her "Plays of the Passions," presents us, in her "Columbus," with these lines:

> "When thinking of the mighty dead,
> The young from slothful couch will start,
> And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
> Like them to act a noble part."

Observe that "slothful couch," that which exerts the evil influence, is used as a name for sloth itself, the influence exerted.

18. The name of the progenitor for his posterity; as by Sir Walter:

> "When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
> Out from the land of bondage came,
> Her father's God before her moved—
> An awful guide, in smoke and flame."

19. The noun denoting the material for the thing made of that material. Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, in his "Battle of Killiecrankie," by "steel" means swords:

> "Like a tempest down the ridges
> Swept the hurricane of steel;
> Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
> Flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel."

Sir Richard Fanshaw translated the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini. Speaking of the golden age, he thus writes:

> "No wandering pines unto a foreign shore,
> Or war or riches (a worse burden) bore."

Sir Richard translated also the "Lusiad" of Camoens, the national epic of Portugal. Allan Cunningham, in a spirited sea-song, thus breaks forth:

"The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea."

20. The noun for the period of time during which certain events occurred for the events. Achilles, in Cowper's "Homer," thus cries:

"So have I worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day."

Cowper is the domestic poet of England; the Fourth Book of the "Task" is perfect.

21. The noun that names a limb or bodily part expresses him whose member it is. A fortune had been made by selling snuff; an inscription was wanted for the chariot about to be set up. A wit suggested:

"Who would have thought it,
That noses would have bought it?"

"Noses" for the snuff-takers.

22. The thing that people sit at gives a name for the people. An historian tells us of a board that, after long deliberation, came to a unanimous vote. Wonderful board, if you take it literally.

23. The name of him served for the service rendered. No nobler example than in the words of Paul:

"To me to live is Christ;"

where Christ includes at least these three forms of service: in him, by conversion; with him, by companionship and open profession; for him, by obedience.

24. The object which an action respects or deals with may be put for the action. Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, a famous ballad collector, who first suggested to Scott the idea of working up the Jacobin traditions of the Scottish Highlands into Waverley, called on the Bishop of Lichfield, Dean of Durham, to request his aid for a poor man who had lost his only cow:

"Go," said the Bishop, "to my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find."

Surtees exclaimed—

"My lord, I hope you will ride to heaven on the back of that cow."

"On the back of that cow" means "on that action." A day or two after, one told him that the wish was absurd:

"I see nothing absurd in it," responded he; "when the Dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of his fellow-clergymen may be glad to lay hold of her tail."

25. A subtle and very beautiful metonymy it is, when the thing or things manifested or proved is taken for the name of the thing that manifests it or them. The blood of crucifixion proved what sorrow—what love His; says Dr. Watts:

> "See from His head, His hands, His feet,
> Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

26. The name of a person for the person himself; as Milton, grandly because dimly:

> "By them stood
> Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
> Of Demogorgon."

27. Per contra, the person for the person's name. As a pronoun is used for a noun, a metonymy may be in a pronoun. A literary man, very extravagant, had got a friend to go round for a subscription in his behalf—not the first time the hat had petitioned. Application was made to Douglas Jerrold:

"How much money do you want?"—"Only a four and two naughts."—"Then put me down for one of the naughts."

"Me" is a change of noun for "my name."

28. The thing worn for the wearer. In the old song,

"Good-morning to your Night-cap,"

"night-cap" means him whose pate it covers. Milton, iv., 785, has this:

"Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear;"

that is, to the left hand and to the right; the shield being worn on the left arm; the spear being wielded by the right hand. Livy, the Latin historian, whose style is so perfect in its milky blandness, has a phrase exactly similar:

"To wheel to the spear, or to the shield."

29. The name of that which is waged is used for the instruments wherewith you wage it; thus, in P. L., vi., 712:

"Bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder."

30. The name of the leader is imparted to the follower; as when the Saviour said to Peter, as if to show for all time that that apostle had no superiority over the other apostles:

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

Matt. xvi., 19, 23, with xviii., 18.

31. The name of a loved object is ascribed to those who are dearly loved. Ponder a charming instance in Mark iii., 31–35; and open your mind to the conviction that none ever used figures more frequently than Demosthenes, Paul, and—the Saviour. So strong this tendency in the last named, that continually it ripened into full-formed fruit in the form of parable. That peerless intellect, what an extraordinary bent was in it to figurative word and thought and action—what a fount of poesy and of the oratoric!

32. The place for the occurrence that happened there; as in Shakespeare:

"By this cimeter,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman!"

XXXVIII.—33. Synecdoché next insists on receiving mention, because it is a thirty-third and double form of metonymy, so important as to have obtained a separate title—a part for the whole, or a whole for the part: as when Thomas Aird addresses his mother as "Thou sacred head"—an expression very familiar to the students of Homer; or as when you term your home "Thou beloved roof;" or as when a general is said to win a victory. Gen. iii., 19; Matt. viii., 8; Mark xvi., 15. In Heb. ii., 14, by "flesh and blood" is meant the *whole* human nature. When the Saviour told Peter, "Flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee," he did not mean that Peter obtained his views from a soulless body; but a part stands for the whole. It is said that there are "a thousand souls" in a town; then their bodies are implied—their souls, a part, contain the whole of them. "They shall be one flesh" is said of twain who are wed; it means not that the wedded pair become a hapless twain deprived of minds or souls. Thus synecdoché scatters the error that the Redeemer is destitute of a human soul, because when a part is specified, the whole is included. Yet Mr. H. W. Beecher, wonderful to say, has adopted this queer idea. As if no such thing as synecdoché ever existed; or as if every wedded pair underwent a loss of soul—a heavy tax on matrimony. How important is synecdoché—how thoroughly it proves a bulwark against a heresy, even!

In Pickering's ballad a synecdoché is found. A wandering minstrel comes to a farmer's door on a midnight of snow; the farmer lets him in, thus addressing the old man:

"'Come in, auld carl, I'll steer my fire,
I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame.'"

"'Nae hame have I,' the minstrel said;
'Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And weeping at the close of life,
I wander through a wreath of snaw.'"

Here one wreath is put for the many.

XXXIX.—34. Metalepsis has also to be carefully catalogued, not without wonder—Compound Metonymy. In Virgil's first "Eclogue," line 70, Melibœus speaks of revisiting his old homestead—

"After some beards of corn;"

where "beards" stand for ears of corn; "ears of corn" for the corn crop; the corn crop for autumn; autumn for the year. Dr. Gibbons has said, in his "Rhetoric:"

"This figure, metalepsis, is like an echo in a spacious dome, that returns again and again upon us before it ceases its sound."

Dr. Boyd, "The Country Parson," has a very clever essay on veal: Veal being immature beef; and immature beef being an emblematic name of immature young men. In an old song, a lady over-bibulous is introduced to us. Her husband prays that she may drink "hooly"—that is, considerately:

"First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Charlie;
O that my wife wad drink hooly and fairly."

She did not literally drink Crummie, the cow, nor Charlie, the horse. "Crummie" denotes the money got by the sale of Crummie; and the money so obtained denotes the whisky bought with the money. In his "Austin Elliot," Henry Kingsley says:

"We shall none of us know any more about the matter till the kye come hame;"

that is, till death; for the kye come home at the gloaming; and gloaming, or the twilight of day, stands for the evening of life; and at the evening of life comes death —the great mystery which is the solver of mysteries. Very wondrous is metalepsis, our thirty-fourth kind of metonymy. S., "Lear," act i., scene i., Lear's 4th speech, line 6. But we hurry to a close. This chapter is by far the most complete treatment of metonymy the world has ever seen. Yet it is evident to you that we hasten to an incomplete close. Easily might you specify a hundred varieties instead of our scanty thirty-four. Of each of these thirty-four we implore you to cull a hundred specimens: a month's work at least. Zech. xi., 10; S., "Julius Cæsar," act i., scene i., 4th speech of Flavius, line 10.

We take leave of metonymy, this elegant department of our subject, by giving a specimen of our own. "Lama sabachthani?"—"why hast Thou forsaken me?" —is one of the dying cries of our Saviour on the cross. Let us use, then, the cry uttered by a person for the person himself, and term the Great Martyr "the Lama Sabachthani of lost mankind." Further, we trust our readers will hold with us that as metonymy is a change of name or noun, no other figure ought to be permitted to refer to change of noun. Trope must not be suffered to intrude into this province. If ever distinctness is to reign on this subject, a change of a noun will no longer be admitted to be a trope. Trope must go, in search of a kingdom, to some other part of speech. We hasten, therefore, to our next chapter. Yet we can not but apologize for the very few words we have given to our fifth variety of metonymy—the use of abstracts for concretes; than which there is nothing in language more refined, more susceptible of poesy. Do not be satisfied till you collect, into your herbarium, two hundred specimens at least. We have thrown away scores of examples, from the painful dread of making our volume too bulky.

CHAPTER X.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART FIFTH.

Tropes.

XL. OUR next figure, a very important one, is the Trope; yet is our subject in a condition so disgraceful to our language that never yet has the term Trope been precisely defined. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, thus decides: "In strict acceptation, the change of a word is a trope"—of a single word. But of what word? The term trope is from the Greek—*τρέπω, I turn;* the turning of a word from its original application, more or less. This brings us so far on our way; but it is far from sufficient, as it does not tell us what kind of word. Webster and all the rest are equally inadequate; you will search all our writers in vain for a clear distinction—which is what the language and the theme imperatively demand—between a trope and a metonymy. Every other commonly employed term is occupied—such as simile, metaphor, implication; metonymy especially is clear as day—it lies always in a noun; is trope to wander around loose, causing only confusion? Yet a large group of figures of the rarest fairy-like beauty, of coruscating might, are left to go destitute of a distinct appellation. Your author is daring enough to seize an unappropriated title, and to wed it to a magnificent group of figures, which that title most exquisitely suits; those turns that lie in adjectives, and which, as soon as you gaze on them, will triumphantly vindicate their deservingness of a wholly separate name. They are not sub-

jects, but attributes or descriptives of subjects; in fact, adjectives.

1. An adjective of one operated on is ascribed to the cause, as in the expressions jovial wine, musing midnight, drowsy tinklings, blushing honors, eddying oar. William Motherwell calls the way weary. Not the way can be weary, but him operated on by the way:

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day."

Milton, in his unsurpassed "L'Allegro," has the expression—

"The merry bells;"

Thomas Moore has—

"Heaven's forgiving rainbow;"

neither the bells nor the rainbow, literally, possess these ascriptives. More delicate this than even metonymy. Disgraceful to make "trope" common to two so different things.

2. An adjective belonging to a subject is bestowed on one of the parts or members of that subject. We speak of one visiting a church with "religious footsteps." Robert Ferguson, the precursor of Burns, ascribes wisdom to the snout, in a panegyric on broadcloth:

"Braidclaith lends folk an unco heeze;
Makes mony kailworms butterflies;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please
Wi' guid braidclaith.
For though you had as wise a snout on
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment folk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak' my aith,
Till they could see you wi' a suit on
O' guid braidclaith."

Mrs. Barbauld, a writer of uncommon vigor, writes of the discomforts of a washing-day. Not is it the hand that can be "impatient:"

> "Thine eye shall rue
> The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
> Myrtle or rose all crush'd, beneath the weight
> Of coarse-check'd apron, with impatient hand
> Twitch'd off when showers impend."

Magnificent our example from Campbell's "Curse of O'Connor's Child;" not the faces were "dying," but her unpitying brothers themselves:

> "Away! away! to Athunrie!
> Where downward when the sun shall fall
> The raven's wing shall be your pall!
> And not a vassal shall unlace
> The visor from your dying face!"

3. An adjective true of an agent is given to the instrument with which or on which he works, or which he or she employs: as in the expressions, "pious incense," "coward swords." In *Spectator*, No. 2, Addison speaks:

"I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, that the lover was at a convenient distance."

Sir Walter, deploring Leyden's early death, applies an ascriptive, "varied in lore," to the lamp which Leyden studied by. S., "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii., scene vi., line 6.

4. In Miss Landon's "Adieu to a Bride" the roof is called "fond"—an adjective true of the contained is turned over to the container:

> "She wept to leave the fond roof where
> She had been lov'd so long;
> Though glad the peal upon the air,
> And gay the bridal throng."

The Hon. William Herbert, celebrated for his elegant translations from the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and especially from the Danish and Icelandic, published his "Helga," in 1815, in seven cantos. He describes the sudden summer of the far North thus:

"Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year."

Not the year buds, but the flowers which that year contains in its spring.

Similarly Joel Barlow, in his national American poem, "The Hasty Pudding," has this couplet:

"At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain."

5. An adjective of the possessor may be turned over to the thing possessed. Horace Walpole, the prince of letter-writers, calls one always grinning to show his fine set of teeth—

"The gentleman with the foolish teeth."

Francis Beaumont speaks of "pale passion," though not the passion can be pale, but he whose the passion is:

"Fountain-heads, and pathless groves—
Places which pale passion loves."

Southey, in his excellent poem, "Madoc," terms the sunshine—"joyful."

6. An adjective expressive of the season, place, or person, is ascribed to an object which strongly characterizes that season, place, or person; as when Milton sings of the gray-fly—

"Winding its sultry horn."

Not the horn is sultry, but the summer evening when its sleepy noise is heard.

7. The main history of an individual is marked fitly by an adjective, which adjective is ascribed to the indi-

vidual himself. Galileo is characterized as "the starry Galileo." In one adjective may a life be thus condensed.

8. An adjective true literally of the thing represented by an emblem is turned over to the emblem itself. Snow is not innocent in any moral point of view; but it is a striking emblem of moral purity. Milton therefore thus writes of Nature at the season of Christ's birth; and in the expression is naught of straining:

> "She woos the gentle air
> To hide her guilty front with innocent snow."

Richard Crashaw asks of a gladsome old age—

> "Would'st see December smile?
> Would'st see nests of new roses grow
> In a bed of reverent snow?"

Darkness, an emblem of melancholy, is itself called melancholy, in the following by Clifford:

> "When the humid showers gather
> Over all the starry spheres,
> And the melancholy darkness
> Gently weeps in rainy tears,
> 'Tis a joy to press the pillow
> Of a cottage chamber-bed,
> And to listen to the patter
> Of the soft rain overhead."

9. An adjective belonging to a thing described is given to the description of it. In the following, from "Madoc," —the best long sea-poem in our language—a tale descriptive of perils is called perilous. Read with care Southey's four great poems: "Thalaba," wild and wondrous; "Kehama," fantastic, irregular, fascinating; "Madoc," with its admirable descriptions of outward nature, and its interesting episodes; "Roderic," his most matured production, strong in dramatic power:

"'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep;
And pause at times and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again."

10. An adjective proper to the cause is turned over to an effect of that cause. The load becomes sweet. Willis G. Clark speaks:

"Mother, thy child is bless'd;
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed a sweet load from thy parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,
Thou'lt meet thy first-born with the Lord at last."

Our American painter and poet, Washington Allston, in his "Spanish Maid," terms the cannons' rattle, "deadly:"

"She hears the cannon's deadly rattle."

11. An adjective of the thinker is ascribed to the effects of thought. Fisher Ames (every thing from him let be studied with great care) speaks of—

"A sanguine and passionate hypothesis."

Not the hypothesis, but those who rushed into it.

12. An adjective proper to a thing worn is given to the wearing of it. This form of trope is rare; only one instance have we discovered—in Horace, noted for his unsurpassed felicity of expression. In his "Odes," the great lyrist has this phrase:

"Purple dresses, the wearing of which is brighter than any star."

After many perusals, we can not find in Horace one strictly original thought; but what elegant diction!

13. An adjective of a thing worn is given to the wearer of it. Quarles, of Lazarus and Dives, says:

"The dogs far kinder than their purple master."

14. An adjective strictly proper to the thing received is turned and given to the receiver of it, as in "Paradise Lost," vi., 528:

"Others from the dawning hills
Looked round."

"Dawning" is strictly true of the light; the hills are the receivers of the light.

Such are fourteen varieties. Continue to collect, till you can delight yourself with—shall we say, a hundred? but, first of all, abundantly illustrate the small number which we have succeeded in amassing. A small number, yet this is the fullest treatise on tropes that ever the English or any literature has seen.

Before leaving this part of our field, we inquire, whence do tropes arise? Affinities, the laws of association, run through them all; and actual fittings and adaptations fused all through mind and matter by Him who is their common Author. It is the peculiarity of Wordsworth, for instance, that he perceives so clearly and widely the affinities between man and matter, and between these twain and the pervading Thinker. All true poets are naturally eager for relationships that really exist; they are therefore keen to discover truths; it is the very office of imagination to exhibit these subtle, beautiful points of connection; while passion is equally busy, outward objects reflecting back our own grief or joy. Hear Bunyan cry:

"I lifted up my head, and methought I saw as if the sun that shined in the heavens did grudge to give me light; as if the very stones on the street, and tiles on the houses, did band themselves against me."

Listen to Lear as he looks up to the heavens, frenzied with lightnings, and implores them to take part with him in his wrongs:

"For ye, too, ye Heavens, are old!"

Passion and poesy thus bend the inward depths of man's heart with stern sublimities; with the winning beauties, with the crash or with the hush of nature, whose meanings are innumerable; and the heart and the fancy prove to be informing powers, that give animation and deciphering to all things. Accept from Richard Coe a sample of this sacred art of the bard, whereby he can read Nature's heart:

"Falleth now from off a tree
A wither'd leaf;
This the lesson taught to me—
'Life is brief!'
Hear it say:
'Mortal, soon thou'lt follow me
To decay.'

"Mounteth now on wings of air
To the sky,
A little dew-drop, pure and clear,
Far up on high.
Hear it say:
'All above the earth is fair;
Watch and pray!
Night or sorrow comes not here;
'Tis perfect day!'"

At the basis of every metonymy, or change of noun, and of every trope, or change of adjective, lies some affinity; this affinity a common eye sees not, but it is there, if the trope or metonymy is worth aught. "All things talk thoughts" to the man of genius; he surpasses others by a greater power of interpreting nature, and reading beauty, truth, and God there. Grand meanings throng in all things to grand souls; for the grand meanings are there. As it would be fatuous to dream that Milton could compose a book without filling it to overflow with Miltonic thoughts, so it were incomparably more fatuous to dream that Jehovah composed his

great book, the External Universe, without crowding it with his thoughts. Metonymies, therefore, and tropes will ever be new; poesy will never run out; for the intellect and the heart of God are inexhaustible; he hath purposely flung every where materials to feed inspired thoughts.

A false religion is sure to be a hinderance to noble writing, however wondrous the inimitable good taste of the writer. No Athenian has given us any description of the noble view from the Acropolis; nor any Roman of the Alps, of the Bay of Naples, or of those Italian lakes so unsurpassed in their melting charm. By a throng of wood-nymphs; of dryads, naiads, and satyrs, of nereids and oreads; of gods and goddesses, Nature was almost mobbed out of sight. When the admirable Virgil has to describe Mount Atlas, what a worse than failure! He speaks of him as a being whose head is shaggy with pines, and whose shoulders are covered with snow—the pines being his locks, the snow his mantle; whereas, in Titanic truth, the top of that, and of every mountain of the first class, is snow-clad, while the woods grow farther down. Great mountains stand before God with their heads uncovered. Such violence to Nature does Mythology lead a great poet to commit. In contrast with which, we prescribe a most beautiful and wonderfully suggestive exercise: Draw up a full list of all the very various outward objects that our Jesus—the Representative Man of the New Age—made use of, as illustrations and trope-materials: such as the lily, the rock, the fountain, the pearl, the net, the mother-hen, the eagle, the sunset-cloud, the torrent, the sower, the hill, the sun, the rain, the moth, the rust, the salt, the eye, the wheat; the harvest, ripening in the autumn. Even the classic influence kept men away, in large part, from nature; Christ led men back to it; and to the innumerable tropes, metonymies, and similes that thence have their suggestion.

Job v., 26; vi., 15–20; vii., 7, 9; viii., 11–15. Psa. i., 3, 4; cxxxiii. Jer. xxxi., 12.

We add here an important reflection: In arranging figures, three heads of arrangement at once suggest themselves—Figures of Similarity, Figures of Contiguity, Figures of Contrast. A fourth class, such as Interrogation, Exclamation, Apostrophe, instead of being departures from the ordinary application of words, are departures from the ordinary structure of sentences. But we might as well expect to be able to reduce, under four or under fifty classes, all the varieties into which the spray of the sea is tossed by the wind, as to be able to reduce all the very numerous varieties into which language is whirled by the agitations of the mind. Mark it well, that the trope contains in its single self many varieties of linguistic form, just as the metonymy does. Unless you fully appreciate this fact, you are by no means sufficiently awake to the rich susceptibilities of language.

In taking our final leave of tropes, we once more urge on literary men the adoption of the reform suggested by us. Unless this improvement in the nomenclature be admitted, there will be an unnecessary appellation intruded on the metonymy, while "change of adjective" will be destitute of an appellation devoted solely to itself. But is "change of adjective" deserving of a name all to itself? This chapter presents you with a sufficient reply. These adjectival changes are innumerable; and they are most susceptible of exquisite delicacy and beauty. Let us welcome them, then, to a separate niche in the Pantheon of Rhetoric. And never can a department of thought conquer for itself a reputable place in literature till its nomenclature is strictly arranged and defined. One name for one thing, and no more. Let change of noun mean metonymy; let change of adjective mean trope.

CHAPTER XI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART SIXTH.

Hypocatastasis or Implication.—Epanarthosis or Correction.—Anamnesis or Recalling.—Aposiopesis or Sudden Silence.—Sudden Self-interruption.—Emblem.

XLI. HYPOCATASTASIS is now before us; that is, Implication: unnamed, undiscriminated by literary men in general—an humbling and extraordinary proof of the wretched neglect into which this subject has fallen. This most beautiful and far-reaching figure had a name in Quintilian's day; scarce any one knows of it by a distinct name in our day, or since Addison's time, at latest. Implied resemblance—a resemblance not stated expressly, but taken for granted. The Saviour's favorite figures were interrogation and implication. If metaphor be ofttimes more forcible than simile, implication can be more forcible than metaphor; so that no point is better fitted to arouse to a vivid consciousness of the marvelous capabilities of English, those who hitherto have no adequate conception of what a wondrous thing our language is.

An implication is an implied metaphor or an implied simile. Thus Southey:

> "No palm-grove islanded amid the waste."

It is implied that the wide desert is an ocean, or is like an ocean. Yet as the adjective, islanded, is not turned

aside from such a word as it originally fits, it is not a trope that is before us; another and distinct name is demanded to classify such a usage. Heeren discourses sublimely of Persepolis—

"Rising above the deluge of years;"

whereby is implied that years sweep over the loftiest edifices of the past as did the flood over the mountain-peaks. Frederick Tennyson, brother of the laureate, sings:

"The vales are surging with the grain."

A simile or resemblance is implied between fields waving with grain and a full sea with its surges. Washington Irving draws a picture of his second Dutch Governor, William the Testy:

"He was some such a little Dutchman as we may now and then see stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad-skirted coat, with huge buttons, an old-fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad and his features sharp; his nose turned up with the most petulant curl; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red, doubtless in consequence of the neighborhood of his fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul beamed with tropical fervor."

It is not asseverated, simile-fashion, that his soul was like the tropics, nor, metaphor-wise, that his soul was the tropics: the simile is implied. Matt. iii., 8, 10, 12; v., 29, 30; vii., 3–6; xvi., 6, 12; Mark i., 17. Turn to the closing lines of the "Pleasures of Memory," the leading poem of Samuel Rogers, banker and poet. The implied similes are thick inlaid:

"Hail, Memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine.
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway;

Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air Hope's summer visions die
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest."

In a companion-piece to this, Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," you will find implication abounding as much. In the closing lines:

"Eternal Hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began; but not to fade
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Here are a class of ornaments to style, deep imbedded in it, that are as ethereal as the down of the peach or blush of the primrose. A ballad, much renowned, by John Lowe, opens thus:

"The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from its eastern summit shed
A silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard—
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'"

If Lowe had told us that the moon's light was like sil-

ver, he would have presented us with a simile; if he had informed us that it was silver, this would have been a metaphor; as it is, we have neither the one nor the other, nor yet a metonymy, for it lies not in a noun; but in an adjective, not subjected to a turn or trope. It is an "implied simile or metaphor," there being a refined delight in the reader's making the application for himself. We quote the famous speech of the Rev. Sydney Smith in favor of Reform in the British House of Commons:

"I do not mean to be disrespectful; but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling the mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease; be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."

At a time when a nation's passions were roused, this hypocatastasis, in which the wit says not that the House of Lords was the dame, nor was like her, set all England a-laughing, and helped considerably to make that revolution a bloodless one.

We throw together a few implications, without comment:

"Life, struck sharp on Death,
Makes awful lightning."—*Mrs. Browning.*

"America is as yet in the youth and gristle of her strength."
—*Burke.*

"America is rising with a giant's strength. Its bones are yet but cartilages."—*Fisher Ames*, in 1794.

"When a bribe is, as it were, cast into one scale, it goes preponderating, and forces down the judgment with it; and no longer he who does this reasons about any thing accurately or soundly."

This is from the oration on the Peace by Demosthenes; who does not disdain, you perceive, the commonest illustrations; and who was exceedingly far from the folly of thinking that men are not responsible for their reasonings and their beliefs. How often is the judgment, like a scale heavily weighted by false weights, forced down to shameful adjudications.

Said Dr. Johnson:

"An elevated genius employed about little things appears like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less."

No beauty in this passage, were it not that a real analogy did exist here. The words are full of poesy; but just as full of wisdom. But to detect, detain, and fix moral or intellectual relations, can not be done without using many an analogy sought out by fancy; so that not great poets only, but great thinkers, need to possess, and some of them have in a remarkable degree possessed, a style full of figures, notable examples being Lord Bacon, Edmund Burke, Hugh Miller, and Sir David Brewster. With profound truth Madame de Staël has laid down this axiom:

"Imagination, so far from being, as many narrowly, unthinkingly deem, a faculty that deals only or chiefly in illusions, is as mighty a discoverer of truths as judgment itself can be."

Young, author of "Night Thoughts," remarks:

"When we dip too deep in pleasure, we always stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious."

When he thus says, there is force of argument in what he urges as well as aptness of illustration. How continually Jehovah himself uses implications. In Scripture, guilt is a spotted, leprous garment; iniquity is the treasures of darkness; a sinful life is a crooked path, or a feeding on ashes; the unslumbering conscience is the worm, the snake, that never dies; remorse is the quenchless fire in the breast that turns eternity into flame; while, on the other hand, innocence is a white robe, washed in Christ's blood; heaven is the city of victor-palms; and all these analogies are referred to, very often in broad statements, but also in allusions and implications the most refined. How many hypocatastases in the first ten chapters of Isaiah, or in the fifty-fifth; though often the more ethereal shade of meaning has escaped our translators. Thus in the Greek were two words for white: one denoted a dead white, as that of white paper; the other a living, flashing, glistening white, as that of a diamond or a star, or that of stainless snow in the sunray; and it is the latter which is used in Rev. iii., 4. How beautiful an expression! Those in heaven, rescued by the Deliverer, walk in gleaming, glistening white, incarnated in star-glory.

Of course, as much want of taste may be betrayed in implications as in any other figure; as when Washington Irving speaks thus of rural life in England:

"While it has banded society together, it has implanted in each intermediate link a spirit of independence."

How can any thing be planted in a link; or how can a spirit be planted any where?

At the court of James IV. of Scotland flourished William Dunbar, a poet immeasurably superior to any of whom England could boast in the whole dreary one hundred and ninety years between the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Faerie Queene." His, an eminently beautiful poem—"The Merle and the Nightingale." The Merle

argues human love to be best. The Nightingale replies in behalf of love to God. Thus mellifluously she:

> "A Nightingale with sugar'd notes new,
> Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone.
> Her sound went with the river as it ran."

Samuel Daniel, the dramatist, in a style light, sinewy, elegant, gives us this to gather:

> "He that of such a height hath built his mind,
> And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
> As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
> Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
> Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
> His settled peace, or to disturb the same—
> What a fair seat hath he from whence he may
> The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey."

Of the imitators of Dr. Johnson's sounding style, Sir Walter asked:

"Most of these have his report, but which of them carries his bullet?"

From the beautiful ballad "Helen of Kirkconnel" we select the epithet applied to that young lady slain at her lover's side:

> "When in my arms Bird Helen dropt."

In illustration of which sweet expression, perhaps its source, see the never too much admired and wondered at, S., "Cymbeline," act iv., scene ii., Arviragus's 15th speech, 1st line.

Miss Mulock, whose prose is muscular as the arm of a first-class gladiator, has in her poetry, of one over-pompous:

> "Your Maggotship."

Nay, Thomas Paine gives us one of the happiest implications; when, while Burke is all preoccupied with the

disasters that crushed the French aristocracy, he reminds him of the horrors long endured by the common people:

"Mr. B. pities the plumage, but he forgets the dying bird."

Two implications, of kin to each other, we have, one from Byron, of a person very pretentious:

"All his goods are put in the shop-window;"

another from Jerrold, to a youth eager to see himself in print:

"Be advised by me, young man—don't take down the shutters till there is something in the window."

Very important the view of Passion presented by John Foster, in his most invaluable "Essay on Decision of Character"—worth reading once a year:

"The whole amount of Passion of which any mind, with important transactions before it, is capable, is not more than enough to supply interest and energy to its practical exertions; and therefore as little as possible of this sacred fire should be expended in a way that does not augment the force of action."

How absurd, on the other hand, Cowley's implied simile of one early famous:

"In life's fair morn his fame did early crow!"

Most renowned once, "The Divine Weeks" of Guillaume de Sallust du Bartas, a French nobleman of Henry IV.'s court—going through thirty editions in six years; translated into Italian, German, Latin, and English, but destroyed by its false figures. "I remember, when I was a boy," says Dryden in the Preface to his "Spanish Friar," "I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison with Sylvester's 'Du Bartas,' and was wrapt in an ecstasy when I read:

"'Now when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltic Ocean (O-ce-ann !),
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods.'".

Let us take Dryden's excellent advice in that passage; let us see that our thoughts themselves be valuable; for, after all, the thought is the main thing. Taste, too, is very capable of being greatly bettered by education. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, was deeply disappointed when he first saw the works of Raphael in the Vatican—but not when he saw them the twentieth time. "I remember," says Leslie, in his admirable "Autobiographical Recollections," "when the picture of 'The Ages,' by Titian, was first pointed out to me by Allston as an exquisite work, I thought he was laughing at me." In fine, hypocatastasis or implication is a figure so refined that to collect a good hundred of them would of itself go a considerable way to furnish you with the needed culture of your taste. As when Camoens (translated by Mickle) says:

"Honor and selfishness are never found in the same sack."

XLII. We hurry on to Correction or Epanorthosis—the recalling of an expression in order to put a stronger or a more guarded one in its place. From Charles Sprague take an example of this figure, so born for oratory, from his "Lines on a Picture:"

"O it is life! Departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze;
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair,
Half-curtained in this glossy hair.
These eyes, the very home of love;
The dark twin arches traced above;
These red, ripe lips that almost speak;
The fainter blush of this pure cheek;
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is—ah no! 'tis all but life."

Pierpont, on the grave of a sage, bestows on you a superior instance:

"Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine.
Friend of man! of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine.
Taught and charm'd as by no other
We have been and hoped to be;
But while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light, 'tis dark with thee!
Dark with thee? No! Thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou did'st love, shall give thee greater
Light than Earth's, as Earth withdraws."

In Erskine's speech for Hardy, accused of high-treason, these words were addressed to the jury, 1794:

"If you can say this, that he is guilty, upon the evidence, it is your duty to say so, and you may with a tranquil conscience return to your families, though by your judgment the unhappy object of it must return no more to his. Alas, gentlemen, what do I say? He has no family to return to. The affectionate partner of his life has already fallen a victim to the surprise and horror which attended the scene now transacting."

See John xvi., 32. Rom. viii., 34. Gal. i., 6; iii., 4; iv., 9.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was in his time the very impersonation of satire in debate. On one occasion he thus declaimed:

"It is a shame, Mr. President, that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition."

Cries of order interrupted the speaker; but the president sustained him. The fierce debater resumed, correcting himself—pointing to his opponents most contemptuously:

"Rats, did I say?—mice! mice!"

John Godfrey von Herder, eminent among the Germans in poetry and in prose, thus speaks:

"Were there in the Bible never so many mistakes of geology, history, astronomy, and the like (but it is proved that there is none—in the mean time we will assume it), yet it is certain that the Bible was not given to instruct me in these matters, but only in regard to religion and virtue."

Or Dr. Claus Harms speaks—a distinguished ornament of the German pulpit; he addresses the prosperous ungodly:

"Fortunate men, I envy you! Nay, no irony here! I envy you not, for your rest is a false rest."

John Summerfield, whose career as a preacher was so short and so brilliant, and who has been called the seraphic Summerfield, furnishes this:

"That kingdom whose sceptre once swayed the world, betwixt whose colossal stride all nations were glad to creep to find themselves dishonored graves, is now forgotten, or if its recollection be preserved, its history is emphatically called—'The Decline and Fall.'"

We leave this great oratorical figure in the hands of our pulpit guides; little have they pondered the capabilities of their position if they be not very familiar with it. S., "Romeo and Juliet," act iv., scene v., lines 59–63.

As our final example of Correction—a figure which all will admit to be very noble, and which demands to be frequently used by the orator, in even his highest moments—take a homely instance, selected from one of those most amusing books on Scottish character, by Dean Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh, a great favorite in the Edinburgh society of our day. In a large village in the Land of Cakes, as Scotland is gastronomically termed, flourished a person who had from poverty risen to wealth, whereof he was proud. In his later years, he occasionally was found, though never in a loose, yet

sometimes in a tight condition. Reeling homeward one summer night, he fell into a ditch, where he was discovered thus communing with himself:

"Here lies one thousand pounds a year!"

(Using, observe, without borrowing it from us—it was quite original on his part—No. 14 of our list of metonymies, the thing possessed for the possessor.) He paused abruptly for a moment. Then, correcting himself, he resumed:

"Hoot, toot, man. Ye should hae said, when ye were aboot it, here lies twa thousand a year."

XLIII. Anamnesis—that is, Recollection—is merely one special form of Correction; the sudden calling to mind of some particular that was overlooked—in reality, not in appearance. As suppose a Gospel preacher were to cry, as we heard one lately, as he was summing up a discourse on God:

"Hitherto in this discourse I did not sufficiently bear in mind one momentous consideration peculiar to our subject—it flashes on me now. When I address you about Abraham or Moses—he of whom I speak is absent; when I adventure to speak of God—he of whom I speak is present, to see with what heart I speak of Him."

But be it no pretended forgetting. Condescend to no sham for the sake of effect. With ease and with contempt will your hearers see through your hollowness.

XLIV. Sudden Silence, Aposiopesis—"the Greeks," says old Puttenham, "call him the figure of Silence;" it is the leaving of a sentence unfinished in consequence of some emotion or perception of the mind suddenly and powerfully intruding upon us. Of kin it is to Correction. Thus, in the First Book of the "Æneid," Neptune is threatening the Winds with vengeance for having, by him unlicensed, upheaved the ocean with tempest:

"Ye winds, whom I—but it is better to calm the billows."

A speaker thus vividly makes us feel that such intense passion burns within him as almost carries him beyond the bounds of reason, but yet that reason, though with difficulty, regains control. See Luke xix., 42; xiii., 9. Take an illustration from "The Bride's Tragedy," by Beddoes:

> "And must I hide these sweets not in my bosom—
> In the foul earth! She shudders at my grasp!
> Just so she laid her head across my bosom
> When first—O villain! Which way lies the grave?"

XLV. Sudden Self-interruption bears close resemblance to the three last; when in broken sentences the eddying perturbations of the soul, and its jarring inward self-contradictions, are powerfully set forth. Shakespeare, whom let the young orator study night and day to learn the resources of eloquence, gives examples in the soliloquies of "Hamlet," which seem written as if to show how utterly the human spirit defies to be bound in the fetters of any system or stiff theory. How unmatched the following:

> "That it should come to this!
> But two months dead!—nay, not so much—not two.
> So excellent a king; that was, to this,
> Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
> That he might not permit the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
> Must I remember? . . . And yet, within a month—
> Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!
> A little month; or ere those shoes were old
> With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
> Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
> O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
> Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
> My father's brother; but no more like my father,
> Than I to Hercules."

An instance as wondrous—that is, as like the almost

miraculous reality of the mind, find in "Lear," act ii., scene iv., Gloster's 1st speech, 15 lines. It is not that Shakespeare represents the human heart. No! He merely places man before us, and lets him represent himself.

Sir James Macintosh's speech for Peltier is very noble. He asks the Attorney-General, who urged the punishment of Peltier for a libel on Bonaparte, if it would have been wrong to expose, in the strongest manner, certain deeds, like Napoleon's, of previous French rulers:

"When Carrier ordered five hundred children under fourteen years of age to be shot, the greater part of whom escaped the fire from their size, when the poor victims ran for protection to the soldiers, and were bayoneted clinging round their knees, would my friend—but I can not pursue the strain of interrogation. It is too much. It would be an outrage to my friend. It would be an insult to human nature."

Turn again to S., "Winter's Tale," act iii., scene ii., Paulina's 4th speech, line 11. "Richard III.," act v., scene iii., Richard's 10th speech, lines 1–16. Do we often hear any thing so intense as this from the pulpit? If not, why not? Of all places under heaven, it is worse than inexcusable that the grand Christian rostrum should be —tame. A hero of Shakespeare can say, without the least exaggeration:

"A thousand hearts are great within my bosom."

Why must not every Christian orator feel constrained to as much? It is remarkably evident that feelings which would prompt such a whirl of interrogations and breaks as Shakespeare dashes in our faces would make it wholly impossible to read that part of the sermon, and would necessitate a delivery as wild, abrupt, untrammeled, cataract-like, as the style.

XLVI. Emblem, a thrilling figure, permit us to condense within an extremely brief notice; of which the most beautiful, the most impressive uses might be made, far more frequently than is done; such a volume of the

poetic and of pathos can be hinted in a single emblematic object. A magnificent instance—be one as good as a hundred. When man fell, Milton assures us that—

"Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan.
Sky lower'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

Or mark the force of the emblematic storm in Tennyson's "Sisters;" a howl of tempest that raves and maddens in every tiger-stanza:

"I kissed his eyelids into rest;
His ruddy cheek was on my breast;
The wind is raging in turret and tree."

Why, in the name of all that is fresh and arousing, is this not oftener heard from the pulpit? While the summer sunshine through the high church windows pours flashingly, eloquent for God; or over the bread in the sacrament the white cloth lies, like a shroud over a corpse, admirable would the effect be of leaving the emblem unapplied; for it is well to trust something to the audience. See Dr. Emmons, page 375. This we heard lately, suppose—though your author coins it:

"How sad the ruin of female virtue! The purest thing hath been trampled into the most polluted! The other day the pure snow from heaven lay on the pavement of a street near by. How it glistened in the beam of God! Two days after, it was a soiled and sullied mass."

From the Italian of Giambatista Volpe permit your author to translate for you the following sonnet, consisting all of emblems:

"AN APPEAL TO YOUTH.

"To battle trained, the death-defying steed
Hastes fearless to the throng and din of fight.
But if unrein'd he loiters in the mead—
Soon fades his kindling eye, his warrior might.

Mirror for wood-nymph's form, the streamlet leads
Down from the mountain lake its waves of light;
If sluggish grow their course, unsightly weeds
The life and lustre of the waters blight.
The gallant ship defies the flashing sea;
But lingering in the dock, the moths consume
Heaven-pointing mast and white sail fluttering free.
Ye young! be warn'd; lest indolence engloom
Your manhood in its base obscurity,
And never laurel round your forehead bloom!"

No more pathetic instance will you find than that in the "Iliad," Book II., 308–332. As the serpent caught and slaughtered the sparrow and her brood of eight, so were the Achæans to storm Troy after the nine years of siege. The wise Odysseus dwelt all on this, in a most effective speech at a most critical moment. How instructive this old and triumphant case of pleading by emblem!

As Theodore Tilton refers to the Weird, in which Mrs. Browning excels, we quote from him:

"She abounds in figures, strong and striking, sometimes strange and startling; sometimes grotesque and weird; often, one may say, unallowable; but always having a piercing point of meaning that gives warrant for their singularity. Swords have not keener edges, nor flash brighter lights than the sudden similes drawn by this poet's hand. She illustrates at will from nature, art, mythology, history, literature, Scripture, common life. She plucks metaphors wherever they grow, and, to those who have eyes to see, they grow every where. Occasionally, taking for granted a too great knowledge on the part of her readers, even of such as are cultivated, her figures are covered with dust of old books, and their meaning is hidden in a vexing obscurity. But, on the other hand, her sentences often are as clear as ice, and have a lustre of prismatic fires."

CHAPTER XII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART SEVENTH.

The Weird.—The Quaint.—Antithesis.—Epantiosis.—Antimetaboles.—Parison or Annomination.—Omoioteleuton.—Isocolon.—Commutation.

XLVII. WE open this chapter with a turn of writing capable of fine adaptations, yet needing only short notice—the Weird; never heretofore registered as figurative, but susceptible of effects that lie deep, and which are very beautiful, though extremely difficult to define. Often we feel them when we can not describe them; as in this by Horatius Bonar, a sainted Scottish clergyman:

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon.
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

"Beyond the frost chill and the fever,
I shall be soon.
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come."

If devices such as this, partly linguistic and partly of thought, be hailed by you as figurative, you will feel that many a figure goes much deeper into the soul than it is usual to imagine. Study the poems of George Herbert and of Francis Quarles for abundant examples, and the "Ancient Mariner" and the "Christabel" of Coleridge, in which the weird is not only the pervading spirit of the whole, but marks many of the individual expressions.

XLVIII. The Quaint is another form of words never before deemed figurative, yet fairly claiming so to be catalogued. George H. Clark indulges in a form, shall we say of words, that can get itself arranged under not any of the old figures—when he sums up the successful result of a friend's application for legal damages for a railway accident in this wise:

> "And he writes me the result
> In his quiet way as follows:
> That his case came up before
> A bench of legal scholars,
> Who awarded him his claim
> Of $1500."

XLIX. But let us not innovate too much at a time; let us get back among the regular veterans. We turn your attention to Antithesis, called Epantiosis, when things very different are compared. Throughout the Book of Proverbs, the practical man's vade-mecum, the Dictionary of Good Sense, fine examples every where occur. Consult the book at random. Antithesis is well fitted for sarcasm, epigram, character-painting; its strong-pointed condensations make it suit the climax of oratory; but for the pathetic, for the tragic scenes of the drama, it has too labored an air. In the writings of Dr. Johnson, as in his "Rambler," it is often false, lying chiefly in the words; in the letters of the political thunderer, Junius, it is real, and lies in the images and thoughts. Byron in his shorter poems is constantly using it.

To begin with Pope's celebrated contrast of Virgil and Homer:

"Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist; in the one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream."

Equally famous Johnson's comparison of Dryden and Pope; we quote one very characteristic sentence—Johnson all through:

"Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation. Pope's is the velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and leveled by the roller."

Or turn to Dr. Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," a book which it would be almost impossible to recommend too highly:

"All art is founded on science, and the science is of little value that does not serve as the foundation of some beneficial art. On the most sublime of all sciences, theology and ethics, is built the most important of all arts—the art of living."

In another passage he has this:

"Taste consists in the power of judging, genius in the power of execution. Taste appreciates, genius creates."

Take an illustration from another Scotchman, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, from his magnificent "Astronomical Discourses;" where he contrasts the telescope and the microscope:

"The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand in the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may

number within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread on; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament."

How excellently, then, antithesis is fitted, in the peroration of a speech, for bringing to a focus a number of scattered lights. It is in composition what the summing up is, exactly opposite each other, of the Dr. and Cr. columns in book-keeping—showing at a glance the state of the whole account. Of this the admirable, the brilliant Macaulay is a great master. But nothing is heavier, nothing more offensive to a simple and manly taste than false antithesis—the fault of Seneca among the Latins, of Young's "Night Thoughts" in our literature. Never be this figure used from the mere love of balancing sentences; never be it so strong as to exaggerate and convey false views.

Of a figure so important there are many varieties that have been named. Words are repeated and opposed in the same tense or case, as when the ancient philosopher said:

"I do not live that I may eat, but I eat that I may live."

This the Greeks called—

L. Antimetabole.

LI. When a word is opposed to another of similar or nearly similar sound but different meaning, this is Parison or Annomination; as when George Buchanan, whose Latin version of the Psalms is so elegant, the renowned teacher of James I. of England, terms the monks of the time, not mendicant monks, but manducant monks.

LII. When there are similar syllable-endings of two or more successive clauses in a sentence, there being the same case or tense, this is Omoioteleuton, as in

Cicero's "Excessit, evasit, erupit;" or in Cæsar's part of a letter: "Veni, vidi, vici."

LIII. Isocolon occurs when a sentence consists of members of about equal length, balanced against each other, as in this of Cicero:

"How triumphant he, did impudence avail as much in the senate and in the courts of justice, as audacity prevailed in the country and in the wilds of the province."

LIV. Commutation is the turning round of a proposition, as thus:

"If a poem is a speaking picture, a picture should be a silent poem."

This subject irresistibly reminds us of one of the shortest and one of the best of books, which every young person should buy—the "Essays" of Lord Bacon, admirably edited by Archbishop Whately; a work of which Professor Dugald Stewart has said:

"It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet after the twentieth perusal one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before."

In it you constantly meet such gems as these:

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

But while all agree in lauding this booklet, the ponderous tomes of Dr. John Owen, which some laud so highly, are by Robert Hall branded as a "continent of mud." Yet this is a saying inestimably valuable, by Owen:

"He that hath slight thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God."

Daniel Defoe—to whom boyhood owes some of its brightest hours, author of the unsurpassed "Robinson Crusoe"—first and best of its kind; many a volume did he pen; his a boundless wealth of homely, racy, most

vigorous Saxon. He seems almost entitled to rank as founder of our periodical literature; for his *Review*, a sheet that appeared twice a week, preceded the *Tattler* of Steele and Addison. In the opening of his "Trueborn Englishman" are these four lines of the church and the theatre:

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the larger congregation."

To many, perhaps, will be more pleasing the lines of Hannah More, a lady who did excellent service to morality and religion toward the close of the last century:

> "Since trifles are the sum of human things,
> And half our misery from our foibles springs;
> Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
> And though but few can serve, yet all may please—
> O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
> A small unkindness is a great offense.
> To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
> Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

Or take this most weighty saying of Bishop Griswold —a double antithesis:

"If we are born but once, we shall die twice; but if we are born twice, we shall die but once"—

a sentence which in its meaning and in its style reminds us of the writings of the Latin Father, Augustine, which run over with the noblest truths put antithetically.

Pope Gregory First refuses us not a noble antithesis:

"When we pray for everlasting life with the mouth, and do not desire it in the heart, our cry is a silence; when we long for it out of the abundance of the heart, our silence is a cry, which does not reach human ears, yet fills the ears of God."

In the subjoined from Bayne's valuable "Essays" we find a truth of high value in criticism:

"Memory and imagination are essentially distinct. The one is, indeed, the handmaid of the other—the serviceable, the indispensable handmaid; but the handmaid can not change places with the mistress. Memory brings the materials and lays them out; it may be in systematic arrangement; it may be in chaotic disorder. Imagination looks upon them, and they are grouped into unity or spring into life. Mere mechanical order becomes living harmony; and disorder subsides into a world. All those lights of natural beauty, all those truths of symmetry and form which the Greek imagination embodied in Aphrodité, could be catalogued and counted over by memory. The bend of the sea-wave; the white foam mantling in the sunlight into rose-bloom; the laughing light that danced in a thousand smiles over the broad front of Ocean, might all have been chronicled, yet remained forever dead and apart. But imagination comes upon the scene. Lo! the bending wave is a moving arm; the snow of the foam and the tints of its rainbows blend in a living cheek; the many-twinkling laughter of the sea is gathered into the witching eye of Aphrodité."

We shall next take a few examples of how well-fitted this great figure is for character-painting. We introduce to you one whom Byron, too flatteringly, styled "Nature's sternest painter, but her best," the Rev. George Crabbe, whose biography will present to you as hard and as victorious a life-battle, through extremest difficulties, to honor, usefulness, and peace, as the history of genius and worth ever exhibited. He thus delineates the almshouse physician:

"But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof and echoes round the walls;
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe;
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go.

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is—neglect."

Dryden's character of the Duke of Buckingham let next flit before your vision. What power is in it!

"A man so various, that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long—
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
Then all for women, rhyming, dancing, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing or praises were his usual themes,
And both to show his judgment in extremes.
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
Squandering of wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert."

In our American poesy few contrasts more striking than that which reigns in Dana's "Buccaneer." The island, once the haunt of pirates and of murder, is now a home of Sabbath-bells and love:

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea
The black duck with her glossy breast
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! No ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days, were in the vale.
Flapped in the gale the pirate's sheet.
Curses were on the gale.
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then."

Let us now betake us to prose for a few illustrations. The Rev. Julius Hare gives us this:

"To Adam paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, home is a paradise."

From Bishop Pearson on the "Creed" we take the following:

"The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is cast upon the earth and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply. Our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by a succession of resurrections. And is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself?"

Of gunpowder and printing, the sixth American President writes thus ably:

"Perhaps if a reflecting man were required to point out the two incidents which have had the most extensive influence upon the history of nations and the happiness of private life since the foundation of Christianity, he would name gunpowder and printing. They effected a total revolution in the management of the two great engines which operate upon human action—force and reason. To the application of physical force, gunpowder gave a concentration of activity and energy which had never before been known. To the operation of intellectual power, printing added the advantages of multiplicity and dissemination. By the composition of gunpowder, matter seemed sublimed into soul. By the process of printing, soul derived new vigor by the vesture of matter."

Tassoni, by investing his antithesis with surprisal, adds new power to it, as in his "Bucket:"

"Now issuing from the Ram the sun forth showers
On the cold clouds his radiant archery;
Earth shone in turn like heaven, the skies like flowers;
And every wind fell sleeping on the sea;
Only the zephyr with his gentle powers
Moved the soft herbage on the flowery lea.
Nightingales murmur'd still their loves and pities—
And jackasses commenced their amorous ditties."

We all feel at once how sweet is the contrast, verbal and in fact, stated by the Latin Father, St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux:

"God is without passion, but not without compassion."

And how impressive the way taken in the subjoined of urging on the heart the sad absence of the loved, by stating the presence of the unloved and undesired; when a youth slain in fight returns not home—

"His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough:
They only saw—the cloud of night;
They only heard—the roar of Yarrow."

Bishop Earle's "Microcosmography" is an old and forgotten work that ought to be republished. How many a spirited antithesis in the following portrait—"The Clown:"

"The plain country fellow is one that manures the ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He seems to have the punishment of a Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His mind is not much

distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished though his haste be never so great, and will fix here half an hour's conversation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke; which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and has yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef. He is capable but of two prayers—for rain and fair weather. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but because it spoiled the grass."

An instance or two of overdone antithesis may now be useful, especially if from an author apt to allure us to imitate him too much. In the following from Macaulay's wonderful "History" you will feel an excess that makes the style heavy and monotonous:

"Drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty. Two rival confederacies of statesmen: a confederacy zealous for authority and antiquity, and a confederacy zealous for liberty and progress."

Such a constant see-saw and balancing of clauses—such an artificial contrast and repetition of sounds, becomes a great blemish, especially in a long historical work.

Our treatment of this figure would be utterly incomplete, unless attention were directed to the circumstance, evident in many of the above extracts, that the contrast may, with the most powerful effect, be made to lie in the opposition of situations, or of personal characters. There is much of this in Nature; and literature should image Nature. There is the shaggy mountain and the smooth clover-field. There is the rock, storm-defiant; and the well, moss-circled. Thus in Spain's greatest lit-

erary product, the never-to-be-surpassed "Don Quixote," by Cervantes; there runs through it all the living antitheses, between the Don—the disinterested, dreamy hero—and Sancho Panza, sly, selfish, shrewd, vulgar-minded, whose dreams are never of glory, but of beef and bacon, like those of Cuddie Headrigg. Nothing in a drama can be more important than this contrast of characters, as when in Schiller's great tragedy of "Wallenstein," so almost incomparably translated by Coleridge, the two lovers, Max and Thekla, shine in calm, star-like beauty, purity, love, in touching contrast with the licentious or ambitious or traitor-like denizens of a tumultuous camp. No writer surpasses Shakespeare in this. The old, narrow school of critics long derided his introducing scenes of broad humor into his tragedies, into even his four greatest and severest—"Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet;" but, despite of the clever shallowness of Voltaire, all now admit this mingling of mirth and sorrow to be no more than what occurs in actual life. The woe is thus deepened by contrast. The tears have their fount close to the laughter. The mad pranks of the fool in "Lear" reveal more clearly the utter desolation of the outraged and houseless king and father. So in the "Winter Night's Tale," how delightful the contrast between the former part, which introduces us to a royal court, and the latter part, which leads us into a shepherd's cottage, where a sweet shepherdess reigns queen over hearts. So it is in "Cymbeline." But let us select a specimen. Open with us act i., scene vi., of "Macbeth." After wild incidents of storm and battle, when the raven shrieks till he is hoarse, and supernatural beings, whose wild, dim forms baffle description and even conception, meet at their rites of hell, on a heath, in thunder and in hail, and immediately before the midnight assassination of a generous and confiding king, the following dialogue is inserted, between Duncan and Banquo, as they arrive before the walls of Macbeth's castle:

"*Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
"*Banquo.* This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle. Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate."

Excellent the remark of the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, on this passage:

"This short dialogue has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed repose."

Similarly, Homer, after a battle, while the blood of the slain yet lies wet on the ground, often introduces a rural image. The unsurpassed picturings of harvest joys and of the operations of quiet art, in his description of the figures on the wondrous shield of Achilles, are interposed so as to have the finest antithetic effect.

We can not refrain from throwing in here these words of strange power from Clarence's dream in Shakespeare. The doomed prince, whose death is near, is asleep; but sleepless is his mind. A vision flits before him; thus he tells of what he saw—what a glimpse unsurpassed!

"There came wandering by
A shadow like an angel; with bright hair
Dabbled in blood."

Let us throw together a few antitheses given in few words. Saith H. W. Beecher of our Greatest Friend:

"He came into this world, not by the palace door, but by the stable door."

Says Jackson the painter:

"Whatever is worth doing for the sake of example, is worth doing for its own sake."

From De la Rue, in his great sermon, "The Dying Sinner," hear what he utters of a death-bed repentance:

"Produce me one solitary instance from Scripture. St. Bernard finds but one: that of the thief upon the cross. I confess that this is a very great sinner, but is he a hardened sinner? This moment is the last of his life; but, says Eusebius, it is the first of his calling. You blame the tardiness of his conversion. I, says St. Ambrose, admire the promptitude of it."

Halleck, last of all, enables us to close with antithesis and surprisal; leading us on a trip to Alnwick Castle, a seat of the Dukes of Northumberland:

"You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his gentle Kate,
Are some half-dozen serving-men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid, whose lip, and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten and sixpence sterling!"

The feeling that, in closing this chapter, ought to be left on the mind by the many various forms of excellence exemplified by so many quotations, is this—that the choicest things in literature are such as awaken a response in the common heart. The "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," by Gray, and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Burns, are two of such pieces. How it enheartens those who believe in the progress of man; in his emancipation from war, alcohol, and pollution, to see glorious literature and the Divine Cross manifestly forming and addressing a common and universal brotherhood; that the tendency to diversities of language is

plainly past its worst; that the truths of Calvary and the loveliest thoughts of the finest thinkers are working in harmony to expand all minds into the enjoyment of a vast body of common faiths, and a vast body of intellectual products, owned in common, as a wealth in which all can exult.

We close this chapter with a few figures put together in disorder, purposely, in review.

George S. Hillard gives us this passage:

"The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms; the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home of the homeless."

Dr. Thomas Brown, the celebrated successor of Professor Dugald Stewart in Edinburgh, thus speaks:

"The proud look down upon the earth, and see nothing that creeps upon its surface more noble than themselves. The humble look upward to their God."

Thomas Randolph, the dramatist, a contemporary of Shakespeare, presents us with this:

> "Justice like lightnings ever should appear
> To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear."

Mary Howitt bestows on us a very deft enallage—an adjective for a noun. His taste is still numb, to whom this little matter imparts not an exquisite thrill; he

is much to be pitied, whom tiny beauties do not delight:

> "Little streams have flowers a many,
> Graceful, beautiful, as any."

From Robert Southwell, in Elizabeth's reign, accept of a striking ellipsis; he died on the scaffold:

> "I read the label underneath,
> That telleth me whereto I must;
> I see the sentence too that saith,
> Remember, man, thou art but dust."

A teacher of Botany, a science of the beautiful, sometimes throws together a confusion of flowers, and asks the students to classify them. Let the teacher of style occasionally treat figures in the same way. He will find intentional confusion very useful.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART EIGHTH.

Intentional Discrepancy.—Nonsense.—Oxymoron, or Wise Folly.—Euphemism.—Misnomer.—Hyperbolé.—Change of Usage.

LV. INTENTIONAL DISCREPANCY next deserves mention on our list of figures. Thus S.:

> "The work we have in hand,
> Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible."

Why is the "most" left out before fiery? With deliberate intention, to humor our love of variety; to avoid a monotonous return of the same construction. Who but derives an agreeable sensation from it? S., "Julius Cæsar," act ii., scene i., Brutus's 20th speech, last line. So when Octavius Cæsar, in "Antony and Cleopatra," says:

> "Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well."

Again, in "Hamlet," act ii., scene ii., lines 33, 34; "Measure for Measure," act ii., scene ii., Angelo's 17th speech, line 3.

Denis Florence Maccarthy thus expostulates in behalf of Ireland. Mark the last of the four lines, "And they perish," instead of "and they are perishing:"

> "They are dying—they are dying, where the golden corn is growing;
> They are dying—they are dying, where the crowded herds are lowing;

They are gasping for existence where the streams of life are flowing;
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of life is blowing."

LVI. Nonsense; shall we dignify that with a place on our list? Assuredly will vote for doing so every one who hath at all duly noticed what admirable and wise uses it can be, and often is, put to, though never before in rhetoric has it been so highly honored. How deeply does clever or quaint nonsense abide in the memory, and for how many a decade—from earliest youth to age's most venerable years. You see how sweet and dear it is to unsophisticated human nature, in the fact that, in all nations, nurses sing nonsense verses to the babes they fondle. We had not been in Savannah, Georgia, one hour, till we heard rhymes that had been familiar to us on the banks of the Clyde; and we heard them with delight:

"Zickaty, dickaty, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse run—
Zickaty, dickaty, dock."

See Hood's inimitable letter to a child, quoted farther on in this chapter. Burns is not without a specimen:

"Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago.
If he's 'mang his freens or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago;
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago."

An old ballad before the Reformation, attacking the Romish clergy, and such popular ballads were numerous, has for its refrain:

"Sing hey trix,
Trim go trix,
Under the greenwood tree."

A celebrated political ballad of William, the great Liberator, is known by a nonsense chorus:

"Lilliburlero bullin a-la."

LVII. By an easy transition, Wise Folly, or Oxymoron, comes next, according to which words of contrary signification are united, thus producing a seeming contradiction; as when Horace speaks of a "strenuous idleness;" or Ben Jonson of the "liquid marble" of poetry. Cicero, Rome's chief of orators, says to Catiline:

"Thy country, silent, addresses thee thus."

Milton shows to Despair—

"In the lowest depth a lower depth."

Tennyson lauds—

"A deedful life; a silent voice."

The voice, silent in one respect, that is, to the outward ear, speaks to the admiring minds of those who mark the heavenward course of a life that abounds in noble deeds. Addison, in his well-known hymn, explains the grounds on which this figure rests:

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine—
'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

In Sidney's very interesting "Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill," we meet with this statement by Hill, very momentous:

"Many are willing to be justified, but desire not to be sanctified. Not so with me. I can say of justification and sanctification, like the child who replied, when asked which he loved best, his father or his mother—'I love them both best.'"

Or, as George Macdonald has it:

"Jesus is more Man than any man."

John Trumbull, a poet of the Revolutionary War, is the author of "McFingal," an imitation of "Hudibras"—a very able one. The hero is a Scotch justice of the peace, near Boston; the whole three cantos are very interesting. Here comes a good oxymoron:

"Not only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass—
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Though former days produced a plenty;
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

Very finely expressed was Mrs. Barbauld's line, energetic in a high degree, as every thing of hers is. Of a night of stars, when not a wind moves the leaves—when not a cloud specks the moonlight or dims the dome, she exclaims:

"How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise."

Thomas Hood, in another vein, informs us that when Sally Brown beheld young Ben hauled off to sea by a press-gang, she cried, after fainting and coming to again:

"'And is he gone? And is he gone?'
She cried, and wept outright;
'Then I will to the water go,
And see him out of sight.'"

Nor does Sir Henry Wotton go too far when he affirms:

"How happy is the born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

See Matt. xvi., 25; Mark viii., 35; Isa. lxv., 20.

In the style of St. Paul, full of sudden Demosthenic turns and condensations of thought, some very daring oxymorons meet us; as when he says:

"We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness; but the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." "When I am weak, then am I strong." "In nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing." "God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." "Approving ourselves as the ministers of God; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well-known; as dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

Nowhere in literature do we find stronger examples of a soul almost overcharged with force, working through a forceful style, than in the writings of the great apostolic intellect. Our common version not half does justice to that massiveness, depth of meaning, and consummate mastery of all rhetorical resources, by which is characterized the style of this Heaven-sent Demosthenes, who yet depicted himself by that wondrous Greek adjective of his, *Elahisteros*—a superlative compared: "Less than the least." The humility of that greatest apostle tries

to its uttermost the powers of that greatest language. See Rev. xi., 24; Matt. vi., 23.

A fine example we have from Coventry Patmore, who possesses eminently the power he prays for:

"Thou Primal Love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words."

An historical truth, far too sadly true, is that of Edmund Burke, again attested by Sedan and the Commune:

"The French have shown themselves the greatest architects of ruin that have hitherto existed in the world."

And weighty that bold stanza of Dr. Young on man's need of God, and dissatisfaction till he finds his Father and his aim:

"Give man Earth's empire—if no more,
He's beggar'd and undone;
Imprison'd in unbounded space,
Benighted by the sun."

Colonel Higginson says wisely of Herbert Spencer:

"His is what Talleyrand calls the weakness of omniscience, which prompts him to write on all subjects."

In Bossuet's "Pulpit Discourses," as in those of Massillon and Bourdaloue, are many of the noblest sentiments of Christianity, expressed with astonishing sublimity and beauty. Bossuet, on the Death of Condé, speaks of—

"Columns which appear as if they would bear to heaven the magnificent evidence of our emptiness."

In a very skillful fable, "The Mysterious Stranger," by Jane Taylor, the hero of the piece, rejoicing in the

hope of those heavens to which a believing death is the entrance, exclaims:

"What a favor is this which is granted me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die."

Miss Martineau, in another and lower vein that suits her, in her "Society in America," specifies certain Americanisms that may rank as oxymorons; as that of the sick man relieved of pain but left very weak, who said:

"I am powerful weak, but cruel easy."

So we sometimes hear of "a dreadful fine day." Or let us enjoy Coleridge's reply to the lady who asked him if he believed in ghosts:

"No, madam; I have seen too many to believe in them."

Or, once more ascending, let us listen to Richard Watson, the great Methodist, when he says, in a noble sermon, "Man magnified by the Divine Regard:"

"Those who deny immortality, make the volume close at the preface."

And again:

"Insects and reptiles, the rank which the ambition of Infidelity would assign to man."

Nay, let Dr. Hitchcock eloquently mould our opinions:

"The Divine Mind is the ocean from which all truth originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns. To trace out the shores of that shoreless sea; to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and joyous work of eternal ages."

S., "Romeo and Juliet," act iii., scene v., Juliet's 6th speech, line 3.

LVIII. Euphemism, or the Smooth Handle, is a figure much employed by the peculiarly polite, who wish to

convey a harsh truth as gently as they can. The Latin word for thief is fur; so they called a thief "a man of three letters." 2 Sam. xviii., 32. A delicate instance occurs in the "Revenger's Tragedy," by Cyril Tourneur. Castiga's mother and brother have been counseling her to abandon herself to a shameful career. Thereupon she cries:

"False! I defy you both.
I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother! come from that poisonous woman there!
"*Mother.* Where?
"*Cas.* Do you not see her? She's too inward, then."

"She's too inward, then," is a softer phrase for "she is thyself." So Burns speaks of—

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa neives were scarce weel-bred."

He affirms here, euphemistically, that her two fists were well acquainted with her husband's ears.

Colonel Grahame, of Claverhouse, afterward Viscount Dundee, too well known to Scottish Presbyterians as "Bloody Clavers," whose courage and his zeal for the bigoted Stuart kings have exalted him into a hero, in the view of Sir Walter Scott and Professor Aytoun, but whose murderous slaughter of a godly peasantry should make his name Satanic, attacked at Drumclog a party of country people met for worship on the moor. However, they were men who trusted in God, and kept their powder dry. As he galloped off in ignominious flight, a clergyman, Mr. King, whom he had with him a prisoner, but whom he was compelled to let go, shouted after the fleeing hero-murderer:

"Ho, Colonel, will you not stay for the afternoon's sermon."

"Afternoon's sermon" is "a smooth handle" put on another volley of Presbyterian bullets.

LIX. Misnomer, as we venture to call it, may be used with good effect. We find this newly named figure honored by our Saviour's use; for what figure did he not use? exhausting all appliances of language to reach our consciences. See John iv., 16–18. In Shakespeare it is said over dead Cleopatra:

> "Now boast thee, Death! In thy possession lies
> A lass unparallel'd."

Similarly Romeo says of the flies of Verona, who were not banished from that fair city, while he was:

> "They are free men, but I am banished."

LX. Hyperbole, or Exaggeration, we come to now. See Matt. iii., 9; Gal. iv., 14, 15; Matt. xix., 24; xxiii., 24; Luke xix., 40, 44; Ezek. ii., 9; xxxii., 4–6; S., "Antony and Cleopatra," act v., scene ii., Cleopatra's 13th and 14th speeches. We purposely abstain from more quotations from him. Shakespeare's hyperboles are unspeakably beautiful and kingly; nay, they satisfy our idea of the language of an archangel; be stimulated to go in quest of them for yourselves; make the doing so one entire exercise. One hundred of his hyperboles. We give you, instead, one from the dainty Greek singer Anacreon, as translated by Abraham Cowley, respecting the grasshopper:

> "Man for thee doth sow and plow,
> Farmer he and landlord thou.
> Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
> Prophet of the ripened year."

This may often be essentially the language of truth, for that which is an exaggerated statement of the matter of fact may be no more than a fair statement of the matter of feeling; so that, without hyperbole, it might be impossible to show the strong view you are taking of things—the enthusiasm that hurries you along. In the Bible itself we meet many striking instances; as might

be expected in a glowing Oriental style. Deut. ix., 1; Job xx., 6, 7; John iv., 21, 29. Take the closing verse of John's Gospel:

"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

The defense of such expressions is easy; it is proper for the Scripture to speak in a way natural to man. It is natural to man to speak of the sun rising and setting. Sir Isaac Newton himself, in his ordinary talk, did the same; and the Bible is far above the foppery of scientific terms stuck into its style, which breathes the unaffected homeliness of daily life; yet a handful of narrow-minded critics object because the Book, meant for all the world, uses the language of common-sense, and speaks as all the world speaks. That hyperboles come instinctively to us all, witness how often we use them. We say of a great talker, "There is no end of his talk;" when something very bad is done by a man, we are told that every body is down on him; Bridget cries, "I'll be there with the coals in less than no time." There is, too, the close of our letters, "Your most obedient servant;" nay, there is the French style of hyper-politeness, "I am charmed and ravished to see you, my dearest friend." Let Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" afford us a string of examples:

"O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seamen through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before daylight
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beautiful than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo."

Mark in the preceding the tasteful choice of circumstances; the pellucid elegance of the language; its springiness and elasticity, like the bound of the roe along a moss-grown forest pathway; the freedom and melody of the versification, as line melts into line, far surpassing the much more monotonous melody of Pope. Some of the poets of the sixteenth century were of a far more brilliant rank than the correct drawing-room writers of the eighteenth. But Thomson, Cowper, and Burns arose, and talented commonplace disappeared.

Hope's "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek," is one of the most eloquent novels in our language. Anastasius commits a murder; and thus tells us how deep was his remorse:

"In the silent darkness of the night I saw the pale phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and during even the unavailing riots of the day I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood; and to my bread the rank flavor of death."

How naturally, then, does vehement passion color its statements with hyperbole! Grammar gives us but three degrees of comparison—the positive, the comparative, the superlative. But passion is ever seeking for a fourth; and hyperbole comes to the aid of passion to help it to utter all its laboring breast. But wit and burlesque are as much indebted to this figure as vehement emotion is. In Sheridan's sparkling opera, the "Duenna," Isaac says of a proud beauty:

"The very rustling of her silks has a disdainful sound."

He describes a certain lady as—

"An old woman endeavoring to put herself back into a girl;"

while another lady he calls—

"A pretty woman studying looks, and trying to recollect an ogle, like Lady A., who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds."

Said one of his deacons to the Rev. Robert Hall:

"I understand you are going to marry Miss M."—"I marry Miss M.!" quoth the eloquent preacher; "I would as soon marry Beelzebub's eldest daughter, and go home and live with the old folks."

In Ireland a man very sharp is said to be as shrewd as the famous fox of Ballybotherem, that read the newspapers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet. Rabelais, who had some wit, and an unlimited supply of the abominable, introduces to his readers the Giant Gorgantua, as the gentleman who often ate—

"Six pilgrims in a salad."

Butler assures us that Hudibras was chokeful of learning:

> "Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
> As naturally as pigs squeak;
> That Latin was no more difficile,
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

And, making his bow to the charmer he is in quest of, he tells her:

> "Madam! I do, as is my duty,
> Honor the shadow of thy shoe-tie."

Curious it is to find how this genius for exaggeration is an old quality in the Saxon blood. Read Dasent's admirable translation of the "Norse Tales." Thus Thor and his companions one night see a house wide open. They go in. It has one large hall, very large, and a considerable closet. After staying there all night, they found in the morning that this house is the glove of a giant, the closet being the place for the thumb.

For an exhaustless crop of hyperboles, read, and buy

that you may read frequently, Charles Lamb's volume of "Extracts from the Elizabethan Dramatists." Thus, in Poole's "David and Bathsheba," the king exclaims:

> "To joy her love, I'll build a kingly bower,
> Seated in hearing of a hundred streams."

The boldest dramatic genius before Shakespeare was Christopher Marlowe, a youth of wild life and of most miserable end. In a drunken brawl, his opponent wrested his own dagger from him, and pierced him through the eye into the brain. Thus writes he of Hero; with a flush and flow of youth and of ocean that are buoyant and delightful:

> "At Sestos Hero dwelt—Hero the fair;
> Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
> And offered as a dower his burning throne!
> Some say for her the fairest Cupid pined,
> And looking in her face was stricken blind—
> So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun."

What a tempest of magnificence in the following of his:

> "The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
> And blow the morning from their nostrils!"

Mark here, as we pass, the curious bent in our English to use the singular for the plural. "Sheep" is used instead of "sheeps." We say "two thousand" for "two thousands." So Marlowe here uses "horse" instead of "horses."

John Harrington, the Elder, presents the following string of pearls:

> "Whence comes my love? O heart, disclose!
> It was from cheeks that shamed the rose;
> From lips that spoil the rubies' praise;
> From eyes that mock the diamond blaze.
> Whence comes my woe as freely own?
> Ah me! 'twas from a heart of stone!"

But be most scrupulously on your guard against hyperboles that consist in mere wind, without an honest enthusiasm. Virgil has merely said:

"The wide ether resounded, and the affrighted river rolled backward."

This Dryden inflates in this fashion:

"The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber dived beneath his bed."

Virgil informs the world how Turnus lopped off a warrior's head at one blow. Dryden, by no means satiated with this performance, adds:

"The Latin fields are drunk
With streams that issued from the bleeding trunk."

Sir William Davenant attains an equal height of bombast, thus:

"The lark now leaves his wintry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes your window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings.
Awake! awake! the Morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes."

It is an instructive fact that savage tribes, living constantly out of doors with nature, and intimate with its appearances, practice and demand exact accuracy in the descriptions of all the things that are familiar to them; in all the genuine poetry of such tribes, false hyperbole never occurs in delineations of the outward. Homer has nearly twenty descriptions of the effects of wind on water, and not an exaggerated circumstance is admitted into one of them; while Virgil, living in more artificial times, and far less conversant with the sea-foam and the billow, is continually making his waves, when storm-tossed, strike not the clouds only, but the stars.

On this whole subject, necessarily a big one, of the

hyperbole, a caution is cleverly conveyed in the following excerpt from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey:"

"When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have anything to do with my wig—'twas either above or below his art. I had nothing to do but to take one ready made, of his own recommendation. 'But I fear, friend,' said I, 'this buckle won't stand.'—'You may immerse it,' said he, 'into the ocean, and it will stand.'—What a great scale is every thing upon in this city, thought I. The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no farther than to have dipped it into a pail of water. What a difference!

"I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, and am generally so struck with the great works of nature that, for my own part, if I could help it, I would never make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublimity is, that the grandeur is more in the word, and less in the thing. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas, but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles to try the experiment; the Parisian barber meant nothing. The pail of water standing beside the great deep makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech, but 'twill be said it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado in a single moment. In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, the French expression professes more than it performs."

Study very minutely the inimitable style of this inimitable banter. It seems to us that in his best pieces Sterne has never been surpassed, and can not be.

Douglas Jerrold in this wise covered a pedantic female, a Blue, with hyperboles, in ridicule of pretended learning:

"She's a traveling college, and civilizes wherever she goes. Send her among the Hottentots, and in a week she'd write 'em into top-boots. She spent only three days with the Esquimaux, wrote a book on their manners, and by the very force of her satire shamed 'em out of whale-oil into soda-water."

Of a person noted for a certain useless over-pity, he declared that—

"He was so benevolent a man that, in his mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

As all manner of exaggeration may be ranged under hyperbole, Hood's letters to children may be quoted here. He thus writes to one:

"My dear May,—How do you like the sea? Not much perhaps; it's so big. But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put into a pan?

"Have the waves ever run over you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time; and, dear me, how I kicked and screamed! or at least meant to scream; but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk; and, if I was his mamma, I would, too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens. And now, good-by. The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H., or somebody that it shouldn't."

To filch just one other wit-spark from Hood: he writes of a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow.

LXI. Let us close this chapter with one figure more, that needs but very brief notice: Peculiarity of Usage. Our greatest writers take such licenses. Thus Shakespeare employs "like" for "please:"

> "Sir, there she stands;
> If aught within that little-seeming substance
> May fitly like your Grace."

And again, very frequently, "owes" for "owns:"

> "Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
> Take her or leave her?"

Once more—he uses "procures" for "brings:"

> "What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?"

See S., "Tempest," act i., scene ii., Prospero's 4th speech, line 6, "out" for "quite." It needs the intuition of genius to know how far to go in this direction. In a deft hand, these beautiful inaccuracies signally arouse and reward attention. Several of our poets use "fulfill'd of joy" for "filled with joy."

We conclude this chapter with two truths. One is of great importance in this subject of figurative language Many persons excuse the dry style which they write by alleging that a turn for illustrations comes by nature; for their part they have no turn that way. But hear this in mind, and do act upon it: nothing admits more of culture than this accomplishment. Said an eminent preacher to us the other day:

> "Within the last six years I see the greatest change on my style in this respect. Figures and illustrations now come to me with much ease, and by the dozen. This faculty I have gained by effort and study."

Be encouraged—be greatly encouraged, my dear Dryasdust, if you are deeply convinced of the usefulness of illustrations, and if you are eager to obtain the gift. Nothing can be more successfully cultivated; of that fact be very certain. It has been far too little attended to; far too little acted on.

The other truth is this: Hyperbole often arises from mere credulity; as in Sir John Maundeville, the oldest prose writer in English, who wrote his travels in 1356. He assures us that he had seen at Jerusalem, on the steps of the Temple, the footmarks of the ass which our Lord rode on Palm Sunday; that the Ethiopians are a people who have only one foot, but so big that they use it as a parasol.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART NINTH.

Litŏtes, Meiosis, or Lessening.— The Bull, usually called Irish.—Repetition: Seventeen Varieties.—Translation from the German, by the Author.

LXII. LITŎTES, Meiosis, or Lessening, is the figure that naturally finds a place soon after its boisterous or copious opposite, hyperbole. Hereby, while we seem to lessen, we increase the force of the expression—a striking proof of the flexibility of language when wielded with skill. Hyperbole means less than it says; litŏtes means more. But very unfortunate the name; for whether the *o* in the middle shall be long or short is always to be a dispute, though scholars are well aware that short it ought to be. Satan uses a lessening, when in a despair and envy that hate all things bright, happy, unfallen, he thus bespeaks God's unsinning servant, the Sun:

> "To thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams."

The apostle Paul—sage, hero, man of ceaseless action, ceaseless thought, and ceaseless love—warns a Roman official that he was—

> "A citizen of no mean city."

When we say "the man is no fool," we are understood

to admit that he is wise. "I can not praise such conduct," means that we condemn it. Chaucer, of his fat, rosy monk, affirms—

> "He was not pale as a forpinèd ghost."

But Chaucer's poor clerk was the living antithesis, he and his horse, of the monk:

> "As lenè was his horse as is a rake,
> And he was not right fat, I undertake."

Under Lessening much sly insinuation may be carried on—it being well fitted for purposes of humor. And as, when a person is not praised enough, the reader or hearer feels challenged to do him better justice, so this figure often suggests to us those stronger epithets, from the use of which the author or speaker purposely abstains, and we have in this way the gratification of doing fully what has been left but half done.

Lessening is continually used to express affection; we depict an object as small in order to excite ourselves to love and cherish it. Jesus and John loved to say: Little children. The language of the nursery abounds in diminutives. Such terms are honorable to human nature, proving how deep the fountains of perfectly disinterested affection are in man's heart. Be helpless and you will be cared for. In the following, by Emerson, the claims of smallness and weakness are very cleverly set forth:

> "The Mountain and the Squirrel
> Had a quarrel;
> And the Mountain called the Squirrel 'Little Prig.'
> Bun replied:
> 'You are doubtless very big;
> But all sorts of things and weather
> Must be taken in together
> To make up a year
> And a sphere;

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track:
Talents differ; all is wisely put—
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'"

Edwin Arnold coins a delicate usage for our not yet half-developed language—he going in the right direction, mark it well—Saxonward. He thus addresses the Almond Blossom, in an exquisite little poem:

"Blossom of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees;
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling!"

LXIII. A usage of a very different sort now presents itself: The Bull, usually called Irish; though Rhetoric blushes a little to recognize it as a legitimate figure of speech. Exaggerated hyperboles are, however, second-cousins, half removed. Bulls are the result partly of confusion of ideas, and partly of confusion of words, yet preserving a certain odd plausibility. Coleridge defines them thus:

"A bull consists in a mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas; with the sensation, but without the reality, of connection."

Said Jerrold's tipsy fellow, after long fumbling in the dark with the key in his hand, at the door of his house:

"I see how it is; some scoundrel has stolen the key-hole."

John Claudius Beresford, banker in Dublin, was very unpopular with the mob at the time of a rebellion in Ireland:

"'We'll ruin the rascal,' was the cry; 'we'll destroy every note of his bank we can lay our hands on;'"

and they actually burned some twenty thousand pounds' worth of them.

Milton tries to impart some dignity to this Hibernian way of speech in these terms:

> "Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons—the fairest of his daughters, Eve."

But Wordsworth, though seemingly it was a bull, in reality expressed a great verity, that the foundations of the character of the man are laid in infancy even, and in earliest boyhood; and so he uttered the expression:

> "The child's the father of the man."

We will be forgiven for purloining the following group of bulls, the best we ever found collected; too valuable for our honesty to stand proof against. Pray let us indulge in one good theft:

"Why the Irish, of all people, should be distinguished for bull-making, or why there should exist among the natives of Ireland such an innate and irresistible propensity to blunder, it is difficult to conjecture. Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, in their inquiry into the etymology of Irish bulls, endeavor to account for it thus: 'That the English not being the mother-tongue of the natives of Ireland, to them it is a foreign language, and, consequently, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that they should avoid making blunders both in speaking and writing.' However this may be, an Irish bull is a thing more easily conceived than defined. Perhaps, did we search for its precedent among the long lists of bold tropes and figures which come down from the old Greek writers and orators, the nearest approach we could find to it would be under the title of *Catachresis*—a catachresis being the 'boldest of any trope, *necessity makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express.*' This certainly conveys a just idea of what an Irish bull is or should be.

"Many of the following examples we give as original, as they occurred within our own personal knowledge; the rest we have selected from a variety of sources, and have been careful always to distinguish between blunders and bulls—a distinction which is often neglected.

"One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice was perpetrated by that clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. 'If, sir,' said he, 'you ever come within a mile of my house, *I hope you will stop there!*' Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he said: 'I can not tell, if it is not the effect of the climate. I fancy, if an *Englishman was born in Ireland*, he would make just as many.'

"This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead 'Not guilty.' On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. 'To whom did I sell it?' cried Pat. 'Now, do you think I was so *mane* as to take it to sell?' 'Pray, then, sir,' said the J. P., 'what did you do with it?' 'Do wid it? Well, then, since you *must* know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made *tay* of it.'

"A rich bull is recorded of an Irishman at cards, who, on inspecting the pool, found it deficient: 'Here is a shilling short,' said he; 'who put it in?'

"This bull was actually perpetrated; so also was the following: Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two (at the fists, at least) knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: 'You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman.' To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: 'No, sir, never. I defy you! *You could not do it!*'

"The next declaration of independence we record occurred to our knowledge. It was uttered by an exasperated rural lover,

whose sweetheart had driven him 'beyond the beyonds' with her 'courting' and 'carryings on' with his rival. 'I will never *spake* to you more!' he exclaimed, with exceeding vexation. 'Keep your *spake* to yourself, then,' said the provoking girl, coolly; 'I am sure I can live without either it or your company.'—'I am sure so can I, then,' was the wrathful rejoinder.

"Most of our readers are familiar with the story of the gallant young Irishman who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't *sleep at night for dreaming of her.* A parallel instance to this occurred in our own hearing when a poor fellow protested to 'his girl' in the hayfield that his two eyes *hadn't gone together all night* for thinking about her. 'Very likely they did not,' replied this sweet plague of his life, 'for I see your *nose* is between them.'

"The following was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common lady friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of 'daisy-picker' to the young couple.

"'But,' said the poor fellow, anxiously, 'there is nothing in the world half so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't be myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present.*'

"Still another pair of lovers claims our attention. The young lady, less flustered than her admirer, addressed him in these terms: 'I like you exceedingly, but I can not quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness.'—'She may be kind,' replied her wooer, enthusiastically; 'but be my wife—we will live together, and see if I don't *beat your mother!*'

"The next sight that we get into the cares and troubles that married life is heir to, is through the remonstrance of a Hibernian paterfamilias, who declares to his wife that he really wishes the children could be kept in the nursery while he is at home; 'although,' he considerately adds, '*I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet.*'

"We shall now proceed to Dublin, where doubtless still resides that old beggar woman who, while soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of *six small children and a sick husband.*

"We wonder was this lady any relation to the poor Irishman who offered his only old saucepan for sale. His children, gathering around him, inquired why he did so. 'Ah, my honeys,' said he, 'sure I wouldn't be after partin' with it if it wasn't to get some money to buy somethin' to put in it.'

"The next bull that occurs to me was uttered by a poor woman who, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, was declaring to a kind-hearted listener that since the world was a world there never was such a clever boy as her Bill; he had just made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and had plenty of wood left for another.

"A similar mechanical genius had that Irish carpenter in America, who, in sending in his little account to a farmer for whom he had been working, informed him that it was 'for hanging two barn doors *and himself*, seven hours, one dollar and a half.'

"In direct contradistinction to this acknowledged attempt at self-destruction, we have the story of a certain physician, who, conducting a *post-mortem* examination in a case of infanticide, reported that he was unable to discover whether the child was *alive* at the time of its *death* or not.

"It must have been a twin sister of this gentleman, who, having been nearly drowned by falling into a well, committed a very rich bull, when she piously and thankfully declared that '*only for Providence and another woman* she never would have got out.'

"Horace Walpole records in his 'Walpoliana' an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. 'I hate that woman,' said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—'I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse.' This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he 'ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle.'

"Again a poor Irish lad, complaining of the harsh behavior of his father, declares he just treats him as if he were his son by another father and mother.

"The next bull we record is redolent of the soil, and proves that in Ireland at least the determination to overcome impossibilities is not yet extinct. An Irishman having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow forgot to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: 'Well, sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!' We wonder was the gentleman who displayed such a reluctance to be present the same who declared he would not fight a duel because he was unwilling to leave his old mother an orphan.

"An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the 'round-top' to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise, 'Why, where did you come from?'—'From the north of Ireland, yer honor,' was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

"An Irish paper announces the death of a poor deaf man called Gaff. He had been run over by a locomotive, and, adds the paper, 'he received a *similar injury* this time last year.'

"Another excellent bull of the same kind was perpetrated by a coroner in the county of Limerick. Being asked how he could account for the fearful mortality the last winter, he replied: 'I don't know; there are a great many people dying this year who never died before.'

"To this we add the story of an Irishman who *nearly* died, according to his own account, through the treatment of his physician, who, he declares, drenched him so with drugs during his illness that he was *sick for a long time after he got well.*'

"In *practical bulls* the Irish are even more famous than in those merely logical; the richest one we ever heard was about a poor Irish peasant who was floundering through a bog on a small, ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup; 'Arrah, my boy!' exclaimed the rider, 'if *you* are getting up, it's time for *me* to get down.'

"A good one is related also of a poor Irish servant-maid who

was left-handed. Placing the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion, her master observed that she had placed them all left-handed. 'Ah, true indeed, sir,' said she, 'and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?'"

LXIV. Repetition next urges its claims to attention: a figure admitting of remarkably felicitous use, as we see in the Bible, and in these dear choral repetitions of Old Homer, such a comfort to the beginner in Greek. There are many varieties; its origin lying deep in human nature, which leads us to utter and utter again a controlling passion or a beloved name. As the crooning over of exactly the same words is the simplest mode of repeating, we find this a very favorite practice in ballads, and in all the literary productions of early ages. Matt. v., 3–11, 22; vi., 19, 20. Gal. i., 8, 9. Luke xi., 42–44; xii., 5; xiii., 1–5. Isa. lxv., 13, 14. Ezek. xxxii., 17–32. 1 Cor. xiii., 4, 7, 8, 11; xii., 8–11. 2 Cor. xi., 22. 1 Cor. iii., 21–23; i., 20; xv., 42, 53, 54. Phil. iv., 8, 2. 2 Pet. i., 5–7. Rev. ii., 7, 11, 17, 29; vii., 5–8; viii., 7–12; xviii., 22, 23; xxii., 11, 17. Isa. ii., 11–17; v., 20. Carefully consult these examples, and discover from Scripture a hundred more. This is one of the greatest of figures; you should give it plenty of time. Cull from S. a hundred; from P. L. a hundred. The rhetors have laboriously enumerated many varieties. We have not grudged our toil; to expend it has been the summer life of a bee among flowers.

LXV. Plocé is the repetition of the same word in a different sense, but implying more than in the first statement; of which Lord Chatham, that soul of eloquence, gives a felicitous example:

"Oliver Cromwell, who astonished mankind by his intelligence, did not derive it from spies in the cabinet of every prince in Europe; he drew it from the cabinet of his own sagacious mind. He observed facts, and traced them forward to their consequences."

LXVI. Gemination occurs when the same emphatic word is repeated immediately; as—

"The Cross! the Cross!"

LXVII. Anaphora, Epanaphora, is the repeating of a word at the beginning of successive clauses, as in an exquisite passage in S., "Merchant of Venice," act v., scene i., lines 1–22; or as St. Paul:

"Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world?"

Dr. Masson, in the close of a noble sermon, begins thirteen sentences with "Come." Psa. xxix., 3, 4. Or accept of a model sentence from the glowing Irish orator, Curran:

"The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

LXVIII. Epistrophe; Antistrophe; Conversion or Epiphora. Here are three Greek names for one figure; what a proof of the unwearying effort devoted to this theme in the olden time! This is the repetition of a word, not at the beginning, but at the end of successive clauses. In this form, and in many other forms, our Demosthenes abounds and excels. Let Dr. Griffin, President of Williams College, lay an epistrophe on your table:

"Awake, and generously expand your desires to encircle this benevolent and holy kingdom of Christ. God, who has set you an example of exclusive regard to this object, demands it of you. Christ, who purchased the Church with his own blood, demands it of you. The holy angels, who incessantly minister to the Church, demand it of you. The illustrious army of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, by their services and sufferings for the Church, demand it of you."

To our mind and ear there is some peculiar charm and force in this style of repetition, as when a great bell

swings at midnight or at morn to announce a fire or a prince's birth, and we lie listening for the return, after a stated interval, of the mighty chime.

LXIX. Symplocé is the repetition of one word at the beginning and of another word at the end of two successive clauses. You will understand what is meant by an example:

"Spring clothes with leaves the trees; Spring leads back the birds of song to the trees."

LXX. Anadiplosis is the use of the same word at the end of one clause and at the beginning of another, as:

"He retained his virtues amid all his misfortunes; misfortunes which no prudence could foresee or prevent."

P. L., vii., 25, 26; Isa. lxv., 18.

LXXI. Epadiplosis, or Epanadiplosis, the use of the same word both at the beginning and end of a sentence, as if we were to venture this line:

Morn glads the East; the buds are wet with morn.

LXXII. Complection we encounter when several clauses or members of a sentence both begin with the same word and end with the same, as in Cicero:

"Who proposed this law? Rullus. Who prevented the greater part of the people from giving their votes? Rullus. Who presided over the assemblies? Rullus."

LXXIII. Epanalepsis is the repetition that occurs when a clause or parenthesis intervenes, as in an example afforded in Professor Day's book on Rhetoric:

"The persecutions undergone by the Apostles furnished both a trial to their faith and a confirmation to ours; a trial to them," etc.

Or study this from Charles de la Rue's great discourse, "The Dying Sinner." It is with men grown gray in sin that he expostulates:

"You would be immortal, that you might render your libertinism immortal. And can you expect a happy immortality, you who would have placed your happiness in the immortality of your sin."

LXXIV. Epanodos, or Regression, is the repetition of the same word or words in an inverted order, as thus:

"Woe to them who call evil, good; and good, evil."

LXXV. Polyptolon is the repetition of the same word in different cases or numbers or persons, as thus:

"Anguish tries the soul many a time of chief and king; and brighter often are the homes of shepherds than of kings."

Or Henry Kingsley's encouraging sentence:

"When a man has learned how to learn, he can learn any thing."

LXXVI. Epizeuxis, or Traduction, is the repetition of a word for the sake of emphasis, as thus:

"You call him a man, who, if he had been a man, would not so cruelly have sought to slay a man."

LXXVII. Paregmenon is the use, close together, of several words of similar origin, as by Cicero:

"He who disapproves the good, approves the wicked."

Let the student linger on this figure in its varieties; to do so will bring into closest contact with your mind many of the most rhetorical passages in language—not the falsest, but the truest passages.

LXXVIII. Summation comes next, noble examples of which occur in Scripture. Take that sublimely affecting one in the first chapter of Job. The recurring words—

"And I only am escaped alone to tell thee"—

have a far deeper effect than any variation of expression could have had: returning on the ear and heart like death-

peals knelled forth at regular intervals of time from a cathedral tower, at mirk midnight, over some great disaster, that has paled the cheek of thousands, and has made a mighty nation a widow, faint at soul. Job i., 13–19. If the repetition of these words of doom tell not, with a strange force on your soul, your case is hopeless; your mind is proof against grandeur and gloom. The fact, too, that the Bible figures are so little met in some sermons of the day is a most disgraceful fact. Who ever heard a passage in a sermon fashioned on that grand original in Job? The modern pulpit may make three great reforms: First, a chapter of the Bible to begin worship with; one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, with explanations which will be very short. Secondly, the most eager attention given that the Bible be read grandly. Thirdly, Christ's mode of oratory imitated, in the use of parables and of illustrations from homely objects. Even Henry Ward Beecher himself, while excelling every body in homely illustration—has he ever, once in his life, used a parable? In the name of wonder, why not? And why this neglect of Jesus and his eloquence, O all ye modern preachers? And why the Bible so often left unexplained, your hearers pining so for brief, syllabic explanations? And why this neglect of a sublime reading of the Bible, full of grand intonations, full of impassioned action? Is it that ye lie under the delusion that a sermon from man can possibly surpass a revelation from Jehovah? The Bible is little read at home—a shame if not much read from the pulpit.

This figure, repetition, reached its dread apotheosis in a place we name with awe—in Gethsemane; in the hour when Hell gathered its clouds around Him, and the Man of Sorrows went aside three times to pray, in His mysterious agony repeating the same words. Lingers, then, still, the despicable silliness with any one that figures are hollow? artificial? shallow? false? O Gethsemane, rebuke us, and make our thinking more manly! Sub-

limely beyond any stroke of art have figures led us. Amos i., 3–15; ii., 1–6.

LXXIX. Choral Chant, in poetry, how delightful its effect! Far beyond art; it is very nature itself, as in Homer; as much so as breeze on Ben Lomond, or gale on the wildest Atlantic. It brings forward a feeling in which all are invited to join; the sentiment coming back on us welcome as an old friend; the impetus gathering impetus at each return of the oscillation. The bard does not laboriously, artificially strain after a new mode of diction each time; his not doing so is in keeping with our idea of that simplicity which should mark the outgushing of a heart which a great emotion fills like a sea, to the exclusion of all thought of the smaller rules and dandyisms of writing. Let us to the ballads of the old time. Of any nation of the florid South, such as Spain; or of the stern North, such as Sweden or Scotland; with their noble rudeness, their simplicity, rapid and careless of adornments. A flash of lightning is little studious of ornament; just as little is a genuine old ballad. In the "Heir of Linne," when the halter is placed before him, as if by his dead father's hand, it goes on thus:

> "Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
> Never a word he spake but three."

Or hasten to read—a priceless escape from the smooth commonplaces of the day—that masterpiece, "Sir Patrick Spens:"

> "They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
> A league but barely three,
> When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
> And gurly grew the sea."

What a depth of woe in the choral chant, "Woe is me, Alhama," of the old Mooro-Spanish ballad, at the close of each verse: it had so strong a spell that the Moors of Grenada were forbidden to sing it on pain of death.

Alhama was a town and fortress of the Moors, in a romantic situation between craggy mountains; it was called the key of Grenada. After a gallant defense, it was sacked by the Spaniards; and the Moors saw in its fall the death of their magnificent monarchy. We quote from Lockhart's translation; be sure to read his Spanish ballads:

"The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Grenada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes:
Woe is me, Alhama!"

Scotland and Spain, Sweden and Denmark, are the great ballad countries of Europe. The Danish, which has of late years come most deservedly to be reckoned one of the chief literatures of Europe, possesses above 1300 ballads, composed for the most part between A.D. 1200 and 1500, the authors unknown. Of the Danish writers recently dead, the three greatest immortals are Ewald, Baggesen, and Oehlenschläger; while Grundtvig, Ingemann, Heiberg, Winther, and Paludan-Müller are their still later great authors. From Ewald, we quote one stanza from his "King Christian," the national song of the Danes. Mark its repetitions, at measured intervals, sounding, as one has said, "like blow after regular blow upon the anvil;" an anvil not without grand music in its tone:

"King Christian stood beside the mast
In smoke and flame.
His liegemen through the battle-blast
Sent volley after volley fast,
Till sunk each hostile prow and mast
In smoke and flame.
'Flee, flee,' they cry, 'while yet we may;
Who dare with Christian wage to-day
War's game?"

We have for many years admired "The Indian Death-

song" of Philip Freneau, a leading poet of our Revolutionary War. This song was, some forty years ago, very popular in England and Scotland. Its choral chant is woven indissolubly into our memory. In Chambers's "Encyclopedia of English Literature" it is ascribed to Mrs. Hunter, wife of John Hunter, the great surgeon:

"The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomack will never complain.

"I go to the land where my father has gone,
His spirit exults in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomack, has scorned to complain."

From the Rev. Ralph Hoyt we select two remarkable varieties of choral repetition, the first from his poem "New:"

"Indulgent Heaven, O grant but this,
O grant but this;
The boon shall be enough of bliss—
A home with true affection's kiss,
To mend whate'er may be amiss;
O grant but this."

"The Eden won, insatiate still,
Insatiate still,
A wider, fairer range he will;
Some mountain higher than his hill,
Some prospect fancy's map to fill:
A wider, fairer range he will—
Insatiate still."

There is here a certain quaint effect, altogether indescribable, produced by repetition, as by the return on us in Gothic architecture of some queer twist of the masonry. The same writer's poem, "The Old Man on the Mossy Stone," is in the same way very delightful; in-

deed, the peculiar rhythm and repetition communicate to us an enjoyment perfectly exquisite. Why does not Mr. Hoyt cultivate poesy far more?

"By the wayside on a mossy stone
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside on a mossy stone."

William Julius Mickle, translator of Camoens's "Lusiad," the national epic of Portugal, has a home-song very popular in Scotland; where a faithful wife hears of the return of her husband from sea. The choral chant is good enough to have been written by Burns. The four last lines are the refrain:

"Sae wise his words, sae smooth his voice,
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck aboot the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'."

Beware, however, lest repetition become on your lips a talking without saying any thing. The Irelands, father and son, are notorious from a presumptuous attempt to pass off "Vortigern," a play by the younger Ireland, as a genuine drama of Shakespeare, discovered by them in old MSS. At Sheridan's desire, it was acted in Drury Lane Theatre. Vortigern, in the tragedy, called out to the soldiers, as they were leading off Rowena:

"Give her up! Give her up! Give her up!"

The crowded audience, tired and disgusted previously with the insult to Shakespeare's memory, took the hint; the house resounded from pit to gallery with "Give her up! Give her up! Give her up!" Meaning by "her" the tragedy. The curtain fell on the piece forever.

LXXX. Echo—let it be enumerated here—a wondrously beautiful form of repetition. From Adelaide Proctor, chosen poetess of the plaintive, daughter of Barry Cornwall, is this taken:

"Still the wood is dim and lonely;
Still the flashing fountains play;
But the Past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say—
Fled away!"

S., "Hamlet," act i., scene i., Horatio to the Ghost.

LXXXI. Redoubled Negation—a still farther form of repetition—is used with good effect in animated conversation, and in oratory, which, in many of its best efforts, throws itself into the very forms of animated conversation, as in the expression: "Never! no, never!" We did not study Demosthenes long till we met instances of this, as in the First against Philip:

"If we sit at home listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our declaimers, there will not happen—no, not so much as one of the deliverances we need."

Again, in the Second against Philip:

"Universal dominion is his aim—not any thing toward peace; not tranquillity; not any thing just."

Or, again, in the oration on the Crown, he cries:

"But these things are not so; they are not so."

And farther on in the same oration, in a passage that presents you with a specimen of those large axioms, moral and political, with which his oratory greatly abounds:

brief statements of general principles true in all ages, which embalm his speeches with a noble dignity:

"No one, men of Athens, lavishes his money on a traitor, seeking the good of the traitor; nor ever is the traitor admitted into the future confidence of the briber, when once the briber is in secure possession of the advantages for which he paid the money. For if a traitor were still valued, no one could be happier than a traitor. But it is not so. No, indeed; it is impossible. When the lover of rule stands established in the firm mastery of affairs, he is master, too, of those who betrayed things into his hands; and knowing their baseness, then assuredly—then, too, he hates them; and utterly distrusts them; and heaps mire on them."

A remarkable instance of redoubled negatives you find in the hymn where the soul protests its resolution never to be false to the Saviour:

"Whom I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

P. L., i., 335, 336, a choice example. Thomas Hooker gives you a form of words under this head that would suit well as one of the familiarities of the pulpit:

"When He calls for fasting and weeping and mourning, who regards it? Abraham, my brethren, did not thus: these were none of his steps; no, no; he went a hundred miles off this course."

Which is an example of numeration, too; so frequent are figures in plain, earnest speakers—such men as are the most Saxon in their style. S., "Lear," act v., scene iii., line 19 from close. A very homely style has crowds of homely references as its very basis; like a marl soil constituted by the débris of innumerable sea-shells, relics of beauty.

LXXXII. Redoubled Affirmation, being one other variety of repetition, as much claims notice as the one that has just been catalogued. In the French of Alexander Dumas the younger, 1871, we have both:

"Is it decidedly necessary, yes or no, that there be a God, a morality, a society, a family, a universal human brotherhood? Ought man to work, to know how to progress? Ought women to be respected, united, associated with us? Is truth the end? Is justice the means? Is the good absolute? Yes, yes—a thousand times yes! States, societies, governments, families, individuals, can they, to be useful, durable, fruitful, do away with these elements? No, no—a thousand times no!"

We have now enumerated seventeen kinds of repetition. No such minute specification has been made in any modern literature. It is quite possible that the number of varieties might be doubled. We challenge the reader to make the attempt. But we hasten to wind up this subject with a specimen from our studies in those four admirable modern languages, to which we have given many a year's attention:

"VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

[*Translated by the Author from the German of Kosegarten.*]

I.

"From gloom to light! And when dark night enshrouds
Thee and creation in its pall of fear,
Believe! believe! After the midnight clouds,
The glad mild glories of the dawn appear.

II.

"Through storm to peace! And when, on earth and sky,
Fiercely the thunders and the tempests beat,
Believe! believe! After the storm's wild cry,
The gentle calm comes on, so slow and sweet.

III.

"Through snows to spring! And when the East's keen blast
The kindly juices of the earth congeals,
Believe! believe! When winter's rage is past,
The vernal breeze around soft whispering steals.

IV.

"Through strife to triumph! And when, deaths among,
The arrow, spear, and sword thy life menace,
Believe! believe! After the fight's fierce throng,
The shout of victory comes, and love's embrace.

V.

"Through toil to rest! And when upon thee lie
The heat and burden of the sultry day,
Believe! believe! The cool and evening sky
Will steal thy soul to sacred rest away.

VI.

"Through the dark cross to heaven! And when life's ills
With giant strength, unpitying, press thee down,
Believe! believe! Though grief thy bosom fills,
Soon wreaths of deathless joy thy head shall crown.

VII.

"Through woe to bliss! Hath morning weeping found thee?
Doth midnight water all thy bed with tears?
Believe! believe! A Father's hand is round thee;
Thy Shepherd King's sweet smile rebukes thy fears.

VIII.

"Through death to life! Through strong temptation's hours,
Through stinging griefs, press on with dauntless tread;
Love's feast of joy awaits in yonder bowers;
Thy seat is placed! Thine evening meal is spread!"

CHAPTER XV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART TENTH.

Synonym.—Ascription of Value.—Doubt.—Pretended Discovery at the Moment.—Aporia, or Pretended Impossibility.—Pretended Ignorance.—Indistinctness.—Affirmation.—Affirmation and Negation.—Apostrophe.—Denunciation.—Solemn Appeal.—Oath, or Adjuration.—Command.—Exclamation of Sorrow.—Spiritualization.

LXXXIII. SYNONYM demands a place next after the great figure Repetition. It is not the same as it, because a different word is used; but approaches it, as some shade of meaning discriminates the one from the other. It needs to be employed very cautiously, else you become guilty of a heaping up of empty words. Yet at times it has good reasons in its behalf; it may cause the mind to look a second time at an object, or it may utter forth the mind twice over; as when Homer says:

"Late the prodigy; late coming."

Nahum ii., 10, 12. The noble Liturgy of the Episcopal Church abounds in this, with a very peculiar end in view: the idea is expressed in a word of Saxon derivation, and then in a word of Latin derivation; the object being to make the matter plain to the educated and to the uneducated, as when it is said:

"God forbids and prohibits this."

Zeph. i., 15; ii., 9. Matt. ii., 13.

Synonyms may conduce to ludicrous effects; as when,

in Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Quince, in giving out their parts to his comrades, says:

"Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you to con them."

In Cicero this is met with:

"I will not bear it; I will not suffer it; I will not permit it."

By no means to be admired; arising from that unhappy vanity of his, that loved to strut. So true it is that every great virtue is a help to genuine eloquence, and every moral weakness a hinderance. S., "Romeo and Juliet," act iii., scene v., Juliet's 3d speech, line 1. This instance proves, however, that in some states of strong feeling the natural, unadulterated tendency is to pile up synonyms. Act iv., scene v., lines 44, 50, 52.

Well worthy, Professor Coppee's illustration:

"Although our language is, in its structure and the great majority of its words, Anglo-Saxon, still the large number of French and Latin words which have been brought into it have formed terms synonymous with the original Saxon; but when they had become naturalized, as we had no use for two words *exactly* synonymous, wisdom suggested that they should exhibit shades of difference in meaning which did not originally belong to them; so that few or any words are justly defined by their synonyms. Besides, as a similar idea among any two people would have its differences drawn from their own peculiarities of claim and race, and manner of life and government, the synonyms, when brought into the language, would often express great differences at once, and without any effort on our part to cause them to do so. As a remarkable instance of it, let us see how very wrong it would be to define our English word *freedom* by its synonym *liberty*, which comes to us from the Latin; and yet how many confound the two. Indeed, these are historic words, and give us an insight into the times of their birth, wonderfully illustrative of the people and countries from which they came. Freedom is the personal, individual independence and right of every man—his freedom; *i. e.*, free prov-

ince or jurisdiction from his birth. Coming as it does from the Teutonic element in our language, it tells us of the free and independent Germans, who by their own valor overturned the great fabric of the Roman Empire. They were men of the forest and mountain, inhabiting no cities—there were none in Germany till after the eighth century—but only roving where were the lordliest spoils. On the other hand, liberty tells us of the Roman cities. We cling like good citizens to our liberty, vouchsafed to us by the Constitution of the country as Americans ; yet we much more desire to keep well guarded that freedom of opinion, of speech, of action, which is our indefeasible right as men."

LXXXIV. Ascription of Value is a form of utterance which we believe has never caught the notice of any rhetor, yet it has a fine effect. In the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Luther is introduced saying that he did not value the Pope's opinion—

"No, not the stalk of a pear."

In ways very life-like and home-like may this figure be used. In William Congreve's "Love for Love," Ben, the earliest full-drawn English sailor who was ever represented on the British stage, thus addresses a saucy Miss:

"As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end."

Mark here the fine idiomatic use of "of." S., "Hamlet," act i., scene iv., Hamlet's 7th speech, line 2. If you carefully use these references of ours to S., to P. L., and to Scripture, they will give you an intimacy with these sources highly valuable.

LXXXV. Doubt, Dubitation, is a real or seeming doubt, which figure the history of eloquence shows us to have been used on some of the grandest occasions, with powerful dramatic effect. As when Thomas Wentworth, afterward Earl of Strafford, of unhappy memory, in those days when he stood with such brilliancy on the

popular side, 1627–8, thus declaimed against the ministers of Charles I.:

"They have taken from us—what shall I say? Indeed, what have they left us?"

And again:

"By one and the same thing hath the king and the people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured; to vindicate —what? New things? No!"

So our Demosthenes, in the oration on the Crown, says to Æschines, his antagonist:

"O thou—by what name can one properly describe thee?"

1 Cor. xi., 22; Lam. ii., 13; Psa. cxxxix., 7. Let Holyoake, in his valuable little book, "Hints for Public Speaking," treat the figure for us:

"Those who had the pleasure of hearing Thom, the weaver-poet, converse, know the Spartan felicity of expression which he commanded. His conversation was often a study in rhetoric. He told a story in the best vein of Scotch shrewdness. He was one day recounting an anecdote of Inverary, or Old Aberdeen, to a coterie of listeners. The point of the story rested on a particular word spoken in fitting place. When he came to it, he hesitated as though at a loss for the term. 'What is it you say under these circumstances?' he asked; 'not this nor that,' he remarked as he went over three or four terms by way of trial, as each was endeavoring to assist him. 'Ah,' he added, 'we say ——, for want of a better word.' This of course was the word wanted; the happiest phrase the language afforded. He gained several things by this. He enlivened a regular narrative by an exciting digression, which increased the force and point of the climax; he created a difficulty for his auditors; for who, when suddenly asked, would be able to find a term which seemed denied to his happy resource? Or who, finding it, would have the courage to present it to such a fastidious epithetist? Also, he won a triumph by suggesting what appeared out of their power, and he excited an indefinite wonder

at his own skill in bringing a story to so felicitous an end by the employment of a makeshift phrase. It was a case analogous to that given by Dickens in one of his early papers, where the President, at a loss for a word, asks, 'What is that you give a man who is deprived of a salary which he has received all his life, for doing nothing; or perhaps worse, for obstructing public improvement?' 'Compensation?' suggests the Vice, removing the doubt. Only, Thom was his own Vice-President."

Holyoake brings out very well the happy offices which this figure, this throwing in of a doubt, can render; but he believes far too much in tricks and frauds on the part of a speaker.

Chrysostom, whose name means "The Golden-Mouthed," supplies the subjoined, on Abraham's offering of Isaac:

"What language can describe his fortitude? He brought forward his son, bound him, placed him on the wood, seized the sacrificial knife, was just on the point of inflicting the stroke. In what manner to express myself properly I know not; he only would know that did these things. For no language can describe how it happened that his hand did not become torpid, that the strength of his nerves did not relax, that the affecting sight of his boy did not overpower him."

A beautiful example of Asyndeton, too.

Let S. give us our next example of a doubt intruding itself, dismissed, returning:

> "Thou speakst it falsely, as I love mine honor,
> And makst conjectural fears to come to me,
> Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
> That thou art so inhuman;—'twill not prove so!
> And yet I know not.—Thou didst hate her deadly,—
> And—she is dead."

What more difficult yet befitting office can this divine gift of language be put to than to play out such play as this, of jarring tides of contending emotions; now banishing a doubt, now tortured by it.

LXXXVI. Pretended Discovery at the moment is closely connected with doubt. An amusing sample in Burns's lines on "Captain Grose:"

> "It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
> And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
> But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
> And dog-skin wallet,
> And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade
> I think they call it."

Or in Cicero:

> "What name suits him? I know not any. Yes. Parricide of his country!"

Evidently this form is well fitted for impassioned oratory. The occupants of our pulpits ought to be familiar with all these tools and resources of the orator. But this volume, which we present to them, is really the only book in the world in which the public speaker can find his war-gear described.

LXXXVII. Aporia, or Pretended Impossibility, is a doubting of a special kind; a not knowing where to begin or what to say, on account of the confusing wealth of matter. An excellent instance in Paul's Letter to the Hebrews, when he breaks forth, toward the close of that grand enumeration of Heb. xi., into this cry:

> "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets."

Our present translation of Paul's letters comes lamentably short of the force, expressive eloquence, depth, of the great apostle's Greek. Would we had a translation worthy of the divine original.

LXXXVIII. Ignorance forms another form that can be discriminated from the last three. William Miller illustrates it in his successful poem on a well-known Scottish subject, "Willie Winkie; the Genius of Slumber."

There is a provoking baby that doggedly refuses to go to sleep:

"Skirlin like a kenna-what."

LXXXIX. Indistinctness we are naturally led to think of by Doubt and Aporia. A figure it is, very potent in a master's hand. Sublime objects are often shadowy and undefined; a hazy mist hovers around them; a vastness is suggested greater far than the eye can measure, and he who paints such objects with the pen should leave around his delineations a similar haze of indistinctness. Accordingly Virgil represents Æneas and the Sybil, in their celebrated visit to the lower regions, as entering Hell by a dim light:

"As when one goes into a wood at the midnight hour, when the moon is clouded in heaven."

Job iv., 12–16. S., "Coriolanus," act iv., scene i., line 31. From Rogers's "Italy," a poem of much descriptive power, take the following very admirable instance:

"Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence only to be felt.
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each,
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two Ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres!
That is the Duke, Lorenzo. Mark him well;
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet like the basilisk
It fascinates, and is intolerable."

Betake we ourselves, once again, to the "Faerie Queene," which is, says the poet Campbell in his "English Poets," refinement itself:

"We shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the color of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry."

Mark how Spenser throws a haze of uncertainty around the object which he would have to impress us:

> "And for more horror and more cruelty,
> Under that cursed Idol's altar-stone
> A hidden monster did in darkness lie,
> Whose dreadful shape was never seen of none
> That lives on earth."

The "Paradise Lost" offers many instances; let one suffice:

> "By them stood
> Orcus and Hades, and the dreaded Name
> Of Demogorgon."

Mr. Proctor thus remarks on this passage, usually passed over unnoticed by the common run of readers and critics:

"With respect to the 'Name of Demogorgon,' which stands by Orcus and Hades, how can such a phrase be justified by the rules of reason? Nevertheless, it is as magnificent as words can make it. It is clothed in a dark and spectral grandeur, and presses upon our apprehensions like a mighty dream."

Critique magnificent as its theme.

A stroke of sublime genius it was when Timanthes (B.C. 400), representing Agamemnon presiding over the sacrifice of his beloved daughter, Iphigenia, whom the gods of Hellas had commanded him to offer up, pictured Agamemnon with his face veiled; thus grandly hinting that agony of a father's heart which no pencil can portray. Yet sublimer far rose the Italian, Tintoretto, who, picturing the crucifixion of Christ, around which throng the Infinities—Infinite Holiness, Infinite Justice, Infinite

Love, Infinite Hope—shrouded the face of the Divine Martyr in the shadow of the great eclipse.

On this special figure, and on our whole subject of figures, let us once again fortify our general position by the argument of Dr. Bela Bates Edwards on the 139th Psalm:

"We discover in it a reason why a portion of Scripture is communicated to us in the form of poetry. It is not simply because it is more eloquent than prose, or because figurative language makes a deeper and more vivid impression. It is because it gives a truer and more adequate impression; because it approaches nearer to the nature of the thing to be comprehended; because it is less liable to present false or perverted conceptions. The divine attributes are in their nature illimitable, and at the best can be but partially and feebly apprehended, yet those delineations in the Scriptures are the most impressive, the most adequate, which are the farthest removed from the language of common life, where the illustrations are the least definite, the least measurable, the least apprehensible by the mere understanding; those objects in the material universe being selected which can be represented only as it were in outline, necessarily conveying the idea of an indefinite vastness, of an immeasurable depth, of unimagined velocity. There is a sense, therefore, in which the best method of representation is the most indefinite, the least cognizable by the mere intellect. We do not discover truth, we do not feel its power, by the aid of one faculty alone. For this purpose we have the principle of faith, the power of emotion, the faculty of imagination. There are delineations, which, because of their indefiniteness, do actually impart the most ennobling and satisfying conceptions of God. On such subjects that which is in the highest degree poetical is nearest the truth."

XC. Affirmation, when thrown into certain forms, becomes a figure. As in these lines of Giles Fletcher:

"Yes, aid implore
Of Him, the more He gives, that hath the more;
Whose storehouse is the heavens—too little for His store."

Or in Keats:

"Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?"

What a delicate touch of charm is in that "aye!" Which of our readers can grapple with and analyze the force of that small word?

XCI. Affirmation and Negation form, when united, a figure very potent; too redolent of the heart in its most changeful moods for a written discourse. See it in "The Maniac," by Matthew Gregory Lewis. First she affirms her sanity, then her insanity:

"O hark! What mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks.
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! Help!—He's gone! O fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain! My brain! I know, I know
I am not mad—but soon shall be.

"Yes, soon; for, lo you, while I speak
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me! Now with dreadful shriek
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror! The reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Aye, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth;
Your task is done! I'm mad! I'm mad."

A passage like this, a billowy whirl and wild conglomerate of figures, would nobly suit the pulpit. O give us the men who could abandon themselves to such tornado passions, yet could control them at their stormiest, riding on and guiding the whirlwind.

XCII. The important form Apostrophe comes next: a turning aside from the regular course of the subject to address some person or thing. Very frequent in Holy Writ: Job xxxviii., 11; Gen. xlix., 18; Neh. vi., 9;

Matt. xxiii., 37. Apostrophes there are of the imagination, which may be of considerable length, and of the passions, which generally should be shorter; each thing addressed being spoken to, suitably to its nature. Blair, in his very correct, finished sermons, exclaims:

"Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver in comparison with those of Guilt!"

John Barbour, the father of Scottish poesy, died about 1395, a contemporary of Geoffrey Chaucer, wrote "The Bruce," an historical poem; he gives us these words to Freedom, lines frequently quoted:

"Ah, Fredome, thou'rt a nobill thing!
Fredome maiks man to haif liking.
Fredome all solace to man giffis;
He levys at ese that frely levys!"

At first, you perceive, the Scotch was the same as the English, but in Blind Harry's time a difference is plain —by the year 1460.

Turn with us to Ossian's poems, put forth by James Macpherson, who claimed them to be the productions of a blind chief and bard who flourished in the Highlands of Scotland in the fifth century after Christ; but no satisfactory proof of this has been given. The committee of the Highland Society reported that, having made a regular inquiry into the authenticity of these poems, "they have never been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published." Dr. Johnson, who detested all things Scottish, affirmed that they might have been written "by many men, many women, and many children." Napoleon treasured them as his favorite volume, and in his stirring addresses to his soldiers formed his style in great measure upon them. Let us listen to the blind bard's address to the Sun—far too polished for the date and locality, but glorious, for all that, and far surpassing aught else of Macpherson:

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be the companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning."

In this matter we vote with Napoleon, and against Dr. Johnson. Ossian is a fresh variety in literature, holding a high place entirely its own; and if ever there were an emblem on earth, this is one: a Highland mountain, with its mists around it—a most striking emblem of Ossian. In some indescribable way these poems breathe thy spirit, O sublime land! whence they emanated.

One of the most successful modern tragedians of England is Sheridan Knowles. In his "William Tell," thus declaims the Swiss hero:

"Ye know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose brow is but the base
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands where storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and I
Have wished me there, the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head

And cried in glad tones to that furious wind,
'Blow on! This is the land of liberty!'"

Very nobly does Mrs. Stoddard, of Connecticut, apostrophize the last great Enemy in her poem, "The Soul's Defiance:"

"I said to Death's uplifted dart,
'Aim sure! Make no delay!'
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey.
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

The Scottish youth, Michael Bruce, who was cut off in early life, gave promise of decided genius. He is likely to be long remembered, through the beauty and finish of one poem, his ode to the "Cuckoo." Alluding to this bird's following of spring round the world, he breaks into this apostrophe:

"Sweet bird! Thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear.
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is another Scottish miracle. Like Cædmon the Saxon, his first occupation was that of a cowherd. His whole schooling lasted but six months, when he got as far as the Bible-class. At fourteen he found himself, after much hard work and half starvation, in possession of five shillings, wherewith he, like an embryo poet, bought a fiddle to play to himself in the loft of the cow-house. At eighteen he began writing poetry; as he said himself, "it was bitter bad." With dogged confidence in himself he kept floundering on, publishing two volumes, and a weekly periodical, which nobody would read; till at last he schooled himself into shape and grammar, in about his fortieth year;

and out came his "Queene's Wake," full of that grandeur of fancy, lifting him into realms beyond the earth, which is Hogg's most remarkable peculiarity. Several of his songs, also, are of the highest excellence; and this untaught rough being, with his coarse shepherd's plaid about his brawny shoulders, has taken his place among the poets who use the Doric of our literature, the classic dialect of the Scottish Lowlands, next after Burns, and on the same level with the admirable Allan Ramsay. Let us listen, then, to his apostrophe to the "Skylark:"

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet is thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

"Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy; love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth."

From Dr. Darwin, the elder, author of the "Botanic Garden," and the "Loves of the Plants," poems glittering and polished in their versification, but too artificial, with personification carried to a mania, we draw the following, which remind us of the close of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope:"

"Roll on, ye stars! Exult in youthful prime;
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time.
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! Ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form;
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same."

XCIII. Denunciation is so suitable, nay, so indispensable to the pulpit, whose mission it is to brand our sins, that we can not but assign to it a separate place. Sublime instances in the Bible thunder upon us: Isa. v., 18, 20–22; x., 1; xiv., 12–15. Not with silken touch should the man of God in our day deal with the great sins of the time. Never an age needed more Boanerges, Elijah, and the Baptist. Be it borne in mind, too, that the more merciful a heart is, the more will it detest the causes of those ills that devastate and endanger society; accordingly our Saviour was the first to fulminate of eternal woe. No weaker error than to imagine the Old Testament more denunciatory than the New. God's holiness may be defined — His infinite hatred of the things that infinitely hate us; never did He give license to the pulpits of the nineteenth century to be tame. Matt. iii., 7, 10; viii., 32; x., 15; xxi., 19; xxiii., 13–30.

But to turn to Shakespeare. Lear thus denounces his daughter, Goneril:

"Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!"

This unsurpassed tragedy affords great examples of great and unsurpassed denunciations.

XCIV. Solemn appeal to the Deity is a figure to be used only on worthy occasions. Toward the close of the Second against Philip, Demosthenes cries:

"I, let the gods be my witness, will speak the truth with boldness to you, and will conceal nothing."

The peroration of Lord Brougham's speech in behalf of Queen Caroline is a fine instance:

"Such, my Lords, is the case now before you. Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offense—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the Law knows—monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen. What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of legislation, a Parliamentary sentence, an ex post facto law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware. It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe. You have said, my Lords—you have willed—the Church and the King have willed, that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

From Cicero against Verres, be this heard:

"You, ye Alban mounds and groves, you I implore and call to witness; and you, ye ruined altars of Alba, equal in sanctity to the Roman shrines, destroyed and buried by the mad sacrilege of this man by whom the sacred trees have been cut down and laid prostrate. And thou, O holy Jove, thou hast at length from thy lofty Latin mount looked down to punish this wretch, whose wickedness and abandoned impurity had so often polluted thy lakes, thy groves, thy hallowed bounds."

From Thomas, Lord Erskine's great oration in defense of Lord George Gordon, arraigned for his life, as guilty of rioting and burning in the city of London, we quote—

using Lord Campbell's admirable "Lives of the Lord Chancellors"—one example more:

"Now was witnessed the single instance recorded in our judicial annals of an advocate in a court of justice introducing an oath by the sacred name of the Divinity; and it was introduced not only without any violation of taste or offense to pious ears, but with the thrilling sensations of religious rapture caught from the lips of the man, who, as if by inspiration, uttered the awful sound. Arguing upon the construction of certain words attributed to Lord George Gordon, he exclaimed: 'But this I will say, that he must be a ruffian and not a lawyer who would dare to tell an English jury that such ambiguous words, hemmed closely between others, not only innocent but meritorious, are to be adopted to constitute guilt, by rejecting both introduction and sequel.' Then, after noticing the offer made to the Government by the prisoner himself to quell the disturbance, he ventured upon the following bold and extraordinary sentence: 'I say, by God! that man is a ruffian who shall, after this, presume to build upon such honest, artless conduct, as an evidence of guilt.'"

The sensation produced by this daring appeal, and by the magic of the voice, the eye, the face, the action, is related by those present to have been electrical. This was in 1781. The young nobleman, justly, was acquitted. And at this point let the pulpit orator ask himself why can he never mingle appeal to God or Christ with statement or argument. Immense effects could thus be produced. It is never done. It is indefensible that it never is done. The point is a very great one. Even heathen orators put some pulpit orators to shame.

XCV. Oath, or Adjuration, deserves a separate place, as many another object besides the Deity may be sworn by. Thus, in Shakespeare's "Lear"—that unsurpassed storehouse for preachers:

> "For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
> The mysteries of Hecate and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care!"

In our much-prized modern pulpit, when it vindicates, as ofttimes it doth, its old apostolic fires, this figure is greatly desirable; as if a mighty preacher were to cry:

By yon heaven, the home of the righteous, I adjure you; and by hell, self-made dungeon of the impure! You will perish if you persist in this crime!

S., "Romeo and Juliet," scene ii., Romeo's 11th speech. "Richard II.," act iii., scene iii., Northumberland's 4th speech, lines 5–11.

Anathema, a form of condemnation hurled at a crime, can be grandly employed. Throwing aside his papers, walking from side to side of the pulpit, lifting his heart and voice to Jehovah, the speaker can cry to God so as to shake the entire audience. But perhaps thou art dull and tame, and makest amends by being very correct and safe. Well, thou wilt never prove to be Elijah; and bursts of sham passion in the pulpit would only make you and the pulpit ridiculous.

XCVI. Command is a form of words much the same as apostrophe; and very natural to the impassioned mind; as, Say! Mark! Look! Mrs. Browning's heart-stirring poem, "The Mask," in which her diction is admirably simple, as would it had ever been, affords us this; with what a racy flavor of the old ballads:

"Behind no prison-grate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomforted,
As souls behind a smile.
God's pity let us pray, she said.

"Ye weep for those who weep? she said—
Ah fools! I bid you pass them by;

Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry!
Whom sadder can I say? she said."

"The Tempest," by James T. Fields, puts this before us:

"'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder—'Cut away the mast!'"

XCVII. Exclamation of Sorrow deserves to be singled out by itself from other forms of exclamation, so prominent is it in all forms of writing. Thus in the ludicrous by that exceedingly successful author, Charles Lever, whose novels are noted triumphs of Irish humor:

"Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
O she melted the hearts
Of the lads in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone."

Samuel Lover, another inimitable Irishman, also dealeth sorrowfully in widows:

"Widow Machree, when winter comes in—
Och hone, Widow Machree!
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin—
Och hone! Widow Machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup—
Och hone, Widow Machree!"

XCVIII. Spiritualization deserves mention, however shortly; let us be lubricated by Samuel Ferguson. He speaks of a pretty maid; we see a material object turned to an ethereal use:

"She brought us, in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme;
Oat-cake; and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme."

CHAPTER XVI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART ELEVENTH.

Irony. — Antiphrasis. — Ironical Permission, or Ironical Command.—Anti-Irony, or Pretended Blame.—Mock-Heroic.—Personification, or Prosopopeia.

XCIX. IRONY comes before us next: "the dry mock," quoth old Puttenham. When a speaker expresses himself contrary to his thoughts, not with the intention of concealing his real sentiments, but of giving greater force to them, he speaks ironically. You can not but be familiar with the instance of its use by the sublime Elijah; for this figure is stern and indignant, suiting the lips of a great reformer, sent of Heaven to rebuke an oppressive king, an effeminate nation, or a brutal city mob. 1 Kings xviii., 27. Yet it is to the praise of the books of our faith that irony occurs very seldom in them; there is too much of contempt in it; these books have no contempt of man, even when they brand his vices. Eccles. xi., 9; Mark vii., 9. We open Mr. Plunkett's speech in the old Irish Parliament against the proposed union of England and Ireland:

"National pride! Independence of our country! These we are told by the minister are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this. They are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessors in that chair, but utterly unworthy of the consideration of this House, or of the matured understand-

ing of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it. Gracious God! we see a Perry reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom; and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country."

To renew our study of Demosthenes—a study that characterizes this volume—"A fine pretense!" is an expression not unusual with him when exposing a false assertion. In the Crown, turning to Æschines, he says to him:

"Manifest it is, forsooth, that you are grieved, Æschines, at these events, and that you pity the Thebans; you who have possessions in Bœotia; you who have made their lands your own, thriving on their misery. . . . Any one may see most clearly that he who is most vigilant in defense of his country, and most zealous in his opposition to you, Æschines, and your gang of bought traitors, is after all your best friend, who makes a market for you, making it necessary for the enemy of Athens to pay a good sum for you. But for patriots, and the influence and number and obstinate virtue of patriots, you traitors would not be worth buying. You would bring nothing in the market."

Whittier, of much lyric force, lofty moral and political principle, inveighs against the wickedness of imprisoning a debtor for years:

"What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so. His crime's a fouler one—
God made the old man poor."

In the tragedy of "Catiline," by Croly, are passages of great power, expressed in the simplest, that is, the truest language. Mark the broken exclamations, the loud, fearless defiance, the fierce Satanic irony:

"'Banished from Rome!' What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
'Tried and convicted traitor!' Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain.
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own! Smile on, my lords.
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up.
I leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you. Here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul's 'merciful.' For this, all thanks!
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline."

Lord Erskine was told of one who died worth two hundred thousand pounds. He observed—

"What a pretty sum to begin the next world with."

A certain bishop was notorious for malice and treachery. Said Sydney Smith:

"The bishop is so like Judas Iscariot, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession."

In a word, as satire abounds in irony, we send you to study this figure in our four best American satirical poems: Lowell's "Fable for Critics;" Worth's "American Bards;" "Truth, a New Gift for Scribblers," by Snelling; "The Quacks of Helicon," by Wilmer; all of which will amuse you greatly, and will put a keener edge on your critical powers.

C. In leaving this figure, remark that when it lies in a single word, Antiphrasis is the name. This is the use of a word the reverse of what one means—as in the expression, "The sacred love of gold;" or as when we say of a foolish fellow, "What a perfect Solon he is." Puttenham calls it the "broad flout."

CI. Ironical Permission, or Ironical Command, a figure never before mentioned, is a very fine one, and must be classed as a form of irony. Our attention was first arrested by it in the pages of Scripture. Isa. l., 11; Eccles. xi., 9; Mark xiv., 41. We have sometimes thought that this figure explains the command of Jesus to his disciples to arm themselves. It was so obviously absurd for such a handful of peasants to think of defying the military might of Rome. John xviii., 10; Luke xxii., 36, 38, 49–51. Let the grand lyrics of Isaiah be minutely studied in Lowth's translation. Or open the pages of Byron:

> "In vain! in vain! Strike other chords;
> Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
> Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
> And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
> Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
> How answers each bold bacchanal."

CII. Anti-Irony, or Pretended Blame, is a figure which we have nowhere seen mentioned. Irony lies in pretended praise; this in pretended blame. Our love of blunt, rough honesty of speech makes it popular. There is in Scotland a poem, to which we have already referred, by William Millar, on "Wee Willie Winkie," the Genius of Infant Slumber, who is represented as endeavoring in vain to cause certain baby eyes to wink with sleep:

> "Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
> The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen.
> The dog's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
> But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.
> Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue—glowrin' like the moon;
> Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon.
> Wearie is the mither that has a stoury wean—
> A wee stumpie stoussie that canna rin his lane,
> That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an e'e—
> But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me!"

CIII. The Mock-Heroic comes next in view; where grandiloquent language is purposely selected to set forth small ideas or to depict small men. Whole productions have been written in this style, as Tennant's "Anster Fair," and Frere's "Whistle Craft;" but we introduce it here in reference to single terms and brief turns of diction. Thus, in the "Husband's Petition," by Aytoun:

"I feel a bitter craving,
A dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom
Like coals of kindled fire.
The passion of the nightingale,
When singing to the rose,
Is feebler than the agony
That murders my repose.

"By that great vow which bound thee
Forever to my side,
And by the ring that made thee
My darling and my bride,
Thou wilt not fail nor falter,
But bend thee to the task—
A boil'd sheep's head for Sunday,
Is all the boon I ask."

CIV. Personification, or Prosopopeia, the ascribing of life and personality to abstract qualities, such as Hatred or Revenge, or to objects without life. This is a figure than which none is more important or more natural to man's mind. Scripture overflows with the boldest, most beautiful instances: Jer. xlvii., 6; Gen. iv., 10; Rev. vi., 8; Mic. vi., 1, 2; Hab. iii., 10; Zech. xiii., 7. It is the very province of Passion and Imagination to people the air and the woods, the hours of morning and the dusk of evening, with living beings. A twofold process is carried on: the one, the bodying forth of feelings, sentiments, ideas of the mind, in beautiful forms; the other, the ascription of the mind's properties to material objects. In the one case, to the mental is given a body;

in the other is given to body a mind. An appearance of joyfulness in a flower gives us intense delight. We personify it, in order to rejoice in it the more. Eminently unselfish is this delight. We rejoice to see the flower, not as if it were ministering to us, but as enjoying for itself. The more its play of branches, its smoothness of stalk, its vivid green, are looked on by us as signs of its own happiness, the more enjoyment we have in gazing on it. Personification shows, too, that the thing most interesting to man is man. Even Drake's first-rate production, "The Captive Fay," written as an attempt to keep out every thing of man, owes its interestingness to the fay's being, in good measure, actuated by feelings like our own. He is a man in all but size: a pocket-edition of ourselves.

William Dunbar has a grand poem, "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins." It is on hell's hot floor they dance. Mahoun—Mohammed—once a common name for Satan, gives them music. Each of the seven is a terrific personage. Anger is introduced into the reel:

> "Then Ire came in, with sturt and strife,
> His hand was aye upon his knife."

In the subjoined, Charles Fenno Hoffman has given several personifications:

> "Birds are in woodland bowers;
> Voices in lonely dells;
> Streams to the listening hours
> Talk in earth's secret cells.
> Over the gray-ribbed sand
> Breathe ocean's frothing lips;
> Over the still lake's strand
> The flower toward it dips.
> Pluming the mountain's crest,
> Life tosses in its pines;
> Coursing the desert's breast,
> Life in the steed's mane shines."

Sir Walter Raleigh, named by his friend "The Shepherd of the Ocean," calls the flowers—

> "You pretty daughters of the Earth and Sun."

John Marston describes an army thus:

> "Ghastly Amazement, with upstarted hair,
> Shall hurry on before, and usher us;
> While trumpets clamor with a sound of death."

Peele, another of that brood of undisciplined dramatic giants, in his "David and Bathsheba," a tragedy written before Shakespeare came, speaks thus of a fountain:

> "The brim let be embraced with golden curls
> Of moss, that sleeps with sounds the waters make."

When personification goes so far as to ascribe speech to the thing personified, this is its highest point. Far back in our literature, Gawin Douglas presents to us an example in his prologue to his translation of Virgil's "Æneid:"

> "All the small foulis sang thus on the spray:
> 'Welcome, the Lord of light and Lampe of day!
> Welcome, quickener of flourish'd flowers sheen!
> Welcome, fosterer of tender herbs green.
> Welcome, support of every root and vein;
> Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit and grain;
> Welcome, the birds bield upon the brier;
> Welcome, master and ruler of the year!'"

Next let us refer to Matt. vi., 3, and ask you to try on it your skill in figures. Bold it is, but how natural. Yet, after all the many years we have given to this subject, we scarcely know where to place it. Is it not a personification of the left hand, and of its next-door neighbor, the right hand? It is marvelous how numerous are the figures which Jesus uses. He uses them by the score. It is evident that He, a thorough orator and poet; yet

oratory and poesy was half silenced in Him by the awe of His great aims and mission.

From William Mason's tragedy of "Caractacus," we quote next:

"Behold yon oak.
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him. Mark yon altar—
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone. They awe my soul,
As if the very Genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd through his drear domain."

We know of scarcely any thing finer than this from the sermons of Bishop Sherlock, which we now take from him:

"Go to your Natural Religion; lay before her Mohammed and his disciples, arrayed in armor and blood; riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set on flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the East. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation and a divine commission to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see Him in his most retired privacies, let her follow Him to the mount, and hear His devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to His table to view His poor fare, and hear His holy discourse. Let her attend Him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which He endured the scoffs and reproaches of His enemies. Lead her to His cross; let her view Him in the agony of death, and hear His last prayer for His persecutors: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' When Natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her, Which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes

of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spake and said, 'Truly this man was the Son of God.'"

Thomas Campbell gives us proof that objects of art do sometimes reach the sublime:

"Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter; the ends of the earth which she had to visit; and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a human being."

To see how differently two gifted minds treat the same subject, take a speech of George Canning, the English statesman and orator, delivered at Plymouth in 1823:

"Our present repose is no more proof of inability to act than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing in their shadows with perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage; how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunders."

How full our literature of the noblest specimens of this figure of personification. They crowd upon us in starry groups. Spurgeon has this:

"If Christianity were put down, I would hang the world in mourning, and make the Sea the chief mourner, with its dirge of howling winds, and its wild death-march of disordered waves."

Says old Fuller sublimely:

"The Pyramids, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders."

Leigh Hunt, in his "Remains," full of genius, quaintness, and admirable word-painting, places before us this dim, strangely striking picture:

> "A ghastly Castle that eternally
> Holds its blind visage out to the lone Sea."

Daniel Webster, in his Bunker Hill oration, when the monument was completed, and many thousand spectators stood around him, said, pointing to the column:

"It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and to excite the vast multitudes around me. That powerful speaker stands motionless before us."

Take a specimen from Collins, on the graves of heroes and patriots:

> "There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, sets before us this lively portrait of War, in his justly famous "Induction" to the "Mirrour of Magistrates:"

> "Lastly, stood War in glittering arms yclad,
> With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
> In his right hand a naked sword he had,

That to the hilt was all with blood embrued,
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razèd towns, and threw down tower and hall."

Bayard Taylor tells us how the poet in the East finds life and love in every thing:

"His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel,
They knew the poet's tread;
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

"And half in shade, and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her bower;
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart,
She had waited for the hour;
And like a bride's, the poet kiss'd
The lips of the glorious flower."

John Cunningham has written many pastoral and descriptive pieces, full of a charming ease and simplicity. He thus narrates of a country nymph very dear to him:

"Now jocund together, we tend a few sheep;
And if, by yon prattler the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire—
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her sire,
And the shepherds have named her Content."

Turn we to Tecumseh and his Indians. Armed to the teeth, he came to meet General Harrison. At this council, by some oversight, no chair had been provided for the chief. He instantly detected the neglect, and his countenance showed his sense of the indignity. Governor Harrison saw his displeasure and caused a chair to be brought. The interpreter presented the chair, and said,

"Your father wishes you to be seated." Tecumseh, haughtily lifting himself to his loftiest stature, looked down upon the interpreter, and, waving the chair from him, in tones of supreme contempt replied:

"My father! The Sun is my father, and the Earth is my mother. I will repose upon her bosom."

Then, with a mien of sovereign dignity that revealed the born king, he disposed himself on the ground, after the custom of his fathers. S., "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii., scene ii., line 23.

In an exquisite line of the inimitable Catullus—

"Ridere, quidquid est Domi cachinnorum"—

we have the Home-laughers addressed as though they were frank and hearty rural nymphs, untamed by etiquette, and invoked to make the beloved roof re-echo with their bursts of honest merriment. How impossible to translate such a line. Leigh Hunt turns it thus:

"Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of Home."

Verily, a most delightful line. But "cachinnorum" is not nearly so slim as "dimple."

From Owen Meredith—son and successor of Sir E. L. Bulwer, Lord Lytton—we gather a quotation from his "Lucille:"

"There is war in the skies!
Lo the black-winged legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp-splintered rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal; as though
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt searching
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now. Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms that seem
To waver above in the dark; and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there; appalled at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven."

Or, hastening to Byron, this noble line rushes on us:

"Red Battle stamped his foot, and nations felt the shock."

Not any thing that Charlotte Bronté has given us is more noble than her Nature, in "Shirley:"

"Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea; for travelers in deserts; for lambs on moors; and unfledged birds in woods. I saw—I see now, a Woman-Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I can not picture—they are clear; they are deep as lakes; they are lifted and full of worship; they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face, she speaks with God."

Robert Robinson, Baptist minister at Cambridge, England, thus ventures to begin a sermon on the words "If ye love me, keep my commandments:"

"If ye love me! If! O cruel If! Why is this? Is it possible that this can be a doubt? If I love Thee? Why, it would be better for me to have my love to my wife, my children, my parents, my friends, doubtful, than to have this so. O this wicked If! O that I could tear it out of my heart! O thou poison of all my pleasures! Thou cold, icy hand that touches me so often, and freezes me with the touch! If! If!"

O that our young men in the ministry would strive, almost unto death, to study and pray themselves into mighty orators of God; and that the pulpit might vindicate itself as the most befitting station for Eloquence

to occupy: standing there, angel-like, between time and eternity, between duty and sin, between God and Satan, between heaven and hell. Ezek. xxxvi., 1–10; xxxvii., 1–10.

A distinction, very important here, suggests itself. Certain epithets express personality and its feelings; those that do so, ascribing emotions to inanimate objects, pertain to a higher realm than those expressive of a mere literal fact. You may call the oak, aspiring—making manifest the very soul of the tree; or you may term it tall. Sir Walter Scott seldom rises higher than to adjectives like the latter. Wordsworth is continually using adjectives such as the former. Your author inflicts on you both classes:

> The moonlight weird, silvers with pale affright
> The trembling waves; the tops of beech and pine;
> And Awe reigns thron'd amid yon solemn stars.

"Weird," "pale affright," "trembling," "solemn," are of the emotional impersonating class; the latter half of our second line is merely literal. Shakespeare is a supreme master of both kinds. William Allingham, in his delightful ballad, "Lovely Mary Donnelly," gives us this—not a bit too absurd:

> "When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
> The Music nearly kill'd itself, to listen to her feet."

Very graceful, as are all his, and light of touch, is Robert Herrick's address to the "Violets:"

> "Welcome, Maids of honor!
> You do bring
> In the Spring,
> And wait upon her."

CV. Ascription of Intention to an object incapable of an intention or purpose is one of the most pleasing forms of personification. Thus, in Thomas Davis, the justly celebrated Irish song writer's "Banks of the Lee:"

"O so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,
So mild is the mist, and so rich is the beam,
That beauty should never to other lands roam,
But make on the banks of our river its home!
When dripping with dew,
The roses peep through,
'Tis to look in at you
They are growing so fast;
While the scent of the flowers,
Must been hoarded for hours—
'Tis pour'd in such showers
When my Mary goes past."

CVI. Anti-Personification. To show, curiously, with what opposite instruments the mind can work, let us observe that to represent a person as a thing may energetically lower or ridicule; as when, of John Gilpin, Cowper says at a critical moment of the hero's equestrian experience:

"The horse who never in such sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon its back had got
Did wonder more and more."

Or mark the effect in the subjoined lines of Wordsworth:

"How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?"

A third instance of anti-personification comes before us in Henry Grattan's invective against Mr. Corry, February 14, 1800:

"Am I to renounce these habits now forever; and at the beck of whom—I should rather say of what?—half a minister, half a monkey; a 'prentice-politician, a master-coxcomb."

See 2 Sam. xvi., 9. Then, what pathos in the cry from the heart of the mighty thinker, Aristotle, amid the gropings of his bewildered reason eagerly seeking for certainty. When baffled in his attempts to discover the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, he cried with anguished voice to the Great One, who, he knew, was; but of whom, as to what he was, he felt that he had ascertained so little:

"O Thing of Things! have mercy upon me!"

Nothing in all antiquity more touching.

Contrast the feeling which we meet with, in this cry on the part of the mighty intellect of Aristotle, than whom no man that ever lived ruled more widely among men of culture, with the atheism of a few in our day, who are the merest pigmies in comparison with him. Aristotle, unfavored by words from on high, is agonized by that noble aspiration of his to know his Creator, to commune with the Infinite Thinker. In the kingly Grecian sage we see intellect pining after the great kindred intellect; heart thirsting after heart. He recognizes not a Power only, but a Person; not merely a Person, but a Person who can create and plan and interfere; not merely one who plans and interferes, but one who can be sought in prayer, can answer prayer, can melt in pity. Atheism dwarfs man; dwarfs, beclouds every thing; disintellects the universe; dries literature into sandy dust; but to pine after God with Aristotle, to pray to God with Aristotle and Demosthenes, as in the course of our studies we have naturally come on them doing, is to soar with the noblest minds in their noblest hour. These are facts, for which we have referred you to them. If we had gone craftily, unnaturally, in search of these facts

—still worse, if we had gone in fabrication of them—but no, they beamed on us in the unartificial course of pure literary reading. Mark, too, what you can not but see, that if we had made it a rule to quote nothing that had prayer or worship in it, we would have left unquoted the most sublime things in this volume. How contemptibly blind our atheists are! How ignorant they of the true science of man's nature! Not only false to the sublime "Thing of Things," the God who gave them so noble a birth, but false to literature; false to man, and to the progress of man; triply false to science. Let them remember that the Past hath a history, this one of its chapters: that literature, without worship, can not reach its highest. Socrates, Cicero, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, all the five were men of gigantic mould, overflowing with worship and with prayer; any little finger of theirs more priceless than the whole body of such shallow souls—shallow compared with these five.

This, too, is the point at which to state—not developing them, but in the way of very brief suggestion—these three thoughts:

1. Nothing could have happened better for Christianity than the present atheistic raid against God. It will bind together, and is so doing, all who own and admire Aristotle's "Thing of Things." The sincere deist and the devoted Christian will feel themselves drawn toward each other; the Christian seeking and finding Christ in nature, which blooms all over with figures of Emmanuel; the deist learning, if he kneel humbly at the feet of God, that it is Christ whose bright and sovereign feet he has been clasping. All lovers of Deity will experience priceless benefits from the Satanic cry, "Away with God!" It is an attempt to fire the common homestead. Would that all the impiety may take that shape.

2. There is no priestcraft in prayer. In the Old Testament there is no transubstantiation in the Paschal Lamb.

Why was not the lamb of the passover transubstantiated into God? We saw how figurative language, rightly understood, sweeps away this dogma of the Vatican. Besides, all through the Old Testament the priests are carefully kept in a very secondary place; while in the New Testament they disappear altogether. No priestcraft in worship! But to literature, worship and prayer are its very life-blood. You will not be half the lawyer that you might be, if you be not permeated by prayer. Again and again we implore you to think of Demosthenes and Aristotle. No small smart men they; but archangelic.

3. Our clergy might be braver than some preachers are. For example, they should not only maintain that there is no priestcraft in Holy Writ—a mere negative position; but they should take this heroic positive position: that man's tendencies are such that he has no safety against, no extirpator of, priestcraft, so mighty as Holy Writ. Man can not crush down priestcraft save through Holy Writ. Look at Utah: without the Bible, they plunged into a nauseous and tyrannic spiritual despotism. Visit the conclave of the cardinals, and the infallible old gentleman there. They dread the Bible; they brand true respect for it, and obedience to it, as idolatry; Bible-idolatry; and forthwith, to be consistent, they run to the crucifix and to the Virgin. The Bible, being the great book of figures, we are entitled to speak of it in this volume, nay, we are compelled to speak of it here; and to say of it, that it is the great rampart of spiritual liberty; the inspired apostle of free-thinking: such free-thinking as trains and enables men to breathe mountain air; the mountain air of true disenthrallment from Prejudice, Spite, Bigotry, Priestcraft, and Atheism.

But it is time to change the subject. Sir Alexander Boswell, son of the Hon. James Boswell, Johnson's unsurpassed biographer, has written very successfully a few pieces of broad humor, in one of which, "Jenny's Bawbee,"

a suitor in love with the young lady's bawbee, or half-penny—that is, figuratively, her fortune—cometh to grief:

"A' spruce frae ban'-boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam' neist—but life has rubs;
Foul were the roads and fou the dubs;
Ah! waes me!
'I kent,' said he, 'I could na fail'—
She preen'd the dish-clout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And keepit her bawbee."

S., "Coriolanus," act iv., scene v., Aufidius's 6th speech, line 16; scene vi., Cominius's 10th speech. "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii., scene iii., lines 39, 40.

Jean Ingelow, a poetess of our day, gives us one more anti-personification:

"Against her ankles as she trod,
The lucky buttercups did nod;
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing look'd, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me."

CVII. Enhancement by Difference, or the Illustration of what is by what is not, merits a place. If we do not name it well, Burns exemplifies it well; it has been left to us, at this late day, to register and name it:

"'Tis not the surging billow's roar;
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear.
But round my heart the ties are bound—
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, these ties I tear
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr."

Mr. Stephens, the American traveler, always clear and

interesting, in his "Incidents of Travel," places us in an ancient Eastern city, such as Nineveh or Petra:

"I would that the skeptic could stand, as I did, among the ruins of this city, and there open the sacred book, and read the words of the inspired penman written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities of the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ancient city cries out to him, in a voice loud and powerful as one risen from the dead. Though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself, in the desolation and eternal ruin around him."

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART TWELFTH.

Egoism.—Self-depreciation.—Paranomasia.—Antanaclasis.—Soliloquy.—Direct Address.—Dialogue.—Prediction.—Anticipation.—Pretended Omission.—Paralepsis, or Apophasis.—Disparity.—Outward Illustration.—Accompaniment.—Meeting of Opposites.

CVIII. EGOISM, the introduction of one's own opinion, wants, or experience: the bringing one's self individually before the audience, is at times necessary to give an air of life to oratory; or to show befitting earnestness:

"The business I see is advancing,"

cries Demosthenes. Hear the energetic Lord Brougham:

"I have read with astonishment, and I repel with scorn, the insinuation that I had acted the part of an advocate, and that some of my statements were colored to serve a cause. How dares any man so to accuse me? How dares any one, skulking under a fictitious name, to launch his slanderous imputations from his covert? I come forward in my own person. I make the charge in the face of day. I drag the criminal to trial. I openly call down justice on his head. I defy his attacks. I defy his defenders. I challenge investigation."

Cowper, the poet of the Cross, thus speaks of certain vain speculations:

> "Defend me, therefore, Common-sense, say I,
> From reveries so airy; from the toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Dr. John M. Mason, in his deservedly admired sermon, "The Gospel for the Poor," gives us this form; the statement of a personal want common to him with all his hearers:

"He who pretends to be my comforter without consulting my immortality, overlooks my essential want. The Gospel supplies it. Immortality is the basis of her system. These are Christian views. They stamp new interest on all my relations and all my acts. They hold up before me objects vast as my wishes, terrible as my fears, and permanent as my being. And again: If I ask how I am to be delivered, human reason is dumb. The more I ponder the Gospel method of salvation, the more am I convinced that it displays the divine perfection. My worst fears are dispelled; the wrath to come is not for me; I can look with composure at futurity; and feel joy springing up with the thought that I am immortal."

This fine sermon is full of similar forms of egoism, all of them perfectly untainted with egotism. Musing on such sermons as this, we need no other proof of Christ's consummate wisdom as the Legislator for all nations and ages, than His having given to preaching the leading place He has assigned to it—"Go ye into all the world and preach." The pulpit never can be superseded by the newspaper or the printing-press. Nothing like the power of a living voice, which proclaims the conscience-arousing, the heart-satisfying Gospel truths; and which need not be surpassed, in poesy, in sublimity, in pathos. Psa. lxvi., 13–20.

CIX. Self-depreciation may be used at times with good effect. Yet as egoism must not savor of egotism, so self-dispraise would be nauseous if in the least it resembles mock-modesty. The eloquent and tasteful Esprit Flé-

chier gives us an inoffensive example in his masterpiece on the death of Marshal Turenne:

"Pardon a little confusion in my treatment of a subject that has caused us so much grief. I may sometimes confound the general of the army with the sage and the Christian. Through the whole I shall strive to win your attention, not by the force of eloquence, but by the reality and greatness of the virtues about which I am engaged to speak."

In a form somewhat different, Saurin says, at the close of a sermon, very affectingly:

"Alas! it is this general influence which these exhortations ought to have over our lives, that makes us fear we have addressed them to you in vain. How often have you sent us empty away, even when we demanded so little. What will you do to-day?"

CX. Paranomasia, the Pun, we have at length arrived at: emphatically, the wit of words; a trick of verbal cleverness, founded on the circumstance of two or more words of similar sound having different meanings. A certain law lord in Scotland was noted for his pompous way of speaking. Telling Harry Erskine one day that an acquaintance had fallen from a stile and sprained his ankle, said Erskine:

"It is a mercy he did not fall from your style, else he would have broken his neck."

CXI. In the precise language of Rhetoric, when the same word is repeated in a different sense, this species of pun is called Antanaclasis, as in the expression:

"While we live, let us live;"

or in this:

"Learn some craft while you are young, that when old you may live without craft."

A person explaining about acids in a very prosy way

to Charles Lamb, Lamb stopped him with the remark:

"The best of all acids is assiduity."

Said Hancock, on the sublime occasion when your fathers were signing the Declaration of American Independence, and when the English king would have hanged them if he could:

"We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways."—"Yes," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Paranomasia has obtruded itself even on tombstones. Nothing in Greek learning is more difficult than the particles—the numerous one-syllabled adverbs and conjunctions. A certain Dr. Walker had won considerable fame by a treatise on these. But the word particles means, too, grains of dust; so the Doctor ordered this for his epitaph:

"Here lies Walker's particles."

In a similar strain, the celebrated Thomas Fuller has this inscription over his dust in Westminster Abbey:

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

From the old city of Byzantium there came, as embassador to Athens, Leon, a very little and deformed man. He stood up to speak. At sight of him the Athenians burst into violent laughter, so that he could not be heard. At length he said:

"What would you say, then, did you but see my wife? She hardly reaches to my knees. Yet, little as we are, when we disagree the city of Byzantium is not large enough to hold us."

Or go once again to the Scottish lawyer and wit, Harry Erskine. Some acquaintances came on him suddenly as he was digging potatoes in his garden:

"This is otium cum diggin' a tattie," quoth he—

(*Otium cum dignitate*, Ease with dignity).

CXII. Soliloquy is the next figure with which we proceed: a dialogue which the writer or speaker carries on with himself. In this, Scripture is peculiarly rich. Luke xii., 16–21. Psa. vi., 6, 11; xiv., 1; cxvi., 7, 12, 13. Luke xv., 17–19. Job xxxix., 25. A figure very capable of admirable uses. You remember the expression in one of the Psalms:

"God is not in all his thoughts."

But in the original Hebrew it reads:

"All his thoughts are: 'There is no God.'"

How much more vivid. A fair example of the inferiorities that abound in our version. Not inaccurate statements; not falsehoods; but far short it comes in vivacity, impressiveness, and a thousand literary charms; and the grandeurs of many a heroic page.

CXIII. Direct Address, by a third party, an important figure, is distinguished from Dialogue by this, that neither the speaker himself nor any other makes any direct reply. Even this, however, is eminently fitted to produce vivacity of style. What higher instance of the sublime than that which we find, appropriately, near the opening of Genesis, when Jehovah is revealed looking forth on chaos, and He said:

"'Light, be!' and light was."

See also Rev. vi., 16; Mark xiii., 6, 21. The third person introduced speaking utters the very sentiment suited to the circumstances; what need, therefore, of any reply? The following is from one of our best poems, by Charles Swain:

"O the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
The hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd.
'Tick, tick,' it said; 'quick, quick to bed;
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go; or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning.'"

From Seba Smith, author of "The Letters of Major Jack Downing," the following direct address proceeds:

"The cold winds swept the mountain-height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
Her babe was sleeping on her breast.

"And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow;
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
'O God!' she cried, in accents wild,
'If I must perish, save my child.'"

By one special variety of this figure a vivid effect may be produced; when the third party is commanded to utter certain words, these being put in his mouth. See Isa. xl., 9. Or, in the way of American humor, take the speech of the treed coon to the sportsman whose gun is pointed at him—a promise and a prediction:

"Don't fire, Colonel; I'll come down."

In Abbadie's "Sermon on the Sacrifice of Abraham," the patriarch is introduced expressing in his own words his contending emotions on receiving the command to offer up Isaac—a mode of treating the subject that has often been adopted.

By Edmund Clarence Stedman, a writer deft and original, we are presented with a speech by the Moon, short but to the purpose, encouraging a youth to an act osculatory:

"A cloud pass'd kindly overhead,
The Moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said—
'Come! Now or never! Do it! do it!'"

CXIV. Dialogue is a form into which, with much effect, an argument or burst of feeling may be thrown. In Demosthenes, on the Crown, he introduces a statement by his opponent, Æschines, and replies to it. The reply constitutes it dialogue:

"'He who reproaches me with the intimacy of Alexander!' —I reproach thee with the intimacy of Alexander! How couldst thou obtain it? How couldst thou aspire to it? I could never call thee Philip's friend, nor Alexander's intimate. I am not so insane; unless we are to call the menial servants, who toil for their wages, the friends and intimates of those who deign to hire them."

Here the dialogue is between the speaker or writer and another; but it may take place between other two persons or more, the speaker not taking part in it. Why this so seldom in our pulpits? This form of language is admirably fitted to give energy and impassioned life to oratory or argument. Carefully scan the inspiring examples: Isa. xl., 6; Luke xii., 20; xiii., 25–27; Isa. lxiii., 1–6. By dialogue is not meant dramatic writing, where the whole is dialogue, but the introducing of a short dialogue in a piece non-dramatic. Take Alexander Cochran's "Pilot:"

"The waves are high, the night is dark,
Wild roam the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining bark,
As gallantly she rides.

'Pilot, take heed what course you steer;
Our bark is tempest-driven!'
Stranger, be calm; there is no fear
For him who trusts in Heaven."

For the pulpit, a dialogue might often be introduced between the Preacher and Eternity:

O dread Eternity, I ask thee to tell, how can man live in safety on earth?

And Eternity, looking down on me from heaven, speaks and says:

Despise the bribes of sin! Give not up thy soul to things perishable? Give God the chief place in thy heart!

Or Life and Death might be made the interlocutors; or Sin and Hell; or, as by Bourdaloue on Christ's death, Conscience and Passion. Of course, this implies strong emotion, and therefore such dialogues should be short and rapid. Well-conducted, they might be used with noble effect by a Christ-made man worthy of the Christian pulpit—that loftiest home of eloquence. Or the audience before him might be addressed, and the reply, which they would be ashamed not to give, might be put in their lips. You are, we dare say, familiar with the example from the greatest of mere human orators, because so virtuous, Demosthenes:

"For I"—thus he addresses Æschines—"and all these with me, call you a hireling, first of Philip, and now of Alexander! If you doubt, ask these present; but I will rather do it for you. Does it seem to you, Athenians, that Æschines is a hireling, or a guest of Alexander? Do you hear what they say?"

In this case, the audience itself shouted "Hireling!" A dangerous experiment for an inferior orator. Be pity for him whose cry in his heart is—"Let me always be tame! no grand effort come ever from my commonplace lips."

In a speech of Brougham in the House of Lords, he supposes his audience to reply to the question he had just put to them. He was urging the necessity of Parliamentary reform:

"Among the awful considerations which now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence in the most trifling cause without hearing. Will you make the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which hang a nation's hopes and fears? You are? Then beware of your decision!"

The reverend and eccentric Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air, in that suburban part of London denominated Moorfields, from the Song of Solomon, i., 5—"I am black but comely;" which he explained as having reference to the Church of Christ, which in the sight of the world was black—black as the tents of Kedar, but in the sight of her glorified Head was comely—comely as the curtains of Solomon. While enlarging on the subject, Lady Anne Erskine happened to pass that way. She asked her servants what was the cause of the very large assemblage of people. They replied that it was the renowned Rowland Hill, who was addressing the people. Lady Anne said she had long cherished a desire to hear that eccentric man preach, and should now have it fully gratified, and desired her charioteer to bring her as near as possible, that she might hear every word he said. She was soon in the rear of the temporary pulpit, the only place where it was possible to get near him. The gorgeous accession that had taken place to the congregation, and the brilliant and sparkling appearance of Lady Anne, attracted the attention of the congregation more than the preacher, but Rowland Hill's observant eyes detected the movements, and he resolved on a hazardous but effective remedy. He paused, and then said:

"Brethren, I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I am now about to hold an auction or vendue. I have here a lady and her whole equipage to expose to public sale, but the lady is the principal and only object I wish to dispose of at present. Well, there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the World: well, and what will you give for her? I will give honors, wealth, and pleasure. That won't do —she's worth more than that, for she shall continue to live when the honors, wealth, and pleasure you have it in your power to bestow shall vanish as the darkness of night before orient beams: you can't have her. The next bidder is the devil: well, and what will you give for her? I will give all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. That won't do either, for she shall continue to exist when the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them shall have vanished as a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower: you can't have her. But list! I hear the voice of another—it is the Lord Jesus Christ: well, and what will You give for her? I will give an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. Blessed Jesus! Just as I expected—just like the liberality that Thou art wont to display! Well, I will place her at Thy disposal—she is black but comely—and Thou shalt be the purchaser. Let Heaven and Earth attest this irrevocable contract."

Turning to Lady Anne, he said—

"Madam, have you heard this contract that Heaven and Earth hath irrevocably attested? Remember that from this time forth and for evermore you are the property of the Lord Jesus. He died to redeem you—you are purchased with His blood. Can you, dare you reject it?"

The arrow thus sped at a venture found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she became eminently useful.

In an intensely beautiful piece by George Herbert, he describes himself as wholly abandoning his soul to unbelief and rebellious utterances against God and self-denial. The piece, however, concludes with this inimitable bit of dialogue:

"But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild,
At every word,
Methought I heard One calling, 'Child!'
And I replied, 'My Lord!'"

This figure is to us so fascinating that we find a difficulty in leaving it. It is astonishing to us that it is so rare in the pulpit. You will thank us for this example from De la Rue. It is supposed to be your own death-bed, to which you have let yourself come unprepared—alas! unprepared!

"How will your mind be prepared when all these embarrassments together shall overwhelm you at death? When all the parts of your frame shall say to you, by the exhaustion of your death, 'Think of us!' When your domestics shall say to you, by their feebly acknowledged and ill-requited services, 'Think of us!' When your affairs shall say to you, by the disorder into which you have thrown them, 'Think of us!' When your creditors shall say to you, at the sight of their goods confounded with yours, 'Think of us!' When those persons who are dear to you shall say, by their sighs, alas! for the last time, 'Think of us!' Torn on every side; distracted by so many different cries, your reason, at its last gasp, shall cry from the bottom of your conscience, 'Think of thyself, miserable man! Think of thyself. Leave every thing besides, and think only of thyself.' My dear brother, my dear friend, will your feeble reason be able to make itself heard?"

Directing your attention to our great model, Demosthenes, to whom we are ever referring, though our readers know that we have a greater still in our Saviour, there is the passage in his First against Philip, which Longinus quotes as a fine instance of those figures which give life and energy to an oration. Mark how he continually uses the interrogation also:

"When, then, men of Athens—when will you do what is necessary? When roused by some startling event? When forced, O Heaven, by some fatal necessity? What, then, are we to

judge of our present condition? In my opinion, to freemen the disgrace attending on misconduct is the most urgent necessity. Or tell me, is it your ambition, wandering the public places, to inquire each of the other, 'What news?' What more new can there be than a man of Macedonia conquering Athenians, and giving laws to the Greeks?—'Is Philip dead?' —'No, by Heaven, but he is in bad health.'—What difference does that make to you? For even if he should meet some fatal stroke, you would soon, by this neglect of your interests, raise up another Philip."

Here every sentence, every half sentence, contains a figure; yet nothing could be freer from the artificial and the tawdry.

But perhaps the most sublime instance of this figure is in John Leland's astonishing sermon, "The Jarrings of Heaven reconciled by the Blood of Christ," in which Holy Law, Truth, Justice, Holiness, Omnipotence, Wisdom, Love, Grace, Mercy, the Great I Am, the Son of God, the Angels, Hell, all take part as speakers in the unsurpassed discussion. You will find this unique and stupendous drama in Fish's "Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence," vol. ii., page 454. We consider this to be the grandest drama ever produced by man; beyond even what Shakespeare ever gave us.

Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1109, a theologian of the most remarkable depth, clearness, force, and living piety, wrote a most important little treatise in Latin, "Cur Deus, Homo," translated in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," October, 1854, and January, 1855. We quote the following from another of his writings, a direction for the visitation of the sick. Blessed are we if, sick or in health, we follow this direction:

"Dost thou believe that thou canst not be saved but by the death of Christ? The sick man answereth, 'Yes.' Then let it be said to him: 'Go to, then, and while thy soul abideth in thee put thy confidence in this death alone; place thy trust in no other thing; commit thyself wholly to this death; cover thy-

self wholly with this alone; cast thyself wholly on this death; wrap thyself wholly in this death; and if God would judge thee, say, 'Lord, I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment.' And if He shall say unto thee that thou art a sinner, say, 'I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins.' If He shall say unto thee, 'Thou hast deserved damnation,' say, 'Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between Thee and all my sins; and I offer His merits instead of my own, which I ought to have, but have not.' If He shall say, 'I am angry with thee,' say, 'Lord, I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and all Thy thunderbolts.'"

How impetuous does the German Körner's "Sword-song" ring with dialogue — between the hero and his iron bride:

"Sword, on my left side gleaming,
What means thy bright eye's beaming?
It makes my spirit dance
To see thy friendly glance—
Hurrah!"

"And I to thee, by Heaven,
My light steel-life have given;
When shall the knot be tied?
When wilt thou take thy bride?
Hurrah!"

CXV. Prediction, the pointing out of the consequences; the brandishing, before the party addressed, the dread results, is a figure natural to the mind when in an excited state, and when firm in the faith of what it urges. Lord Chatham is calling on the British House of Lords to repeal the acts obnoxious to the Americans:

"I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot

if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity."

A prediction that was verified. After a war of three years' duration the acts were repealed. But it was then too late. This figure especially befits the highest form of oratory, as again and again we have exultingly called it; that which we should hear from the Christian pulpit. In the commanding confidence of faith, let the sacred orator unveil the future before the eye of conscience, the heaven of sublime work, progress, and purity; the hell of fathomless and burning remorse. As Theremin, in his priceless essay on "Eloquence as a Virtue," tells the preacher:

"You are weak and fearful so long as you would rest upon yourself; dare to regard yourself as the organ of a higher Being, and you are all power and all courage. Faith plants you firm and sure; your teaching is no longer that of the Pharisees, unmeaning sound and useless hair-splitting; you teach with power like Jesus himself; for He spake the words of His Father, and you speak His."

The incorruptible Irish patriot, Henry Grattan, on moving a declaration of Irish Right, April 19, 1780, thus concluded, in three sentences noted for their slow and dignified rhythm:

"I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand—the spirit is gone forth—the Declaration of Rights is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."

So Dr. Griffin, at the close of an appeal for Missions, predicts the success of his appeal:

"But the heathen shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn, if we can only effect the conversion of a single tribe."

CXVI. Anticipation, a figure not before catalogued, is very near of kin to the last. It is one of the most felicitous. "The murdered man," spoken of by Keats in the following, has not yet been slain, but his death is planned; a glare of the ghastly is thrown over the whole passage: the more, if the events amid which he plays his part be, as yet, joyous. It is as though a figure draped in the habiliments of the grave were to stalk through a ball-room:

> "So the two brothers and their murdered man
> Went on their way to Venice."

CXVII. Paralepsis; CXVIII. Apophasis, or Pretended Omission, is our next: in which the speaker pretends not to mention circumstances which yet all the while he is mentioning. Paul gives a fine example in his elegant and courteous letter to Philemon. How admirably what Paul saith to Philemon, in behalf of Onesimus, may Christ say to God the Father for each of us sinners:

"If he hath wronged thee or owed thee aught, put that, O God the Father, on mine account."

Then mark how Paul mentions not what services he had done for Philemon.

In Scott's almost perfect poem, "The Lady of the Lake," an example of pretended omission, in the form of interrogation and of consultation with the reader, occurs in his picture of the daughter of the Douglas:

> "Her kindness and her worth to spy,
> You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
> Not Katrine in her mirror blue
> Gives back the shaggy banks more true,

Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
O need I tell that passion's name?"

Let Demosthenes speak once again; it is in his Second Philippic, reminding the Athenians of the glory of their ancestors:

"He finds out, I ween, and hears that these your ancestors, it being in their option to rule the other Greeks, if but they would obey the Persian king, not only would not tolerate this proposal when Alexander, the ancestor of these Macedonians, came as the hireling herald of these terms; but that they preferred to abandon Athens, and to suffer, enduring patiently whatever might befall; and that thereafter they did such deeds as all men, through all ages, are eager to recount, but which no one is able eloquently enough to tell; wherefore I too shall pass them by. Justly so. For greater the deeds of these your forefathers than that any one can utter them in any words."

We feel quite sure that if you are familiar with the style of Paul, you have not but been struck by its similarity to the style of Demosthenes, as when the apostle cries:

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak," and of others.

The similarity of tone in the Greek is very striking.

CXIX. Disparity claims the next place. Most anxious we, not needlessly to increase the number of figures; yet we are convinced that disparity deserves, for the first

time, a place; the opposite of simile. Scripture, teeming with all varieties of figures, comes to our aid: Matt. vi., 29; viii., 20; xi., 7–9, 23, 24. Or listen to Shakespeare speaking in his kingly way, on recommending a humble state:

> "Often to our comfort shall we find
> The sharded beetle in a safer hold
> Than is the full-winged eagle."

"Romeo and Juliet," act iii., scene iii., Romeo's 5th speech, lines 2–5; act iv., scene v., Nurse's 6th speech, lines 8–10. "Macbeth," act iv., scene ii., lines 9–11. "Merchant of Venice," act ii., scene vi., Gratiano's 3d speech. "Richard II.," act iii., scene iii., King Richard's 4th speech, lines 5–11. Very much has been done with Similarities. Now let us use Dissimilarities. A forest teeming with illustrations waits upon you. A forest unsurveyed by any writer.

CXX. Outward Illustration is another arousing figure, not previously enumerated: an illustration drawn from some present outward object or objects, as when Horatio says to Hamlet:

> "The apparition comes! I know your father.
> These hands—are not more like."

Holding forth his two hands, and comparing the one with the other. That can not be called an incident, or sudden present occurrence. It is not an occurrence at all. No nobler ever than that by Paul; lifting up in presence of Agrippa his hands on which the fetters clanked, and exclaiming:

> "Would ye were altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

S., "Henry IV.," part i., act i., scene iii., Hotspur's 11th speech, line 4; "Henry IV.," part ii., act iv., scene i., the

Archbishop's 10th speech, line 16. To this figure, drawn from, not an occurrence, but an object, belongs what has been termed "the most magnificent passage in our oratory." The tapestry of the House of Lords represented the English fleet led by the ship of the Lord Admiral Effingham Howard, ancestor of Lord Suffolk, to engage the Spanish Armada. Lord Suffolk had undertaken to defend the employment of the Indians against the Americans in the War of Liberty. Lord Chatham thus rebuked him:

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child; to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war."

Mark the egoism with which this unsurpassed orator closes.

To a speech at Liverpool, January 10, 1814, by Mr. Canning, we betake ourselves. Britain was springing forward to take her place as a leading potentate in land

warfare. On the wall of the room in which he spoke there was a figure of Neptune:

"That fabled deity, whom I see portrayed upon the wall, was considered as the exclusive patron of British prowess in battle; but in seeming accordacne with the beautiful fiction of ancient mythology, our Neptune, in the heat of contest, smote the earth with his trident, and up sprang the fiery war-horse, the emblem of military power."

What an elegant classical allusion, too, is this!

Although this impressive figure suits a speaker best, yet even a writer may avail himself of it in his study; as in this sentence of Dr. Paley in his "Natural Theology," a book to be bought:

"Every single feather is a mechanical wonder. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am now writing."

The close of Bossuet's "Funeral Sermon on the Prince of Condé" furnishes a noble instance of outward illustration:

"Instead of deploring the death of others, great Prince, I would henceforth learn from you to render my own death holy. Happy I, if reminded, by these white locks of mine, of the account which I must give of my ministry. I reserve for the flock which I have to feed with the Word of Life the remnants of a voice that falters and an ardor which is fading away."

How much ingenuity can a preacher display, in discovering innumerable outward facts that can be made use of, to impress the truths which he sets forth!

CXXI. Accompaniment is a kind of Outward Illustration. You meet it in noble exemplification in "O'Connor's Curse"—(Matt. iii., 17!)—what may be termed Incidentalism of the moment:

"A bolt that overhung our home
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd my lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven."

CXXII. Meeting of Opposites in one subject deserves a special name. S., "Macbeth," act i., scene iii., 1st and 2d Witch, 19th speech, 20th, and 21st. We have an approach to this at the close of scene v.:

"Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

Burns puts mice and men as dissimilars:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART THIRTEENTH.

Sound Resembling Sense, or Onomatopy.—Interrogation, or Erotesis.—Question and Answer—Responsion or Responding.—Exclamation, Ecphonesis, or Epiphonema.—Nomination.

CXXIII. OUR next rhetorical figure is Onomatopy, where the sound resembles the sense. There is a resemblance between the sound of the language you employ and the sounds or movements made by the object described; or else the words you use produce by their sound or their cadence a state of feeling similar to the feeling produced by the thing spoken of. Fine examples abound in the sonorous Greek of Homer, him through whose deep soul the ocean billows resounded. When Goldsmith speaks of

> "The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,"

the tick, tick, tick carries us back to the old years and deathless memories. Byron tells us of Lake Leman, how on the ear

> "Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
> And chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more."

Southey's "Lodore Waterfall" is a very talented imitation of the confusion, the intermingling, the ever-varying din and brawl and unresting varieties of a cascade:

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping;
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

The following by Dyer, in his heavy pastoral, "The Fleece," now hopelessly forgotten, represents well a tower's sudden, quick fall, the dash of some parts in the gurly dark river flowing at the base; the rough sound of other parts of the edifice on the mountain-side; the crash of the main bulk:

"The pilgrim oft
At dead of night 'mid his oraison hears,
Aghast, the voice of time-disparted towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down—dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon."

Pope writes ably of the importance of making the verse picture the theme:

"Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth strain in smoother numbers flows.
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main."

Campbell lets us hear the cry of the wolf:

"There comes across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

Let us surrender ourselves to Coleridge's mystery, in "Christabel!"

"The night is chill, the forests bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

Spenser, to him next. He, the first who rolled forth our English melody:

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To the instruments divine respondence meet.
The waters' fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

In his "Penseroso," Milton is exquisite:

"Oft on a plot of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

Or contrast, in "Paradise Lost," the opening of Heaven's gates with the opening of Hell's gates. First, Hell's gates open:

"On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sounds,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder."

Listen then to Heaven's gates opening:

"Heaven opens wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sounds,
On golden hinges turning."

P. L., ii., 1021, 1022, 948, 950; vi., 546. In the last, mark the r's.

In Shakespeare the representative power of u, a, and o are admirable:

"And thou, all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world."

Tennyson's famous line is familiar to you:

"The league-long roller thundering on the reef."

It is, however, but a small victory to represent in sounds the voices and movements of things outward—the dash on the beach; the rustling of forest leaves; the melodies of the birds; the roar of the Afric lion; but the victory is great when the varying states of the mind are represented. Observe how beautifully the reluctant parting from life is expressed in the last line of the subjoined, from Gray's "Elegy," which utters every body's feeling:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Who so torpid as not to feel how different the state of the mind represented by Bishop Corbett in his pleasant "Farewell to the Fairies," when he is telling what services they rendered in their time, now gone forever, to the housewives:

"At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had.

When Tom came home from labor,
And Cis from milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes."

We refer you to two great poems, Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and Collins's "Ode to the Passions," for some admirable instances of mental conditions, fitly set forth by changes in the rhythm and in the words. But to conclude with a slighter example in a would-be satirical vein, take Dr. Darwin's allusion:

"Hear the pretty ladies talk—
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle!
Like their pattens when they walk—
Pittle pattle, pittle pattle."

We close this figure by stating that in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, in his "Homer and the Homeric Age," Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante excel all others in expressing the nature of their thought by the flow and rhythm of their verse; and that, seemingly, without effort.

CXXIV. Interrogation we consider next. It is one of those rhetorical forms that is of the highest virtue and of wonderful variety, and which admirably suits the impassioned orator; our Demosthenes employs it perpetually—often a number of them together; and so do Paul and the Master. It reminds us at times of some sudden turn, some muscular grasp and crush of a mighty wrestler in the wrestling-ring; but on the lips of Him who died for us its aim is higher, and is intensely characteristic of Christianity. The fact to which we refer has never been named before: Christ's favorite figures are Implication and Interrogation! Ponder what lies in this matter. The very soul of Christianity is in this. When you put a thing to a man's own sense of right and wrong; when by a question you call forth the man and make him judge, you take for granted that, fallen though

he be, there are yet invaluable germs of truth, sound judgment, and right conscience within him. Our Lord, therefore, in effect says so, when He uses interrogation and implication so very often. Not false and despotic He, anathematizer of private judgment; His every question calls on private judgment to put forth all its energies. No despiser He of man. He as much as cries:

In man linger rays of God; in him broken fragments of the divine; ruinously clouded he, yet capable of glorious new birth. I will build him again, very mainly, by calling himself forth; by setting his own feelings and faculties into intensest action. Private Judgment, if but I can get thee to act fairly, thou art one of my chief allies.

Assuredly a new view. Is it not valuable and incontrovertible? To employ implied metaphors and similes, as He did continually, was to call on man to summon himself into judgment; to lighten up in flames man's own breast, as his own Sinai and awful bar of doom. O man, summon thyself before thyself!

When George Whitefield, whose printed sermons give no suitable idea of his matchless power as an orator, preached to the sailors of New York, he thus addressed them; the Long-boat he referred to meaning the Saviour:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky and are making fine headway, over a smooth sea, before a light breeze; and we shall soon lose sight of the land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! Now the waves rise and dash against the ship. The air is dark; the tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! —What next?"

At this impassioned interrogation the seamen were completely carried away by the sublime acting of the mod-

ern apostle; and, imagining themselves in the very rage of the tempest, they rose in a body, shouting: "Take to the Long-boat!"

Dr. Thomas Burnet has in his "Sacred Theory of the Universe" a passage or two of high eloquence; as that on the final conflagration of the earth, quoted in the *Spectator*, No. 146:

"Where are now the great empires of the world and their imperial cities? their pillars and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood; read the inscription; tell me the victor's name!"

Matt. xi., 7; xvii., 17. Judges v., 28. Gen. xii., 18. Psa. lxxvii., 7. 1 Sam. ii., 27. Job x., 3–6. Mark ii., 9, 19, 25; iii., 4, 23, 33. Nothing will more convince you that there is no figure of higher importance than interrogation better than the following from Rev. J. C. Ryle's pamphlet, his priceless pamphlet on "Prayer." A young pastor, feeling keenly his want of experience, could not do better than buy ten dollars' worth of this pamphlet and circulate them among his people. The following is the commencement: "I have a question to offer you. It is contained in three words, Do you pray?"

"The question is one that none but you can answer. Whether you attend public worship or not, your minister knows. Whether you have family prayers in your house or not your relations know. But whether you pray in private or not is a matter between yourself and God."

Of vast moment is it to secure in a sermon the hearer's attention as soon as ever you can; and there is no more successful way than by taking Ryle's plan—of commencing your sermon by putting a question—a question that can not be parried, and that transpierces your hearer's very heart with the very subject on which you are preaching. Which may well convince you that figures of speech are weapons of oratory and of doom.

We quote next from lines of great finish and originality, written in the church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire, England, by Herbert Knowles, an orphan boy of the lowest station, who died in his 19th year, cut off in his youth, like Henry Kirke White:

"Methinks it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build! But for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve, that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb!

"Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below,
In a dark, narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

"To Beauty? Ah no! She forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore."

The novel of Goethe, the great German, his "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," is well known through good English translations; a book containing a singular mixture of the finest genius and the weakest trash. Mignon is a young girl of a noble family, stolen in childhood from her magnificent home; exposed to severe fortunes, yet still haunted by a dim recollection of the splendors that shone around her infancy. She is supposed to have been the original of Scott's Finella, in "Peveril of the Peak;" and Byron has written an imitation of her song in his "Bride of Abydos." Here is part of Mignon's song:

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?
Know'st thou it? Thither, O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go."

The following much-admired paraphrase of the Greek poet, Alcæus, is from the learned pen of Sir William Jones, the eminent Oriental scholar; who begins with interrogation:

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate."

When this figure is employed simply to affirm or deny more strongly they call it Erotesis; but far beyond that it goes. Since it speaks the soul of passion, what scene can better suit it than a great fire? A mother rushes with her babe in her arms to a window in a doomed dwelling. She must be rescued—as Eliza Cook tells us,

"Save! O save! the people cry.
But who plucks the human brand?
Who will do the deed or die?
'Tis a fireman of the land!"

Erotesis does Dr. Charles Mackay turn to good use:

"Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Wav'd their bright wings and whisper'd, 'Yes, in heaven.'"

With reference to the strut with which some men of science walk in our day, Albert Barnes, in his valuable

"Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," refers to Whewell's admirable "History of the Inductive Sciences," and observes that one rises from the perusal of that work more disposed to liken the sciences that have actually been on the earth to the sands on the shore than to the fixed and everlasting hills. He then remarks on the great amount of uncertainty that is mixed up with modern science, and hastens into a series of questions:

"On what points, outside of the small circle of the mathematical demonstrations, is science certain? What is light? What is matter? What is galvanism? What is gravitation? What is heat? What is life? How many are the original elements of matter? In what proportions do they combine? and by what power are they held in combination? How many are the worlds that roll above us? What is the duration of our own globe? On the one subject of geology, so early as the year 1806 the French Institute counted more than eighty theories hostile to Scripture history, not one of which has stood to the present day. How many such theories have appeared and vanished since?"

From good St. Bernard, the herald of the second crusade, take an example of erotesis:

"It is ignorance of God which produces despair. I assert that all who are unwilling to turn to God are ignorant of Him. They refuse, because they imagine Him austere, who is gentle; terrible, who is altogether lovely. Thus iniquity lies to itself, framing to itself an idol. What fear ye? That He will not forgive your sins? But he hath nailed them to the Cross with his own hands. That ye are tied with the chain of evil habits? But he looseth them that are bound. What more would ye have? What hinders you from salvation? This—that ye are ignorant of God!"

From one of our oldest writers, John Lydgate, let us select; showing how aptly interrogation closes a topic. He is speaking of an infant:

"Ah, well a day, most angel-like of face,
A childe, young, in his pure innocence;
Tender of limbs, God wote full guiltiless,
The goodly fair that lieth here speechlesse,
A mouth he hath, but wordes hath he none;
Can not complain, alas! for none outrage;
He grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage.
What heart of steele could do him damage?
Or suffer him die, beholding the manere
And look benign of his twin eyen clere."

Turning to the rich literature of Italy, we quote Macchiavelli's prediction of a Garibaldi, in his renowned "Il Principe," chap. xxvi. Mark the various figures here:

"I can not express with what love he would be received in all the provinces which have suffered from these foreign inundations; with what a thirst for vengeance, with what steadfast fidelity, with what affection, with what tears! What gates would close themselves against him? What people would refuse him their obedience? What envy would oppose itself to him? What Italian would deny him homage?"

Study next the very celebrated sonnet of Blanco White, wonderful in itself, and more so as written by a native of Spain:

"Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? Or who could find,
Whilst fruit, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light conceals so much, wherefore not Life?"

Let Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Lord Lytton, in his admirable papers on "Life, Literature, and Manners," in *Blackwood*, conclude for us our discussion of this figure:

"Elaborate though Cicero's orations are, they are markedly distinct in style from his philosophical prelections. The essayist quietly affirms a proposition; the orator vehemently asks a question. 'You say so and so,' observes the essayist, about to refute an opponent. 'Do you mean to tell us so and so?' demands the impassioned orator. The writer asserts that 'the excesses of Catiline became at last insupportable even to the patience of the senate.' 'How long will you yet abuse our patience, Catiline?' exclaims the orator; and an orator who could venture to commence an exordium with a burst so audaciously abrupt needs no other proof to convince a practiced public speaker how absolute must have been his command over his audience. What sympathy in them, and what discipline of voice, manner, countenance in himself, were essential for the successful license of so fiery a burst into the solemnity of formal impeachment!"

We give but one additional quotation, from William Lillo, the author of "Fatal Curiosity"—an original genius, mighty in English. He introduces a person who is gloating over money belonging to another:

"'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession!
Must I resign it?—must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself and court so vast a loss?
Retain it, then! But how? There is a way!
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrill'd with horror?"

No one feels these seven thick-coming interrogatives as being too numerous.

CXXV. Question and Answer — Responsion or Responding; is an important twofold figure for purposes oratorical. Jesus, whose view was that man's own conscience is man's judgment-throne, was habitually putting

question and answer. We continually find a writer introducing a query, which he himself immediately replies to. Nothing can be more natural. Take a memorable instance from Sterne's inimitable story of Le Fevre. "My Uncle Toby" is offering to the dying lieutenant, Le Fevre, a home under his roof:

"Before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him. His vital spirits, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face, and then cast his look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, never was broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No!"

In Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which every one should read, we find an example at the close of the poem; the author replies to his own query. Such is the twofold figure:

"Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone!
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower.
There would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry.
And noble youths the strain to hear
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song."

The twofold method of question and answer is ever occurring in the speeches of Mr. Fox, as thus:

"But, sir, the high sheriff was threatened—and how? Was it by threats of assaulting him? No. Was it by holding up the fear of danger to him by mobs or riots? No. Was it by a menace of taking away his books, breaking the peace of the hustings, and interrupting him in the discharge of his duty? No, no; but it was by warning him of the consequences of unjust partialities, false or corrupt decisions."

CXXVI. Exclamation, Ecphonesis, or, CXXVII., Epiphonema, are of very frequent occurrence. Under this may be ranged very minute points in style, such as the throwing in of terms like "quotha," "on my word," "to be sure," "I tell you," "my life on it," "forsooth." Only let every thing vulgar be avoided. But this figure goes greatly beyond this. Alexander Wilson, author of "American Ornithology," in eight volumes, a work of great value, supplies in his "Watty and Meg" an animated specimen of oratory in the scolding way. Maggy surprises her worse half in the village ale-house; she thus harangues:

"Nasty, gude for naething being;
O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!
Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire.
Rise! this precious hour; or faith I'll
Fling your whisky in the fire!
Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye;
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound ye,
But I'll cleave ye to the teeth."

The difference in words between an exclamatory way of statement and simple narrative may often be slight, yet the effect is very perceptible; as if Grahame, in his excellent poem, "The Sabbath," had written:

"Still is the morning of the hallowed day,"

instead of writing as he has done, in a way much more animated:

"How still the morning of the hallowed day!"

Nothing in all literature is more celebrated than the morsel of the Greek poetess Sappho, on the sweetness of the "Evening Hour." Only a few lines have remained of hers altogether; judging from them, she seems to deserve her rank as the greatest of all ancient female poets, "the tenth Muse." Byron thus paraphrases her words:

"O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things!
Home to the weary; to the hungry cheer.
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings;
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer.
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings;
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by the look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast."

In the following passages Pope shows the ruling passion in death:

"'Odious! In woolen! 'Twould a saint provòke!'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.'"

"'I give and I devise,' old Euclio said
And sigh'd, 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'—
'Your money, sir?'—'My money, sir? What! all?
Why, if I must (then wept), 'I give to Paul—'
'The manor, sir?'—'The manor? Hold!' he cried;
'Not that—I can not part with that!' and died."

Your author ventures:

What strange, wild lure oft the Forbidden hath,
Whereto the joys of duty seem but tame!
As sea boy who prefers grim Ocean's wrath
To the hush'd wood-side cottage whence he came;
The spray-swept deck; the wave with crest of foam,
To all the calm of home.

CXXVIII. Nomination is the title we presume to give to that figure which consists in the enumeration of the names of specific places—Proper Names, in which is often a strange charm; a witching, noble music and suggestive power. We feel this charm in good Bishop Heber's lines to his wife:

"If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.
Then on! then on! Where duty leads
My course be onward still;
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
Or bleak Almorah's hill."

You will find very many and admirable instances in the Scriptures: see Solomon's Song iv., 8; vi., 4; Isa. xvi., 9; xxxiii., 9; xxxiv., 6; lxii., 4; lxvi., 19.

It sometimes happens also that the mere name of a place may be the very climax of the ludicrous. Many years ago, a preacher in Newburyport, whose warm imagination drank in the nautical beauties of the locality, was descanting before a large audience upon the perils of unrepentant sinners as they drifted down the stream of time. He compared them to a tempest-tossed bark, bowing under the hurricane, every bit of canvas torn from its spars, and driving furiously upon adjacent breakers. At the climax of his skillfully elaborated metaphor, the minister shouted,

"And how, O how shall the poor mariner be saved?"

An old salt in the gallery, with his whole soul absorbed in the scene, sprang to his feet and screamed,

"Let him put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam."

Milton's very lists of names are assonant with the noblest music, as in P. L., i., 396–411. Or as thus—mark the end-cuts:

"And what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's sons,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted at Aspramont or Montalbán,
Damasco or Morocc' or Trebizond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain and all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

CHAPTER XIX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART FOURTEENTH.

Technicality.—Indication.—Vision.—Hypotyposis, or Visible Presentation.—Present Occurrence.—Hearing.—Motion.—Climax, or Ladder.—Increment.—Amplification.—Epiplŏce.—Anticlimax.—Less to Greater.—Greater to Less.

CXXIX. THIS chapter begins with a figure very briefly discussed—Technicality; yet by no means unimportant. Such as are of a nautical sort are often used. Only do not take us land-lubbers too far to sea. "The Storm," by G. A. Stevens, is spirited; but is somewhat enigmatical:

> "Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
> Reef the mizzen, see all clear;
> Hands up! Each preventive brace set!
> Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!"

CXXX. Indication well deserves a place. It is of very great value; of frequent occurrence in oratory, the subject discoursed of being pointed out by the finger of the speaker; as when the pulpit orator exclaims: "He hath gone to yonder heavens!" "There sits the breaker of the law." "On this side stand the sheep; on that the goats." A figure, life-like; making us feel that the speaker is really addressing us at the moment; not discussing a subject, essay-wise, in his study. The beauty

and importance of this figure is well shown in the Rev. Charles Wolfe's lines "To Mary," in her death:

"If thou wouldst stay, even as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone."

Turn to any faithful translation of the Hebrew of the Old Testament; such versions are abundant enough to make this branch of reading a field of study in rhetoric that will prove original; fresh as May-day in a mountain glen, and of wondrous variety. Open the Scripture at Psalm lxviii.:

"The earth shook, this Sinai, at the presence of God."

Mark how the style thrills at the expression "This Sinai." Alexander's "Isaiah" and his "Psalms" offer you vast advantages, of which few avail themselves, to invigorate your English style; as if by a climb up the Catskills, or by a walk on the beach when the gale is out and the sea is open.

It is told of Larned, a youthful American preacher of great promise, who died in New Orleans at an early age, that in Garden Street Church, in his second sermon in New York, when speaking of the crucifixion, he turned round toward the back of the pulpit, and sketched on it with his finger an imaginary cross, with its nails and its crown of thorns. This daring piece of rhetorical action, which would have made some men ridiculous, he carried through with great and solemnizing effect. Let all the modes of effort be familiar to you; use them as often as honesty and tact guide you; weak and shameful to be ignorant of them. When Jesus said, "Behold the lilies,"

did He not point to them? When He cried, "In my Father's house are many mansions," pointed He not to the starry hosts? Matt. iii., 9; xii., 49.

A certain touch of effrontery, of challenge and defiance, is sometimes conveyed by the word "there;" as when holy George Herbert says to Conscience:

> "Call in thy death's head, there! Tie up thy fears."

It is in the use of this figure, too, that we fancy Henry Vaughan pointing upward when he places us on the Mount of Faith:

> "From whence the enlightened spirit sees
> That shady City of palm-trees."

CXXXI. Vision we are led to next; by which an object is spoken of as actually seen at the time, though it be absent. This figure, closely allied to indication, shows strongly the power of deep feeling over the mind in bringing a thing before us, how far soever removed it may be by distance of place or time, or by barriers of the grave. It can thus restore to us the absent or the dead; the scenes of boyhood; of the village or the clachan; though the ocean may flow between us and them, and we shall never see them more with the bodily eye; or old friends with whom no more we shall take council; or perhaps those whom we have wronged, and who have passed away where reparation can not be made to them. A power of the mind, to the good a source of bliss; to the bad a source of hell—of a hundred hells. The Bible abounds in sublime examples, as when John exclaims in the unsurpassable Revelation—v., 6; vii., 9; x., 1. Tameness in the modern pulpit, how inexcusable! Go to the pages of Giles Fletcher, to his "Christ's Victory," in which is here and there an exquisite stanza. The close of our Saviour's temptation is thus descanted on:

"The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their voice;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call;
And echo back again revoiced all,
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly,
See how the Night comes stealing, from the mountains high!"

It is with this, as with all powerful usages of language, bombast is much tempted to abuse vision to its own absurd purposes; as in the dramatist Congreve's "Ode" on the singing of Mrs. Arabella Hunt:

"And lo! Silence himself is here!
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp arrayed!
Behold the venerable Shade!
An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne."

This stupendous operation of sitting on an ancient sigh, as if it were a three-legged stool, reminds one of the question so much debated among the learned monks of the Middle Ages, "How many angels could dance, at one and the same time, on the point of a needle?"

From the interesting life of Dr. Archibald Alexander, by his son, we take the following account of an "Action Sermon"—that is, a sermon before the communion:

"As he passed from the description of the Jewish passover to the sacrifice of Christ, he said, bending forward and looking intently on the communion-table spread before him, where the bread and wine lay covered, 'But where is our Lamb?' At these words, so impressively uttered, and accompanied by a gesture so significant, an old French dancing-master, who scarcely ever entered the church, rose from his seat near the pulpit, and gazed intently, to see if there were not something on the communion-table which he had not yet seen. An intelli-

gent little girl, who sat before him, after she returned home, said: 'Aunt H——, did you ever hear such a man? When he said, "Where is our Lamb?" he seemed as if he was looking for a lamb on the communion-table.'"

Take we our next quotation from the eloquent pen of Mr. Everett, whose orations and addresses need no recommendation:

"Methinks I see it now—that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings the uncertain, the tedious voyage. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms; pursuing a circuitous route. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggering vessel."

Alexander Montgomery, an old Scottish poet, in a very spirited piece, has this:

"I see the flags flowing
The warriors all glowing,
And snorting and blowing
The steeds rushing on.
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing;
Mid shouting and dashing
The night is nigh gone."

Be it remarked, at this point, that nothing whatever is more propitious to oratory than the habit of writing as if your audience were before you in your study. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was eminent for this invaluable power of writing as if speaking, and of having

this presence as a continual stimulus and moulder of thought and expression. Thus many of his freshest, noblest utterances, which sounded as the suggestion of the moment, were really prepared in the study and committed to memory. What he wrote down was as if the subject were immediately before the speaker's eye. He wrote, too, as if he were realizing the presence of a crowd before him. Let each speaker cultivate this power.

Blair, in his standard poem, "The Grave," carries you to the death-bed of the saint:

> "The last end
> Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
> Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
> Behold him! in the evening tide of life—
> A life well spent, whose early care it was
> His riper years should not upbraid his green.
> By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
> Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
> High in his faith and hope, look how he reaches
> After the prize in view."

The style of Blair is now and then disfigured by a coarse expression, such as "prodigious," "clap," "slim," "solder;" or as thus:

> "A victim tumbled flat upon its back."

CXXXII. Hypotyposis, or Visible Presentation, is nearly allied to vision. Visible presentation is so to describe an object as to make it visible to the eye; it seizes on and points out those qualities of an act or object which we would see prominent if the act were done before us, or if we were gazing at the object. Quintilian gives this illustration from Cicero:

> "He came into the Senate-house; his eyes gleamed fire; from his whole countenance cruelty was flashing."

Well it suits a pulpit speaker, when he presents a Bible character or some Church worthy, to describe the lineaments of such a personage; as when we are enabled to see Elijah up-soaring to heaven; or as when the Baptist's head is lying on the gory charger; or as when the Waldenses were sheltered by the Alpine cliffs and pines.

CXXXIII. Present Occurrence — actual presentation of an event as now occurring—is allied to vision, yet may easily be distinguished from it. The verbs are used in the present tense: incidents rush forth into fulfillment; it is no longer past or future, but is all the glowing Now—we who hear or read are on the spot, are made witnesses of an event that flashes into reality before us. Assuredly a noble figure. Listen, as De la Rue places you in the room where an impenitent worldling, struggling to turn to God, is dying sin-chained, is dying before you:

"Let one single sin, a sin of habit, a sin of the heart, present itself to the sinner's mind, to his feeble imagination; let the heart, yet more feeble, indulge this phantom with a parley but for a moment, and express but one single sentiment of regret. But ah! he abandons himself—he abandons himself to return to himself no more! It is done! It is the last movement of that heart, the last breath of life, the decisive sigh of a wretched eternity. Ye zealous ministers! Ye sympathizing friends! Pray, weep, bear to his deaf ears the name of the Saviour! Show him that Saviour on the cross! Redouble your aspirations and your cries! You see not the bottom of that mind nor of that heart. God sees it. God condemns it! He is dead! He is undone!"

S., "Julius Cæsar," act ii., scene i., lines 108–118; act iii., scene ii., lines 73–81. How natural it would be to describe the death-scene of some one of the congregation, or some one present, led astray before a temptation.

CXXXIV. Hearing, occurring much seldomer than vision, is the speaking about some sound as though the person heard it at the moment or just before. We take

an example from *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 560, of Queen Victoria's sudden journey to Scotland on the eve of the opening of the second great exhibition, in May, 1862, soon after Prince Albert's death:

"Hush! Speak low. Last night, when the darkness fell over her widow's veil and her tears, have not you heard how she went away softly out of Windsor, maybe to cheat her heart with the silent haste of her journey, and blunt the keenness of the anguish in merciful fatigue and weariness; traveling through all the dewy night, through the rich midland country, by the gray Cumberland hills, mistress of all the wealth and all the love of England; but all that wealth and all that love can not buy back her crown of joy."

One other example of this figure, from Byron's Waterloo, in his "Childe Harold:"

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! Hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

"Did ye not hear it? No! 'Twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark! That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;
Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar."

We have recourse next to the great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans:

"Verily, the misery of man is great upon him. Conscience is chastising him with scorpions. See how he writhes! Hear how he shrieks for help! Mark what agony and terror are in his soul and on his brow! Death stares him in the face, and shakes at him his iron spear. He trembles, he turns pale, as a culprit at the bar, as a convict on the scaffold. Terrors gather in battle array about him. He looks back, and the storms of Sinai pursue him; forward, and hell is moved to meet him; above, and the heavens are on fire; beneath, and the world is burning. He listens, and the judgment trump is calling; again, and the brazen chariots of vengeance are thundering from afar; yet again, and the sentence pierces his soul with anguish unspeakable: 'Depart, ye cursed!'"

Dr. Johnson was guilty of preferring the subjoined to any thing in Shakespeare, from William Congreve, in whose single tragedy, "The Mourning Bride," you will find it:

"*Almeria.* It was a fancied noise, for all is hush'd.
"*Leonora.* It bore the accent of a human voice.
"*Almeria.* It was thy fear; or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen!—
"*Leonora.* Hark!
"*Almeria.* No! All is hush'd and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverent is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear—
My own affrights me with its echoes."

In the famous Marseillaise Hymn, by Rouget de Lisle, we obtain, in the opening burst, both vision and hearing:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears, and hear their cries."

Or again, your author translating from the Spanish:

"The farmer, while he drives his plow,
When keen November twirls the bough,
Hears the rich autumn's yellow grain
Rustle around the reaper train;
And sees the blest and bounteous sod,
All glistening with the gold of God."

CXXXV. Motion, never before catalogued as a figure, does nevertheless much deserve a place. It occurs when we speak of journeying or moving to some scene. Thus De la Rue, speaking of the death of an aged sinner:

"Let us approach the bed of this sinner, who is so bold that he encourages the hope of life even at the very gate of death, and yet so timid respecting his health that he dare not so much as think upon God, lest he should impair it by some gloomy thought. Ah, what darkness of mind! What trouble of heart! Let us enter into both—into his mind and into his heart—and let us see what is their disposition toward God."

Abbadie, again, thus speaks in his sermon on Abraham's offering up of Isaac:

"Go to Moriah, and you will find there a victim who follows the priest without knowing at first whither he is going. Go to Calvary, and you see Jesus Christ, who, perfectly acquainted with His destiny, says to God, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!' *There*, angels are sent from heaven to direct the arm of Abraham. *Here*, devils issue from beneath to hasten the death of Jesus."

Saurin, the eminent French Protestant divine, thus directs one struggling to scare his passions into subjugation:

"Let him go down in thought into that gulf where the wicked expiate in eternal torments their momentary pleasures; let him often approach the fire that consumes them."

Thomas Hooker, an old New England preacher, thus speaks:

"Go thy way home, and read but this text, Rom. iv., 12; and consider seriously but this one thing in it, that whosoever is a son of Abraham hath faith, and whosoever hath faith is a walker, is a marker; by the footsteps of Faith you may see where Faith hath been."

In Plutarch, whose "Lives" form one of the world's choicest books, this is given—a statement of a fact that can not be too much pondered:

"Pass over the earth; we may discover cities without walls, without literature, without monarchs, without wealth or palaces, where the theatre and the school are not known; but no man ever saw a city without temples and gods, where prayers and oaths and oracles and sacrifices are not used for obtaining good or for averting evil."

Again, Dr. Gregory T. Bedell places this figure before you in somewhat of a different phase, asking permission to move on, or urgently demanding that permission. He speaks of the society that will be in heaven:

"This communion of saints is thrown entirely into the shade. Let me pass, ye prophets, ye apostles, ye martyrs! A greater than you all is yet to be discovered! That society is blessed with the peculiar presence of the great God himself."

Turn now to Psalm cxxxix., 7–10; and thence to Richard Watson:

"Go to the heavens which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals with their chronology; go to the atmosphere which energizes his spirits, and is to him the breath of life; go to the smiling fields decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruit for his sustenance; go to every scene which spreads beauty

before his gaze, which is made harmoniously vocal to his ear, which fills or delights the mind by its glow or by its greatness;—we travel with you, we admire with you, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you; but we stay not with you. We hasten on in search of a demonstration more convincing that God is Love, and we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyous scenes of Calvary; and amid the throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples, and mocking foes, under the arch of the darkened heavens, and with earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze upon the meek, the resigned, the suffering Saviour, and exclaim, 'Herein is Love!'"

Another form of this most noble figure we have, when an important object is introduced in the act of drawing near to us, or going away. Thus from Vinet's "Outlines of Theology," a book of the most delicate beauty, and of the greatest richness of thought. It is of obedience he discourses:

"One would say, in a certain sense, that the present generation has lost it altogether—nor has this loss in any manner advanced the cause of freedom; for freedom, if true and worthy, is always proportioned to obedience, their principle in the depths of the soul being one and the same, and the two streams flowing, so to speak, from the same source. The true principle of obedience is liberty. Liberty alone is able to obey; he who is not free can not render true obedience to a law. He may yield, bend; he can not obey. It is in order that we may have power to obey that we have been made free. This consideration gives us the measure of the moral decline of our epoch; Obedience is retiring rapidly, drawing after her her sister Liberty. They are not yet, thank God, out of sight, but he who wishes to reach them must make haste—their majestic figures have already half vanished beneath the horizon."

In Milton's First Book, very perfect, occurs, at line 283, a form of expression which to motion owes its strange charm, difficult to analyze:

> "He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
> Was moving toward the shore."

Both Homer and Virgil produce fine effects by the ascription of rapid motion to god or to goddess:

"But she to Olympus had gone;"

instead of—

"She to Olympus went,"

in Book First of the "Iliad," line 221. Altogether, the man who will not labor, for many a year, to make himself exceedingly familiar with all these exquisite weapons of oratory is too mean-minded to deserve to be let into a pulpit. To know at all how great God is, we need to know how great a thing language is. God hath made no greater thing than language is; neither is there any miracle made by God nearer to us than language; and he who is very familiar with these lovely and mighty figures will find these figures springing as naturally to his lips as breath springs to his lungs.

CXXXVI. Climax is the next figure. From the Greek it is, meaning Ladder. In this figure the orator builds up idea on idea till a grand apex crowns the whole pyramid; as in Rom. viii., 38. There is thus afforded a gratification similar to what we receive in ascending a hill situated in the centre of a rich and varied landscape, where at every climbing step a grander prospect bursts on the eye. It greatly contributes to energy, but is apt to seem overlabored; as thus:

"O thou, Dalhousie, thou great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar!"

In the warning which John Wesley gave from the pulpit to certain light-fingered gentry, who were watching their chance in a crowded congregation, he thus spake:

"I am told several pickpockets are here. Let them remember that the eye of God is on them; and also that there are a number of policemen in the house."

But it is a genuine climax we have from the Irish lawyer Curran:

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the first moment that he sets foot upon British earth, that the ground upon which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him; and he stands regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

In that very pleasant work, by the great chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy, "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing," we meet with what follows; it is a true chief in science who speaks:

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, and makes the very Cross, that instrument of torture and of shame, the ladder of ascent to Paradise."

In a sermon by the eloquent W. J. Fox occurs this panegyric on Greece, richly swelling into climax:

"From the dawn of intellect and freedom, Greece has been a watchword on the earth. There rose the social spirit to

soften and refine her chosen race, and shelter, as in a nest, her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism; there liberty first built her mountain throne, and shouted across the waves a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads; there the arts and graces danced around humanity, and stored man's home with comforts, and strewed his path with roses, and bound his brows with myrtle, and fashioned for him the breathing statue, and summoned him to temples of snowy marble, and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence, and threw over his final sleep their veil of loveliness. There sprung poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, gilt with the arts and armor that defy the assaults of time and subdue the heart of man. There matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence—the soul being the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature being but a tone, which the master's touch called forth at will. There lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation and of useful action; who developed all the acuteness and refinement and excursiveness and energy of the mind, and were the glory of their country when their country was the glory of the earth."

Strictly speaking, climax occurs when each successive clause of a sentence begins with the conclusion of the preceding, the sense swelling all the time; as in this of Cicero:

"What hope is there for liberty if what these men wish to do the law permits them to do; if what the law permits them to do they are able to do; if what they are able to do they dare do; and if what they dare do gives you no offense."

But under climax we have included also what the rhetors term strictly Incrementum—that is, Amplification, that increases as the sentence advances. In connection with climax is epiplŏce, by which one striking circumstance is added in due gradation to another, as:

"He not only spared his enemies, but continued them in employment; not only continued them in employment, but advanced them."

Then the climax may be so arranged as to breathe strongly of irony, contempt, sarcasm; as when Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in his magnificent oration against a great ruler, Warren Hastings, thus speaks:

"It was after the angry dispensations of Providence had, with a progressive severity of chastisement, visited the land with a famine one year, and with a Colonel Hannah the next."

William Hayley bestows on us the subjoined epitaph on Cowper—a sentiment ascending to the close:

"Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise;
His highest honors to the heart belong,
His virtues form'd the magic of his song."

Chief-Justice Story, that ornament of American jurisprudence, enriches us with one more specimen, on Lord Mansfield. Junius has violently attacked Mansfield, who, however, was a lawyer to whom England and America are under the deepest obligations. The following panegyric from such a quarter as Story may well put us on our guard against trusting Junius implicitly:

"Wherever commerce shall extend its social influences; wherever justice shall be administered by enlightened and liberal rulers; wherever contracts shall be expounded upon the eternal principles of right and wrong; wherever moral delicacy and judicial refinement shall be infused into the municipal code, at once to persuade men to be honest and to keep them so; wherever the intercourse of mankind shall aim at something more elevated than that groveling spirit of barter, in which meanness and avarice and fraud strive for the mastery over ignorance, credulity, and folly, the name of Lord Mansfield will

be held in reverence by the good and the wise; by the honest merchant, the enlightened lawyer, the just statesman, and the conscientious judge."

CXXXVII. Anticlimax, in fine opposition to climax, may be defined "a ladder to get down by." Lord Rochester, meeting a bishop in the antechamber of Charles II., said, bowing low, ironically:

"I am yours, my Lord Bishop, to my shoe-ties."—"I am yours," said the Bishop, "to the ground."

Rochester continued:

"I am yours to the centre."

Rejoined the Bishop:

"I am yours to the antipodes."

Vexed at his defeat by a clergyman and a man of piety, Rochester cried:

"I am yours to the lowest pit of destruction."—"There," finished the divine—"there, my lord, I leave you."

This figure is named Catabasis.

CXXXVIII. From Less to Greater. Under the head of climax may be classified that form of words by which we illustrate an object by moving from the less to the greater. S., "Julius Cæsar," act iv., scene iii., Brutus's 47th speech. Thus in Bourdaloue's great sermon on Luke xxiii., 27, 28:

"Here, Christians, is one of the essential foundations of that terrible mystery of the eternity of the punishments with which faith threatens us, and against which our reason revolts. 'This blood,' saith St. Chrysostom, 'when profaned and rejected by us, is enough to make eternity, not less frightful, but less incredible.' This blood, if we destroy ourselves, will cry eternally against us at the tribunal of God. This blood, falling upon lost souls, will fix a stain upon them which shall never be effaced. Ah, if the blood of the prophets has drawn down the scourge of God upon man, what may we not expect from the blood of

Jesus Christ? If the blood of martyrs is heard crying out of heaven against the persecutors of the faith, how much more will the blood of the Redeemer be heard!"

Acts xx., 10–13. Matt. vii., 11; vi., 30. S., "Othello," act iv., scene i., lines 20, 21. "Henry IV.," part ii., act iv., scene iv., King's 5th speech, lines 13, 14.

The gradual growth and development of character may also be ranged under climax. For this, study Shakespeare. He differs from almost all other dramatists, in that his characters are not introduced as complete figures at first: they alter, grow, and develop under our eye—a high process; we had almost said, godlike.

CXXXIX. From the Greater to the Less. The movement of the mind from a greater thing to a less, the opposite of the foregoing, is very often most beautiful. Very noble uses can the most trivial things thus be put to; yes, the most trivial that you can think of; their very commonness making the illustration all the more distinct and pungent, as when the Volscian general speaks of Coriolanus:

> "Breaking his oath and resolution, like
> A twist of rotten silk."

And Coriolanus replies:

> "Like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
> Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli."

Again, we read:

> "Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
> Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash."

"Coriolanus," act i., scene vi., 5th speech of Marcius. "Julius Cæsar," act iv., scene i., lines 24–30. "Measure for Measure," act iii., scene i., Isabella's 12th speech. "Winter's Tale," act ii., scene i., Leontes's 7th speech, line 4. "Henry V.," act ii., scene ii., King Henry's 8th speech, line 5. Search into this minutely. You will be amused and delighted to find to what noblest uses

Shakespeare can turn the commonest and meanest things. This is very striking; and is at once an encouragement and a humiliation—a humiliation, if you can not speak forcibly; yet, for your encouragement, the materials of powerful writing lie thick strewn around you, in the very homeliest objects you can look upon: in minnow or midge; in mouse or cheese-paring. God works with the tiniest things, and so can genius. If you use, in illustration, chiefly stars, oceans, avalanches, and such like, it begets the suspicion that your tendency is to rant and bombast. Shakespeare, the unsurpassed, proves to you that objects which common minds overlook or despise are invaluable to a man of genius. No remark more momentous than this can be urged upon you. Gather from Shakespeare a hundred cases of a noble use of common things. Why, even objects that are disgusting can be used in connection with themes the loftiest: Prov. xi., 22; xv., 17, 19; Isa. vii., 20; Psa. lii., 2; lxviii., 2.

When we name the intellect-arousing name of Christ, we are reminded how specially He used to think and feel in the mould of these two figures last mentioned—as His work dictated; for He came to link the Greatest and the Holiest with man in man's weakest and most depraved condition; and the lowest with the most elevated. It was, besides implication and interrogation, a great law of Christ's intellect and heart, to use these two figures—the greatest linked to the least, the least linked to the greatest. Think of it, how He compared the Deity to a hen! Why, perhaps half an hour before He saw a hen ill-used! Mark well how our Master's illustration, so far from degrading His subject, throws a tender sheen around the Deity which is unsurpassed; while, on the other hand, the domestic fowl obtains a deeper interest and a sweeter eloquence than even she previously had. At one touch of His intellect and of His heart, our Jesus threw a mild lustre over at once the

most sublime height and over scenes the most unpretending. There is something here far higher than genius, though there is that, too. Throughout Scripture a tender feeling is shown for dumb creatures—a feeling which must have reached its highest in Jesus. We go so far as to fancy that there was a benign intention and reference in Jesus's being born among cows and horses. What other of the world's greatest chiefs was born in a stall? Ponder this point, which is assuredly a new reflection.

And what sort of a follower of Jesus is he who, being a pulpit orator, scarcely ever makes use of this figure of the less to the greater, or of the greater to the meanest and less? Shame to such a man! These two figures deserve each a volume. Most momentous, they. In every sermon make use of them—though we believe they have never been enumerated before. They are invaluable; the more especially as they offer you instances by the thousand. Turn to the instances to which we have sent you in Shakespeare—be very careful to study them; and of this be sure, that you can make the noblest use of hundreds and hundreds of trivial, common, nay, ugly things, for the most splendid and triumphant ends sought for in the blessed Christian pulpit. Wisely will you do, to seek after this for your next twenty years.

Further, we implore you to turn to every passage we have pointed out. This book will be shorn of one half its value if you skip them by. We have spent much time and care in obtaining them. Turn to the passages in Shakespeare, and you will be forced to admit that you never half appreciated that most masterly writer before. So, too, our passages in P. L. and in Scripture will very richly reward you.

CHAPTER XX.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART FIFTEENTH.

Parallelism.—Numeration.—Sudden Address.—Surprisal.—Reservation.—Pause.—Double Meaning.—Mimesis, or Mimicry.—Archaism.—Concession.—Paramologia.—Synchorosis, or Permission.—Prohibition.

CXL. PARALLELISM demands separate mention, as a very important form of climax, of especial value in the history of language, of poesy, and of religious thought; owing to its being the favorite model into which the grand, inspired Hebrew poesy throws itself: a model intrinsically nobler than the arrangement, merely musical, according to feet, as among the Greeks and Romans, or according to rhyme, as with us and the modern European nations. To study parallelism, open the Psalms, the Proverbs, the lyrics of Isaiah; for example, at the opening of the first Psalm, with its three distichs, in which shape our Bibles should arrange such verses:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly;
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

First, an example from Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, pupil of Tertullian, and martyr:

"When the battle comes, for His name and honor, maintain in words that constancy which utters confession, in torture that

confidence which joins battle; in death that patience which receives the crown."

Then one from Tertullian:

"If thou placest a wrong in God's hand, He is the avenger; if a loss, He is the restorer; if pain, He is a physician; if death, He is the resurrection."

This we take from his beautiful discourse on "Patience." While Chrysostom—whose name is so emphatic, "Golden Mouth"—is continually availing himself of parallels, he whom no one of the fathers surpasses in eloquence.

CXLI. Numeration next we mention; arranging under this head every specification of numbers for the sake of making a deeper or more graphic impression. This is very triumphant in Holy Writ; study the specimens to which we refer: Prov. ix., 1; xxx., 21, 29; Solomon's Song v., 4; Matt. xviii., 12, 21, 22; xix., 28, 29. So in the "Æneid," ii., 126:

"Silent was he for twice five days."

It is plain in all such passages that rhetorical and not mere arithmetical effects are sought. It is evident that with some "the first red cent" plays no unimportant part, while others of equal refinement come down on their foes "like a thousand of bricks." In the Scottish song, sixpence is of great influence, especially when located in a specified way:

"When I hae saxpence under my thoom,
I can get credit in ilka toon;
But when I am poor, they bid me gang by;
O poverty pairts guid companie!"

In another far-famed Scottish ballad, "Auld Robin Grey," by Lady Anne Bernard, we find this instance:

"Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My faither brak his airm, our cow was stown away."

It was a remark of the elder Matthews that the Ameri-

cans do every thing, and expect every thing to be done, in about twenty minutes.

But this figure rises at times into the region of the sublime. As in nature, the scientific observer detects certain numbers recurring, the Deity delighting in arithmetic and the geometrical: a crystal of quartz having invariably six sides, and a garnet twelve, while duality is seen every where, as in the two lobes of the brain, lungs, liver, and heart. So in Holy Scripture there are favorite numbers; as if to hint to us that in the varied operation of God's free will on nature, and in the wise and fatherly dispensations of grace on the grand remedial plan of Christianity, there are fixed laws, given to the Divine Will by the Divine Nature, which are kept by and honored by God with a kind of sublime obedience that is mastery and empire. At this point it affords us much gratification to introduce to your life-long acquaintance a work than which this century has produced none more truthful, massive, eloquent—Dr. Bushnell's volume on "Nature and the Supernatural;" a book to be read again and again:

"Nature is the realm of things, the supernatural is the realm of powers. The Revelation of John contrives in so many ways to intimate, by the using of exact numbers—in the seven angels, and seven trumpets, and seven vials; in the four living creatures, and four-and-twenty elders; in the hundred and forty and four thousand of them that are sealed; in the city, the New Jerusalem, that is four square, having its height, length, and breadth equal; with twelve gates tended by twelve angels, resting on twelve foundations, that are twelve manner of precious stones—by such images, and under such exact notations of arithmetic, does this man of vision put us on conceiving the glorious and exact society God is reconstructing out of the fallen powers."

This figure, numeration, enters deeply into the great doctrine of the credibility of the Scriptures. It is frequently seen that the old Oriental habit of desiring to

impart as memorable a form as possible to genealogical lists and chronological or statistical tables, has led the sacred writers to throw the matter they were handling into a shape that appears to us strained and fantastic, as in the fourteen generations, thrice occurring, specified in Matt. i., 17. This digesting of the generations, three times over, into fourteen, could not have arisen from ignorance, falsification, or oversight, but from rhetorical intention. So in the account of the numbers who went down with Jacob into Egypt, in Gen. xlvi. Here is an evident regard to certain numbers, seven and ten, the symbols of sacredness and completeness; an intensified symbol when multiplied together. Such habits of thought prevailing in the Hebrew mind demand as much to be considered as do idioms in a language; which also, to a narrow consideration, seem in a high degree *outré*. Many of Dr. Colonso's objections to Scripture involve this shallow overlooking of old and very interesting modes of thought. Similar modes of thought are in the Deity Himself; for they show themselves continually in botany, when a flower smiles; in chemistry, when a gem glistens; in astronomy, as when Bode's Law evolves itself in the paths of sublime planets.

Proceeding to a vastly different quarter, in Dr. Prior's two valuable volumes of translations of the ancient Danish ballads, there is a ballad, "Thor of Asgard," in which Thor, the god of thunder, disguised as a strapping maiden, comes to the wedding-feast prepared for the bride by the bridegroom-king, where Thor thus exerteth his appetite:

"A whole ox carcass the maid ate up,
And thirty sides of swine;
And took to her meat seven hundred loaves,
Before she would taste of wine.

"A whole ox carcass the maid ate up,
Her loaves and her bacon first,

And then twelve barrels of ale she drank,
Before she could quench her thirst."

To balance this achievement, in the ballad of Sir Genselin, the lovely Lady Brynild, after a light lunch of two oxen, five tuns of ale, and seven of porridge, winds up the evening's disport by slaying, with the end of her stay-lace, the exact number of fifteen champions. The ballad-writers love to be precise and scrupulous, in their statistics of the marvelous. Their absurdities are delightful.

William Chillingworth offers us our next illustration. He is regarded as being a most eminent model of manly argumentation, in his "Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Heaven," of which two editions were sold in two months. Locke recommends its constant perusal. From one of his nine sermons, let us quote:

"Who is there ever so madly in love with a present penny as to run the least hazard of the loss of £1000 a year to gain it, or not readily to part from it, or upon any probable hope or light persuasion, much more a firm belief, that by doing so he should gain £100,000? Now, beloved, the happiness which the servants of Christ are promised in the Scriptures, we all pretend to believe that it exceeds the conjunction of all the good things of the world, and much more such a proportion as we may possibly enjoy, infinitely more than £10,000 a year, or £100,000, doth a penny; for £100,000 is but a penny so many times over, and £10,000 a year is worth but a certain number of pence; but between heaven and earth, between finite and infinite, between eternity and a moment, there is utterly no proportion. And therefore, seeing we are so apt upon trifling occasions to hazard this heaven for this earth, this infinite for this finite, this all for this nothing, is it not much to be feared that though many of us pretend to much faith, we have indeed but very little or none at all."

Mark the climax here, and the pleonasm; and how they impart force and liveliness. While in P. L., i., 74, Milton puts Hell as far—

"As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole;"

that is, to the pole of the universe. Homer is satisfied to put it as far beneath earth's deepest as heaven is above the earth; while Virgil puts it twice as far.

Still farther, numeration may contain within it a form of wit; thus ancient Joseph Miller mentions an Irishman who enlisted into the Fifth Regiment, so as to be near his brother, who was in the Fourth. S., "Romeo and Juliet," act iii., scene iii., the Friar's 15th speech, line 46.

From an old mystic of the Middle Ages, Suso, we quote the following:

"O separation! Separation from God and bliss, how painful art thou! O the wringing of hands! O sobbing, sighing, and weeping; unceasing lamentation, yet never to be heard. 'Give us a millstone,' say the lost, 'as large as the whole earth, and so wide in circumference as to touch the sky all around, and let a little bird come once in a hundred thousand years and pick off a small particle of the stone, not larger than the tenth part of a grain of millet; after another hundred thousand years let him come again, so that he would pick off as much as a grain of millet, we wretched sinners would ask nothing but that, when this stone has an end, our pains might cease.' Yet even this can not be."

The comedies of Congreve, most unfortunately very immoral, are admirably witty. Saith the jocund landlord, Boniface:

"Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire. 'Tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style."

Robert Henryson, in his "Borrowstown Mouse and Landward Mouse," runs into this figure:

> "To eek the cheer, in plenty furth they broucht
> A plate of groatis, and a dish of meal;
> A threif of cakes—I trow she spared them nought."

A "threif" is a lot of twenty.

CXLII. In farther proceeding with our subject, we hope to be found duly observant of the difference between figures of speech and modes of argument. With the latter we have in this volume nothing to do. The two occasionally approach each other. We have endeavored to avoid mistaking the one for the other. Rhetoric, not Logic, is our department; though they are often near neighbors and kinsfolk. A powerful figure is many a time a resistless argument that flashes to the heart.

Sudden Address is a form into which words are thrown by eager desire to gain to our object the assent of our hearers as quickly as possible. In Julius Charles Hare's "Sketch of the Life of John Stirling" is found this anecdote of Stirling's boyhood at school:

"He was standing near the head boy, when a new usher asked some question about a small closed book-case. The boy answered that it contained a collection for the use of the school, which had for some reason been locked up and disused. 'Formerly,' he said, 'it was managed by a committee of the boys; and though on a small scale, was conducted, I assure you, sir, with all the regularity that would be found in the largest institutions.' The elegance with which these clauses were put together and varied, and the spirit of the personal address in the middle, struck him as admirable, and though it expressed no thought or image, lingered in his mind, after much that was more memorable had passed away."

How significant a proof of the heart-reaching force of such a usage of speech, when it lingers in the memory of a youth of genius from boyhood till death. How important to be so familiar with such usages, that they will come without an effort to recall them, as soon as the passion and exigency of the moment need them.

From the Rev. W. L. Bowles accept of an illustration:

"I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the great sea! 'Twas night, and, journeying far,
We were belated on our road, mid scenes

New and unknown, a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer;
My father came, the pastor of the church
That crowns the high hill crest above the sea.
When as the wheels went slow, and the still wind
Seem'd listening, a low murmuring met the ear—
Not of the winds. My mother softly said:
'Listen! It is the sea!' With breathless awe
I heard the sound, and closer press'd her hand."

Here a universal feeling is brought out, the feeling of awe in presence of ocean, and brought out more vividly by sudden address than it could in any other way. This figure suits pulpit oratory well; only beware that every strong figure you use have a strong feeling under it; and then even the use of "Sirs" in address, instead of the too usual "My friends," will help to give liveliness to a sermon.

In an amusing and instructive volume, "The Greyson Letters," by Rogers, this lively piece of writing occurs:

"What is it?" says Reason, earnestly gazing at a piece of chalk. "Is it any thing out of me, or is it in me? Is it part of 'the me' or 'the not me'—objective, or merely subjective?" Now methinks Sense would say, if it had the command of the tongue, "What a puzzle friend Reason seems to be in! Halloo, there! Haven't I told you a thousand times that it is out of you; that it is a part of your 'not me,' as you call it in your incomprehensible jargon; it's chalk, man, chalk, and nothing else."

A close study of Rogers's "Eclipse of Faith" will bring you into contact with thorough reasoning and genial humor.

We have a slight touch of this figure of sudden address in Shakespeare's snatch of song, in his "Winter's Tale:"

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

He is little sensitive to the slighter charms of language

who feels not a certain indescribable charm in the word "your."

Mr. Geare, a youthful poet, one of the most recent, thus breaks forth in an address to the dearest of friends:

> "O mother mine! I scarcely dare
> To call thee thus! I know thy place
> Before the loving Master's face;
> Thou art my mother even there!

CXLIII. Surprisal is nearly connected with sudden address, with dubitation, aporia, and pretended discovery. In the Latin and Greek models, the important word is continually kept to the end of the sentence; and the English and American orators often keep their secret in the same way. In the First Philippic of our matchless, ever-dear, thrice-honored Athenian, we find this:

"Let us but engage in the enterprise, and, men of Athens, the weak points of this man will be discovered to you by—the war itself."

But the figure may be carried to a far greater length, so as to impart to a statement much of the interest of a skillfully postponed denouement in a novel; or so as to carry home to the hearer's soul an irresistible conviction. Every one who knows his Bible will bethink him of the inimitable address of Nathan to David; when burst the thunder. You will search in vain the Socrates of Xenophon or Plato for any thing so fine as this. It may be added, that to put a case so that your audience will be irresistibly prompted to implore an explanation, which explanation you have at hand, and which will clinch your argument or hurry home your appeal, is one of the boldest forms of oratory. This occurs frequently in the addresses of Jesus; a fact that of itself goes far to prove Him a master of persuasion. Luke viii., 9; xii., 41; xvii., 37. Every one who aspires to be a great speaker should

study, far more closely than ever he has done, the speeches of Jesus.

How nobly is this figure employed by the great Bourdaloue, in his masterpiece of pulpit eloquence, which thus opens. Being preached before the king—yet with little of popery in it—it begins with the word "Sire;" and it is to our own sin he refers, his text being the words of Jesus in Luke xxiii., 28: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

"Sire, is it then true that the passion of Jesus Christ—of which we celebrate to-day the august but sorrowful mystery—is not the most touching object which can occupy our minds and excite our grief? Is it true that our tears can be more suitably and more holily employed than in weeping over the death of the God-man; and that another duty, more pressing and more necessary, suspends, so to speak, the obligation to sympathize in the sufferings of our divine Redeemer? Never could we have supposed it, Christians; and yet it is Jesus Christ who speaks to us. Jesus Christ not only refuses to accept of your tears for His death, but He even expressly forbids them; because to weep for it might prevent you from weeping for another evil which much more nearly affects you, and which is indeed more deplorable than even the death of the Son of God —your own death in impenitence."

Let our clergymen study, aye, for the twentieth time, this unsurpassable Roman Catholic oration, that hath so very many figures in it—a figure or more in every sentence; and august sublimities to which Demosthenes never reached, for the Greek son of liberty had never so divine a theme to discuss. Be the Protestant rostrum never drossy and torpid! Some French Roman Catholic sermons may teach you many a peal of thunder, than which never lightened from Sinai bolts more arousing.

CXLIV. Reservation can be catalogued separately, though it never has been before. Thus by William Wirt, in his speech for Blennerhasset. He is narrating Aaron Burr's Satan-like advent into the Irishman's home:

"He comes to turn this paradise into hell. Yet the flowers —they do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering passes through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, to warn him of the ruin that is coming."

This mentioning of what has not occurred is many a time very effective; enabling the orator to specify the full amount of blessings or curses that have only half or not even half shown their depth. Let the pulpit orator state the self-inflicted miseries that we, alas, are apt to bring on ourselves; or let him reveal to us that dawn of grandeur and peace which awaits the sincere; many such a statement will suit Christian eloquence.

CXLV. Pause is worth putting on our list. As a figure it may be used in a great variety of ways. S., "Julius Cæsar," act iii., scene ii. In Antony's speech is this:

> "My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
> And I must pause till it come back to me."

From Dr. John H. Livingston's so influential sermon, "The Flight of the Angel with the everlasting Gospel" —the sermon which stimulated the missionary zeal of Mills, Hall, and Richards, of Williams College—let this be taken:

"Why are convulsed nations rising in a new and terrific form to exterminate each other? Must the blood so long covered and forgotten by men now come in remembrance and be disclosed? Must this generation—we forbear! Judge ye!"

Or let us go to the death-bed of Pope, the poet:

"I have known him these thirty years," said St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to Spence, as they stood together at the dying-bed of the poet, "and value myself more for that man's love than" —here the narrator adds, "St. John sank his head, and lost his voice in tears."—"The sob which finishes the epitaph," Thackeray remarks, "is finer than words. It is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it."

Death may often be painted by a pause.

CXLVI. Double Meaning, the figure that comes next, is susceptible of skillful treatment; sly humor is especially fond of it. There was malice prepense in an apology once made in the British House of Commons. A member had given the lie to another member, for which offense being compelled to apologize, he did so in these words:

"I said the honorable gentleman was a liar. It is so. I am sorry for it."

It will be seen at once that this figure might almost be classed under paranomasia, or pun, only that in pun we usually have two different words the same in sound; whereas in double meaning there is one word. Thus, says Macaulay, book 1st, chap. i.:

"A divine of that age, the close of James's reign, who was asked by a simple country gentleman what the Arminians held, answered with as much truth as wit that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

For Scripture examples, Matt. viii., 22; John xiii., 10, 11; Luke xvi., 8; xxi., 3; John iv., 10, 32, 35; vi., 53–57, 63.

CXLVII. Mimesis, or Mimicry, consists in mimicking the mode of spelling and in the use of peculiar words of certain districts, periods, or individuals, in order through the spelling or use of such peculiar word or words to give a lively idea of certain characteristic modes of speaking. Thus Falconer, himself a seaman, doomed to a seaman's death in the storm, in his meritorious poem, "The Shipwreck," which deserves a place in every sailor's library, fills many of his lines unmercifully with sea terms—as thus:

> "Bow-lines and halyards are relax'd again,
> Clew-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain,
> Clewed up each top-sail, and by-braces squar'd,
> The seamen climb aloft on either yard."

This is worse than Greek to the most of us; nay, is as

hard to understand as the names of figures of speech. However, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount makes the law lingo of his time how simple:

"Marry, I lent my gossip my mare to fetch home coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes.
And I ran to the Consistory for to pleinyie, (complain)
And there I happenit amang ane greidie meinyie; (crew)
They gave me first ane thing they call citandum;
Within aught days I gat but libellendum;
Within ane month I gat ad opponendum;
In half ane year I gat inter-loquendum;
And syne (then) I gat, how call ye it? Ad replicandum;
But I could never ane word yet understand him.
Of pronunciandum they made me wonder fain;
But I gat never my gude gray mare again!"

It delights us to introduce a noble-hearted beggar, who deserves to be an old acquaintance—Edie Ochiltree, the real hero of Scott's "Antiquary," a character of a hundred years ago, authorized by the law to beg over a certain district. He is descanting on certain wallflowers that, growing in the neglected garden of the old monastry of Aberbrothic, now called Arbroath, are shedding a pleasant fragrance on the grim midnight:

"I am thinking they'll be like some folks' gude gifts, that often seem maist precious in adversity; or may be it's a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness o' sin, since God sends odors to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I would like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi' the sight we are looking upon—these pleasant and quiet and lang streaks o' moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o' this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions o' the carved windows, and dancing on the leaves o' the dark ivy, as the breath of winds shakes it; I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up with lamps, and wi' frankincense, and wi' organs, and all instruments o' music."

CXLVIII. Archaism is a form which consists of old modes of spelling, and so might perhaps be catalogued more fitly under figures of Etymology, were it not that it includes many words now out of use, as well as present words spelled differently from now. As the mosses on an old bridge, or the stains of time on an abbey wall, are interesting, so are graceful archaisms. Indeed, we are apt to value mere antiquity too highly; as Pope has it:

> "Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
> It is the rust we value, not the gold."

A certain tone of old days may pervade a whole work like a subtile essence, as it doth Spenser's "Faerie Queene;" but "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" soon became tiresome; Byron threw aside the archaisms as soon as the first canto was concluded. Thomson's exquisite "Castle of Indolence" is, however, finely haunted by moon-rays and by ivies:

> "Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
> Were heard the lowing herds along the vale;
> And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
> And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
> And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
> Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
> That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
> And still a coil the grasshopper would keep—
> Yet all these sounds, yblent, inclined all to sleep."

CXLIX. Concession; CL. Paramologia; CLI. Synchoresis, or Permission, is the granting of all or of much that an opponent can advance, and then overbalancing all this by decisive considerations, rendered still more decisive by the very concessions that have been made. Eccles. xi., 9; Josh. xxiv., 14, 15; James ii., 19; Luke xii., 49–53.

The famous statement, long since proverbial, of the

elder William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, the very soul of grandeur and intensity, is an instance:

"The poorest man in his cottage may bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter it; but the King of England can not enter it. All his power dares not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement."

Here let us be permitted to point out one chief source of the commanding eloquence of Chatham:

"Not content," says Lord Lyttelton, "to correct and instruct his imagination by the works of men, he borrowed his noblest images from the language of inspiration."

In which respect he was imitated by Burke, Junius, and other distinguished writers and speakers of that day. Says Dr. Goodrich, in his valuable "Compend of British Eloquence:"

"At no period in later times has secular eloquence gathered so many of her images and allusions from the pages of the Bible."

It is what Daniel Webster also habitually did.

From our much-admired Fisher Ames select we an additional instance: On April 28, 1796, the House of Representatives debated whether the laws should be passed that were necessary for carrying a certain treaty with Britain into effect, a treaty duly ratified by the President and the Senate. A party were against ratifying; they termed it coercion to have to give effect to the treaty. Ames thus spoke:

"I can not lose this opportunity to remark that the coercion so much dreaded and complained against appears at length to be no more than the authority of principles, the despotism of duty. Gentlemen complain we are forced to act in this way—we are forced to swallow the treaty. It is very true—unless we claim the liberty of abuse, the right to act as we ought not. There is but one right way open for us, the laws of morality

and good faith have fenced up every other. It is for tyrants to complain that principles are restraints; and that they have no liberty, so long as their despotism has limits."

Let his speech on the British Treaty be studied, sentence by sentence. No finer example in our language how to utter a rich variety of great general principles without once passing from an orator into an essayist. Concession has often a strain of irony in it. Thus Ames, farther on in this speech, shows that those who objected to the particular treaty with Britain would have objected to every treaty with that country:

"No treaty, exclaim others, should be made with a monarch or a despot; there will be no naval security while these sea-robbers domineer on the ocean; their den must be destroyed; that nation must be extirpated. I like this, sir, because it is sincerity. With feelings such as these, we do not pant for treaties. Such passions seek nothing, and will be content with nothing, but the destruction of their object. If a treaty left King George his island, it would not answer, not if he stipulated to pay rent for it. It has been said the world ought to rejoice if Britain were sunk in the sea; if where there are now men, and wealth, and laws, and liberty, there were no more than a sand-bank for the sea-monsters to prowl on, a space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict. I object nothing to the good-sense or humanity of all this. I yield that this is a proof that the age of reason is in progress. Let it be philanthropy, let it be patriotism, if you will; but it is no indication that *any* treaty would be approved."

This last quotation prepares the way for saying that the word "let" may be regarded as often introducing this figure, a very common one; thus from Isaac Watts:

"Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head:
How vain their curses, if the eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bless me with His eyes."

Dr. South, whose sermons abound in genius, some-

times awoke the feeling of the ludicrous, in a way that must have weakened solemn feelings in his audience, unless he spake such passages in a severely ironical tone. He represents one as thus expressing himself:

"I am a great hearer and lover of sermons; it is the very delight of my righteous soul; indeed, I am so entirely devoted to the hearing of them that I have hardly any time left to practice them; and will not all this set me right for heaven? Yes, no doubt; if a man can be pulled up to heaven by the ears."

It is a privilege to introduce to you here Dr. John Cumming, whose works, none rising to genius, but many highly useful for purposes of practical piety, and written in a plain, easy, perspicuous style, may be read with much profit—his "Scripture Readings," for example. The following is from the very excellent volume on Luke:

"Do away with soldiers, and your homes would not be safe; disband our army, burn our navy, and in a few years all the glory of England would depart, all your merchandise would soon be taken from you, and this great and powerful nation would become a poor helpless province."

This form of concession, or permission, in which the concession is made, and its evil consequences are immediately pointed out, is often very effective. An instance from Vinet, the Chalmers of Switzerland:

"The Gospel, we will say to its enemies, is, then, an absurdity; you have discovered it. But behold what a new species of absurdity that certainly is, which attaches man to all his duties; regulates human life, better than all the doctrines of sages; plants in his bosom harmony, order, and peace; causes him joyfully to fulfill all the offices of civil life; renders him better fitted to live, better fitted to die; and which, were it generally received, would be the support and safeguard of society. If these things have not entered the heart of man, it is not because they are absurd, but because they are divine."

Nowhere can a more lively and beautiful example of this figure be found than that given by the woman of Canaan in the Gospel. Christ, to provoke her humility and her persevering trust into exercise, had said to her:

"It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs."

To which her reply was:

"Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

For once Jesus was refuted, and that by his own figure; and he wished to be refuted. "Truth, Lord;" there was the concession. An instance, too, of the fact, one that enters deep into the nature of figurative language, that often the best figures are uttered by those who are thinking least about them, they being struck out by a glow of mind. Yet, if you have made yourself very familiar with them, your familiar knowledge of figures is sure to put all manner of weapons rhetorical into the hand of your passion, without aught of the far-fetched and the artificial; just as a thorough skater moves over the ice inartificially.

The Rev. John Angell James, a writer of great eloquence and refinement, eminent advocate he of the religion of the heart, has the subjoined:

"Eternal things! Do you believe them? If not, abjure your creed; abandon your belief. Be consistent, and let the stupendous vision which, like Jacob's ladder, rests its foot on earth and places its top in heaven, vanish in thin air."

CLII. Prohibition deserves a place: the utter forbidding a thing, as not to be done at all, when all that is meant is that while it should be done, something else is far more urgent. Luke xxiii., 27, 28. A figure so genuine; dictate of a mind much impassioned! Take a form of it, more simple, from John Chrysostom, renowned

Patriarch of Constantinople, "the Homer of orators," whose was "a tongue flowing like the Nile:"

"Tell me not of grief, nor of the intolerable nature of your calamity. Rather consider how, in the midst of bitter sorrow, you may rise superior to it."

Read his excellent sermon on "Excessive Grief at the Death of Friends."

CHAPTER XXI.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART SIXTEENTH.

Indirect Statement, or Coverture, or Gentle Hint.—Specification.—Plurals.—Optation, or Wish.—Anacœnosis.—Supposition.—Isolation.—Unification.—Assumption of Agreement.—Pretended Assent.—Interpolation.—Catachresis.—Anacoluthon.—Affirmative Negation.—Negative Affirmation.—Community.—Proprietorship.—Prolepsis or Procatalepsis.

CLIII. INDIRECT STATEMENT, or Coverture, or The Gentle Hint, is the name that may be given to a weapon of speech that many times can be used with mighty effect; often when open statement would involve the speaker in personal danger. It is covert praise or blame; menace or hope. Lord Chatham had quoted Lord Somers and Chief-Justice Holt, on certain points of law, against Lord Mansfield; and drew their characters in masterly style; he then pronounced them "honest men, who knew and loved the Constitution," laying much stress on the important term "honest." Then, turning to Mansfield, he said:

"I vow I think the noble lord equals them both—in abilities."

Then, complaining of the motion he was opposing being pushed by Lords Marchmont and Mansfield at so unseasonable an hour, it was after midnight, he cried:

"If the Constitution must be wounded, let it not receive its

mortal stab at this dark and midnight hour, when honest men are asleep in their beds, and when only felons and assassins are seeking for prey!"

Coverture is often the best way of reminding people of their duty, and of asking a favor. An indirect statement sets the hearer's mind pleasantly at work to fill up for itself the facts that are referred to, while there may be a compliment, also, to our historical or other information. In a speech to his constituents at Liverpool, March 18, 1820, George Canning refers to the following resolution of the House of Commons of 1648—previous to the war against Charles I., and his death on the scaffold:

"Resolved, that whatsoever is enacted and declared law by the Commons assembled in Parliament hath the force of law, although the consent of the king and House of Peers be not had thereto."

On this, Canning thus commented:

"Such was the theory; the practical inferences were not tardy in their arrival after the theory. In a few weeks the House of Peers was voted useless. We all know what became of the Crown."

But no instance of indirect statement will be more admired by American readers than that renowned one of the eloquent patriot, Patrick Henry, in 1765. In the debate introduced by him in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, on the Stamp Act, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third"— "Treason!" cried the Speaker; "Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the House. Henry faltered not for an instant; but, rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing an eye of determined fire on the Speaker, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

In Everett's oration on Webster, at the inauguration of the Webster statue in Boston, September 17, 1859, he had these words:

"Do you ask if he had faults? I answer, he was a man."

An indirect way at once of admitting his faults and apologizing for them. But it is in Shakespeare's "King John" you will find the example that can not be surpassed. Taking it for granted that every student of this volume has a Shakespeare in his hands, we refer him to "King John," act iii., scene iii. Or mark the repartee of the Spanish embassador to Henry the Fourth of France, as given in Tully's "Memoirs." The king was boasting that he would go to breakfast at Milan, hear mass at Rome, and dine at Naples; the embassador answered:

"Sire, if your Majesty go so fast, perhaps you may go to vespers in Sicily."

Every reader has history enough to understand the allusion, to a great slaughter perpetrated on the French.

From Miss Strickland's valuable work, "The Queens of England," we obtain this, from volume vii., chapter ix. Sir Walter Raleigh was staying at the house of a great lady in the west of England, who was a notable housewife, and before she made a grand appearance at dinner, she arranged all matters in her household. Sir Walter's apartment was next to hers, and he became private to much of her management. Early in the morning he heard her demand of one of her maids, "Are the pigs served?" Just before dinner she entered with infinite state the great chamber where her guests were met, when Sir Walter asked:

"Madam, are the pigs served?"

The lady answered, with undiminished dignity,

"You know best whether you have had your breakfast."

CLIV. Specification of Details is often a figure giving strength to a speaker. We pray you to form your opinion on Victor Hugo's latest sample, in his last novel—"Ninety-Three." Lawyers and ministers, study the following, of June, 1793:

"It was about eight o'clock in the evening. There was still some light in the street, but the room was dark, and a lamp hanging from the ceiling threw a dim glimmer on the table. The first of these three men was pale, young, grave, with thin lips and a cold look. A nervous twitch in the cheek must have spoiled his attempts to smile. He was powdered, gloved, brushed, and buttoned. There was not a crease in his bright blue coat. He wore nankeen trousers, white stockings, a frilled shirt, and shoes with silver buckles. The two other men were —one, a kind of giant; the other, a kind of dwarf. The tall man, negligently dressed in a vast coat of scarlet cloth, his neck bare, his untied cravat falling lower than the frill, his waistcoat open, with many buttons missing, wore top-boots, and his hair was straight and in disorder, although it revealed traces of dressing and care. There was something of a mane about it. His face was pock-marked; he had an angry wrinkle between the eyebrows, and an expression of kindness at the corner of the lips; thick lips, large teeth, a bargeman's fist, a luminous eye. The dwarf was a yellowish man, who, seated, seemed deformed; his head was thrown backward; his eyes were bloodshot; his face was covered with livid patches; a handkerchief was tied over his greasy and flat hair. No forehead; an enormous and terrible mouth. He wore ordinary trousers, slippers, and a waistcoat which looked as if it were of white satin; and over this waistcoat a jacket, in the folds of which a hard and straight line revealed a poniard. The first of these men was named Robespierre, the second Danton, the third Marat. They were alone in the room. There was a glass and a bottle of wine before Danton, a cup of coffee before Marat, and a heap of papers before Robespierre. A map of France was stretched out on the table."

In the magnificent speech by him, on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, February 28, 1785, which Lord Brougham

has pronounced "by far the first of all Mr. Burke's orations," he had spoken of Hyder Ali's horse as "a whirlwind of cavalry;" then, farther on, he individualized, by mentioning the impoverished state of the country, the Carnatic—

"Even before an enemy's horse had imprinted his hoof on the soil of the Carnatic."

The individual war-horse here specified, what vividness does it not give to the description! If we would write or speak vividly, we must escape from generalities to specific objects and incidents; and in nothing can genius or taste or the tact of the heart be more clearly shown, than in choosing such individual things as suit best. Mark particularly the external objects which Jesus uses in his parables.

You have a little touch of individualization in such an example as this:

"Your course has been wrong, from the lowest foundation stone to the turret stone;"

or in Napoleon's frequent saying:

"The ball that is to hit me has not yet been cast;"

or as when William Arthur, in his book "Italy in Transition"—all his works are interesting and instructive—says:

"Massa is about as stupid a little town as post-horses were ever changed at."

This figure is a wondrous contrast to indistinctness. What variety of war-gear language hath!

"If you wished," says Curran, "to convey to the mind of an English matron the horrors of that period when our poor people were surrendered to the brutality of the soldiery by the authority of the state, you would vainly attempt to give her a general picture of rapine and murder and conflagration. But endeavoring to comprehend every thing, you would convey

nothing. When the father of poetry wishes to portray the movements of contending armies and an embattled field, he exemplifies, he does not describe. So should your story to her keep clear of generalities. You should take a cottage, and place the affrighted mother with her orphan daughters at the door, the paleness of death in her face, and more than its agonies in her heart—her aching heart; her anxious ear struggling through the mist of closing day to catch the approaches of desolation and dishonor. The ruffian gang arrives; the feast of plunder begins; the cup of madness kindles in its circulation. You need not dilate—you need not expatiate; the matron to whom you tell the story of horror beseeches you not to proceed; she presses her child to her heart—she drowns it in her tears; her fancy catches more than an angel's tongue could describe."

Mark here the wonderful skill in the twofold individualization: in the story told, and in the listener to it.

The renowned passage in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" must needs be subjoined here:

"I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

"I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breezes had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

"He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks was laid at his head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed

there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast his eyes down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture which my fancy had drawn."

There are turns of expression here which we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we have not been long familiar with in Scripture—the highest eulogy that can be paid to any form of words. Cleanse the "Sentimental Journey" of its frequent grossness, and it would deserve its immortality. But every now and then the angel changes into the brute. O for a truly judicious expurgator of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Congreve, Vanburgh, Sterne, and of the Greek and Latin classics.

Saurin, in the subjoined, individualizes in every sentence:

"The tomb is the best course of morality. Study avarice in the coffin of a miser. See a few boards inclose him, and a few square inches of earth contain him. Study ambition in the grave of that man of enterprise. Approach the tomb of the proud man. See the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions condemned to eternal silence; the piercing eyes that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm that distributed the destinies of mankind, without motion and life."

Dr. George W. Bethune, in his very valuable posthumous "Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism," has the following sentence, that owes much of its vividness to the last specification. He is speaking of human depravity:

"Every where we see symptoms of this depravity; every where men make laws to guard against it; every penal statute,

every gibbet, every prison, every lock on our doors, testify to man's belief that his fellow-man is prone to hate man and his neighbor."

Very frequently pathos lies in the details specified, as in the oft-quoted words of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," just as she goes to her death. Mark very carefully how commonplace the details are; how characteristic of the nursery, and of a good mother's tender cares:

"Farewell, Cariola;
I pray thee look thou givest my little boy
Some sirup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now, what you please!
What, death?"

If ever you would move men's hearts, you must study this pathos of the minute; your own heart and experience must teach you where to find your details. Look for them in the simplest points of unaffected and very homely life and scenery. In this how wonderfully strong is Scripture: 1 Sam. ii., 19; 2 Sam. xii., 34; xiv., 7, 14; Matt. xxiv., 17, 18; xxv., 35–44; Luke xi., 5–8; xiv., 18–20, 31; xvi., 24; xvii., 34–36; Zech. viii., 5.

In no portion of our literature can you better study this pathos of the minute than in that inimitable department, our ballad poetry, as you will meet with it in Percy's "Reliques," Sir Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," and elsewhere. It is a valuable and instructive incident that when Lady Anne Bernard was writing her "Auld Robin Grey," and her whole stock of pathetic points was exhausted, she recited what she had composed to the junior members of the family, and asked them what she could add; when one of the youngest, a mere child, cried out, "Mak' somebody steal the coo;" which she did.

Boyd, in his valuable notes on P. L., gives this critique on iv., 196:

"The cormorant is a voracious sea-bird. Dr. George Camp-

bell remarks that if for 'cormorant' Milton had said 'bird of prey,' which would have equally suited both the meaning and the measure, the image would have been weaker than by this specification. The more general your terms are, the picture is the weaker; the more special they are, it is the brighter."

See S., "Cymbeline," act ii., scene ii., Iachimo's speech, line 28; act iv., scene ii., Belarius's 18th speech, line 45. "Lear," act iii., scene ii., Lear's wondrous 2d speech; scene vi., Lear's 8th speech. "Romeo and Juliet," act v., scene iii., the Friar's 1st speech, lines 1, 2. "Hamlet," act i., scene i., Francisco's 5th speech. "Henry IV.," part ii., act ii., scene i., Hostess's 13th speech.

CLV. Plurals. The use of plurals, figuratively, may be put in here, as a separate and exceedingly admirable usage. As when one was speaking of "the glory of the sunrisings and the roseate flushing of sunsets."

CLVI. Optation, or Wish, is very natural in an aroused state of mind. Chatham, in the close of his speech against the quartering of soldiers on the people of Boston, carries optation up into the sacredness of prayer. It was on May 27, 1774:

"I will venture to declare that the period is not far distant when my country will want the assistance of her most distant friends. Length of days be in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor; may her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace!"

In a ludicrous way, again, we have optation in the cry of the fat monk, Panurge, in Rabelais; who, in a storm at sea, threatened by a briny doom, longs for dry land, which would turn things naturally inconvenient to blessings; and so he exclaims right earnestly,

"Would I were on shore, and somebody kicking me."

The orator at times wishes that the point he has powerfully proven, were not proven. In the Second against Philip, we find the following:

"I could wish I were not conjecturing aright. But I fear that the event is much nearer than even what I said."

Then at the close of that speech:

"O all ye gods, let it not be that the event shall have been foretold only too accurately!"

CLVII. Anacœnosis is the applying to an opponent, or to the hearer, for his opinion. The Duke of Bedford, the hero of Junius's malignant but immortal letter, had been horsewhipped by a country attorney. When George III. heard that Sir Edward Hawke had given the French a drubbing, his majesty asked Lord Chesterfield the meaning of the word:

"Sire," said Lord Chesterfield, "the meaning of the word 'drubbing'—but here comes the Duke of Bedford, who is better able to explain it to your Majesty than I am."

Every student of the powers of language will recall to mind Paul's use of this animated figure in his defense before Agrippa:

"The king knoweth of these things, before whom I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest."

Mal. i., 6; Isa. v., 3, 4; Jer. xxiii., 23; Acts iv., 19; 1 Cor. iv., 21; Gal. iv., 21.

Dr. Griffin thus asks the audience to decide:

"Say now, pronounce, is not the object worthy of all the means employed for its attainment? Do you hesitate? Look, and think again."

In the same discourse, "On Christ's Kingdom:"

"Let me never fall into the hands of the man who, while he refuses to aid the missionary efforts of his brethren, coolly says that he submits the fate of the heathen to God. Do you

call this submission? Put it to the test; does it preserve you equally composed by the bed of your dying child?"

Why, the Holy Scripture should not only be nobly read from the rostrum, but, first, three or four times at home by the minister. Garrick, the great actor, once said to a clergyman:

"What books were those that you used this morning in reading the service?"—"Books?" rejoined the clergyman; "the Bible and Prayer-book."—"Ah," said Garrick; "I observed that you handled them as if they were a ledger and day-book."

We quote from Gould's excellent lecture on Clerical Elocution, in his "Good English." Let our ministers arouse them, too, to the grand historical fact that, if they wish to make a sensation, there is nothing so good for that as the plain, pure, earnest Gospel—no ritual a match for that; such as New York crowds hasten out to, when they go to hear Dr. Hall. We are starving for lack of the Bible, twice every Sunday, grandly read; and of great preaching of the old-fashioned sort. Blessed, also, is the preacher, of whose ability we think not, but by whose theme we are absorbed—and by the humbling sense of our own wickedness.

CLVIII. Supposition, the bringing forward a supposed case as an illustration of the actual one, or the treating of the actual case as if it were merely supposed, is a form of expression that has often been used with good effect; of which we have a noted instance in that justly famous letter of Junius to the king:

"There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks around him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances it

may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign."

The writings of the eminently pious Dr. Payson present many examples, as thus, in which magnetic philosophy is used in Christ's work:

"Suppose you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings, how would you effect the separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass filings remain behind. Thus if we see a company of true and false professors of religion, we may not be able to distinguish between them; but let Christ come among them, and all His sincere followers will be attracted toward Him, while those who have none of His spirit remain at a distance."

Again, to a mother bereft of a child, he said:

"Suppose some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear. Now if the maker of it, in order to make it more splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorry because they were taken from you for a little, when you knew they were to make up your crown?"

Let this figure be much cultivated by the pulpit orator. He who can, for a year, not once put a single supposition into eighty sermons of his, deserves the title of "Solemn Stupidity." To neglect this figure is indefensible.

CLIX. Isolation must not be confounded with any other figure; for it means the isolating of an individual addressed, who is separated from all others; the putting him apart, so that the orator may deal with his single soul; or so that the man himself may deal with himself, while he feels that he is alone with his conscience and with his God. Thus, in Paul's words, in Rom. ii., 1:

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

For purposes of conviction, when you endeavor to bury some barbed arrow of alarm or accusation deep in some single bosom, this figure is invaluable. The unapproachable triumvirate of the French pulpit are Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon; on this occasion let Massillon speak; let him isolate each of us; for it was to him the Grand Monarch said: "Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel, and have been highly pleased with them; but whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself, for I see my own character." When Massillon was drawing near the close of the sermon from which we are now to quote, the whole congregation started to their feet, interrupting him by their exclamations of terror and despair:

"I confine myself to you who are now here assembled. I include not the rest of men; but consider you as alone existing on the earth. The idea which fills and terrifies me is this: I figure to myself the present as your last hour, and the end of the world; the heavens opening above your heads; the Saviour in all His glory about to appear in the midst of His temple; you only assembled here as trembling criminals to await His coming, and hear the sentence—each, either of life eternal or of everlasting death. Which of you would not immediately apply to his conscience, to examine if his crimes merited not eternal punishment—which of you, seized with dread, would not demand of our Saviour, as did the apostles, crying out, 'Lord, is it I?' Does this danger affect you not, my dear hearer? You persuade yourself that in this great number who shall perish, you will be the happy individual! You who have less reason, perhaps, than any other to believe it."

Jonathan Edwards is continually isolating hearer by hearer. Thus closes he his awful sermon, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God:"

"There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation now hearing this discourse that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now

have. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of. If we knew who it was, what an awful sight it would be to see such a person! But, alas! instead of one, how many, is it likely, will remember this discourse in hell!"

In the oration on the Crown, our darling model, Demosthenes, frequently singles out Æschines:

"You being there on the spot and at the moment, and seeing me deprive the state of such an opportunity and such an alliance as you now, in long detail and in swelling, tragic phrase, tell us of, is it the case, that you expressed your indignation? Or being a spectator of these doings of mine which now you brand, did you make bare, did you expose them? And most certainly if I had wrought with Philip to hinder the union of the Greeks, it was your part not to keep silence; but to cry aloud, to testify with all earnestness, and to make my guilt plain to these your fellow-citizens. But no such thing did you ever do. That voice of yours no one heard."

Our study of this figure brings us to this conclusion, that in the Christian pulpit we are convinced of what is the greatest aim of eloquence: a great thing to convince the judgment; a great thing to delight the tasteful and the poetic; but highest of all, to convict the conscience. That is the highest sort of sermon; and to display God and Christ; to teach humility; to make us capable of true repentance.

CLX. Unification, the bringing forward as one instance, is a figure never enumerated before. We have not succeeded in naming it felicitously. An example will make it perfectly plain. Our marvelous Shakespeare helps us, speaking of Henry the Fifth:

> "And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
> In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove."

How much better than if he had said, "like Jove." So, again, a midnight camp, previous to a battle, is before us:

"The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With dint of hammer closing rivet up,
Give dreadful note of preparation."

How much finer than "dints," "hammers," "rivets," "notes." Mark this very carefully.

CLXI. Assumption of Agreement on the part of your hearer or opponent is a frequent usage. Erskine, in his speech for Stockdale, thus expressed himself:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I observe plainly, and with infinite satisfaction, that you are shocked and offended at my even supposing it possible you should pronounce such a detestable judgment."

Or take an illustration from the splendid oratorical career of John Philpot Curran. Lord Avonmore, an old college companion of his, was on the bench; one who had been a member of a certain joyous college club along with Curran. Curran expressed the hope that the decision of the court would be favorable:

"This soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life; from the remembrance of those Attic nights which we have spent with those admired, respected, beloved companions who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here Lord A. could not refrain from tears.] Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory."

We find this figure frequent in Demosthenes:

"You can not think so. You remember! You are well aware."

It suits the Christian pulpit, where the speaker ought to be constantly appealing to conscience even more than either to feeling or intellect or fine taste. In the *Christian's Sabbath Companion* are these sentences:

"What an individual would forthwith do, but for want of op-

portunity, hazard of detection, or fear of punishment, that is what shows his true character. You admit that statement, surely? I see that some of you feel how much it condemns you. I see that some of you are honest enough to take it home."

CLXII. Pretended Assent, a figure never named before, is different from the above; being your own pretended, not actual assent, not that of your hearer or opponent. In S.'s "Macbeth," act i., scene ii., the Soldier's 3d speech, a clear instance occurs of this very peculiar figure:

"*Duncan.* Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
"*Soldier.* Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion."

CLXIII. Interpolation, the sudden throwing in of some explanatory or enforcing circumstance; as it is natural in earnest, onward hurrying states of the mind, so does it suit the warmest moods of eloquence. Shakespeare, by the lips of Antonio, speaking of Shylock, will give us an instance: remember to study Shakespeare for oratory quite as much as for poesy:

"You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)—
His Jewish heart."

"Cymbeline," act v., scene v., Iachimo's 4th speech, and 5th.

St. Paul makes frequent use of this form of writing; as thus:

"Unto the Jews became I as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are with-

out law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law."

Let us treat you to one of the noblest sentences in our language—occurring in Mackintosh's speech for Peltier—containing a beautiful interpolation near the close:

"Let me suppose, gentlemen, that Aloys Reding, who has displayed in our times the simplicity, magnanimity, and piety of ancient heroes, had, after his glorious struggle, honored this kingdom by choosing it as his refuge; that, after performing prodigies of valor at the head of his handful of heroic peasants on the field of Morgarten, where his ancestor, the Landman Reding, had, five hundred years before, defeated the first oppressors of Switzerland, he had selected this country to be the residence as the chosen abode of liberty, as the ancient and inviolable asylum of the oppressed, would my learned friend have had the boldness to have said to this hero that he must hide his tears (the tears shed by a hero over the ruins of his country!), lest they might provoke the resentment of Reubell or Rapinat? that he must smother the sorrow and the anger with which his heart was overloaded? that he must breathe his murmurs low, lest they might be overheard by the oppressor?"

Do not let escape here the mighty Saxon force of sarcasm in the word "low"—"he must breathe his murmurs low!"

From the First Philippic of Demosthenes we glean the following—the commencement of a paragraph:

"First, I say that the infantry—but how to prevent you from doing that which has often injured you! Your thinking that the occasion demands far less than it does demand—your selecting the grandest plans in your decrees, while in execution you make not the paltriest exertion."

In a humorous way, we find in Fielding's "Covent Garden Tragedy," acted in Drury Lane Theatre in 1732, the following promises by a lady to a gentleman:

"A joint of meat a day is all I ask,
And that I'll dress myself. A pot of beer
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my wine;
Few clothes I'll have, and those, too, second-hand;
Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen
(For stockings will have holes), I'll darn it for thee."

CLXIV. Catachresis itself deserves to be catalogued as a legitimate form of speech: a metaphor that borders on impropriety, or seems to confound the nature of things; a breaking loose into a bad construction such as grammar forbids; lawful when it arises from a crowd of thoughts clouding the right construction out of sight, or from warmth of emotion rendering the speaker all unmindful of Lindley Murray or Gould Brown. We speak of a silver candlestick; Horace writes of children riding on horseback on a long reed; Moses tells us of the blood of the grape. The reader has a certain delight in seeing the bands of syntax thrown off now and then, and the reins cast wild, on the neck of the steed wilder than of the Ukraine. Thus in a letter by Henry Ward Beecher on occasion of a dinner to George Law:

"Those who develop commerce—building clippers so fleet as to put the winds out of breath in keeping up with them; steamships that empty towns, and bear their population round the globe to found new cities in a day; immense engines that in the face of storms and waves roll round the ponderous wheel with the constancy of the earth upon its axis; the benefits of such services are not confined to the sea, or to the commercial cities that wash their feet by the sea-side."

Mr. Fox's well-known saying is in excellent accord with the good effect and breezy freedom of catachresis:

"Did the speech read well when reported? If so, it was a bad one."

An air of extemporaneousness, the absence of all appearance of art, a noble forgetfulness of minute verbal points, is often delightful in an impetuous address, espe-

cially when we feel it to be crowded with great thoughts. Such may be called the Philosophy of the Ungrammatical. "Cymbeline," act iv., scene ii., Arviragus's 18th speech, line 6; "Hamlet," act i., scene ii., Hamlet's 14th speech; act i., scene iv., lines 30–36; Lev. xxvi., 30; Deut. xxxii., 14; Psa. lxxx., 5; Hos. xiv., 2; 1 Cor. i., 25; Matt. xi., 31, 32.

CLXV. Anacoluthon may be catalogued as a species of catachresis: such a change in the construction as involves bad grammar; as when in S., "Henry V.," in his speech to his soldiers, cries:

> "Rather, proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
> That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
> Let him depart; his passport shall be made—
> We would not die in that man's company."

"Tempest," act i., scene ii., Prospero's 3d and 10th speech.

CLXVI. Affirmative Negation affirms by negatives, the contrast adding pungency. Let Junius, acrid, and in the highest degree able, present to us an instance:

"When our gracious sovereign ascended the throne, we were a flourishing and contented people. If the personal virtues of a king could have insured the happiness of his subjects, the scene would not have altered so entirely as it has done. The idea of uniting all parties, of trying all characters, and distributing the offices of state by rotation, was gracious and benevolent to an extreme, though it has not yet produced the many salutary effects which were intended by it. To say nothing of the wisdom of such a plan, it undoubtedly arose from an unbounded goodness of heart in which folly had no share. It was not a capricious partiality to new faces; it was not a natural turn for low intrigue; nor was it the treacherous amusement of double and triple negotiations. No, sir, it arose from a continued anxiety in the purest of all possible hearts for the general welfare."

Alice Cary contrives, while not enumerating, to enu-

merate; and makes us feel how deeply emphatic that one circumstance is, which immeasurably more impresses her than even those items which she rules off

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim, old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below.

"Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

"I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old, dim forest,
He lieth in peace asleep.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim, old forest,
Seemeth the best of all."

CLXVII. Negative Affirmation is the exact opposite of the last named: a denying by affirmatives. You can not contrast these twain without having a deeper impression of the wondrous flexibility of God's miracle—language. From Saxe cull we an example of college days:

"I recollect those harsh affairs,
The morning bells that gave us panics;
I recollect the formal prayers,
That seemed like lessons in mechanics.

I recollect the drowsy way
In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day
As when a boy I slumber'd through them.
I recollect the tutors all
As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
In Homer, or Ovidius Naso."

Some of us comprehend how little of such Greek or Latin we now recall.

CLXVIII. Community is that figure which makes the pleader and his client one, or the speaker and his audience. Thus Paul, in Rom. xiii., 13, where the apostle supposes himself and the common believers to whom he was writing to be exposed to the same perils, and drawing near to the same crisis of departure and of doom. Thus the Pulpit-Demosthenes wins a way for his rebukes and warnings into our hearts and wills by using the pronoun "we" and "us" instead of "you;" and we feel that he who speaks from the sacred desk hath the same hard battle to fight that we have; is attacked by the same dread temptations; hath the same downward tendencies; that he arrogates to himself no cold, proud superiority.

CLXIX. Proprietorship, a newly catalogued figure—it may be not very well named—consists in calling a thing "yours" or "ours," or by some possessive pronoun or other, when the only ownership we have in it lies in the interest the heart takes in it. Your author supplies an instance:

How weak thy light to guide, mere Intellect!
When the great central moral truths are gone,
Unable grossest falsehoods to detect;
Religion, Conscience, Social Rule, o'erthrown!
For useless even the eagle's potent eye
When sun and stars are clouded in the sky.
Ye worship Intellect? Your Cæsars are
Nothing to Lucifer.

There lies a certain charm in "your," which we can not describe or analyze, yet which is quite perceptible.

CLXX. Prolepsis, or CLXXI. Procatalepsis, is the presupposing of the adversary's arguments, and the refuting of them beforehand. The story told of Harry Erskine, brother of Thomas, the great Lord Erskine, deserves attention. Harry Erskine mistook, on one occasion, the side for which he was retained; he rose and addressed the jury with great force against his client. That anxious personage writhed with alarm and astonishment; at length, as the erring advocate was about resuming his seat, the client succeeded in getting a note put into his hands, telling him he had been arguing on the wrong side. Without the slightest embarrassment, he turned to the jury, and said:

"Gentlemen, such are the arguments which the speaker on the other side will address to you. I shall now show you how worthless they are."

He then tore to pieces all the reasoning he had brought forward.

As usual, abundant cases occur in the Bible: Isa. xlix., 14; Rom. ix., 19; 1 Cor. xv., 35–39. De la Rue, in the pathetic rhetoric of his wonderful sermon, "The Dying Sinner," supplies us with the following:

"At death, say you, reason will exert its strength; it will come forth from the tomb, when man shall be just entering into it; its light will awaken him when life is almost extinguished. Think, O think of the embarrassments which then beset reason."

This figure is most powerful when the hearer is brought forward as in the above, stating the objection in his own words. Yet how seldom do we hear this or almost any of the more daring and heroic figures from some pulpits? Is there no longer any electricity in yon thunder-clouds around Christ's throne, to be flashed

thence into the heart and style of his embassadors? What a thing the pulpit is fit to be! It is capable, anew and anew, of regaining, more and more widely, its ancient coruscations! How, in the name of wonder, is it—how, in the name of disgrace, does it happen, that the Scripture is so often miserably read? No part of Church ritual is more heart-arousing, more epic, more like the roll of thunders among mountains, than the suitable reading of the Word!

CHAPTER XXII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART SEVENTEENTH.

Self-substitution.—Retort.—Conversion.—The Prosaic.—Indirection.—Oratorical Syllepsis.—Attitude.—Epiphonema, or Oracular Summing-up.—Abbreviation.—Hendiadys, or Splitting into Two.—Antonomasia.—Alliteration, or Homœopropheron.—Poetic Forms.

CLXXII. SELF-SUBSTITUTION is the name that may be given to a figure highly valuable: the asking the hearer to place himself in the circumstances you describe; most suitable to the pulpit. De la Rue, pointing to a death-bed, cries:

"Imagine this to be your case!"

Dr. Griffin supplies a fine example:

"Place your soul in his soul's stead! Or, rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day, in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would it seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery. When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you!"

CLXXIII. Retort is a mode of expression of great interest: the taking an adversary's argument or witticism

the contrary way, turning it round, showing that it proves against him. It was a favorite mode with Mr. Pitt. In his speech for the abolition of the slave-trade, April 2, 1792, he had to combat the objection that its abolition by Great Britain would do little good if it were retained by other countries, as was likely to be the case:

"Let us wait therefore, on prudential principles, till they join us, or set us an example."

He thus replied:

"But, sir, does not this argument apply a thousand times more strongly in a contrary way? How much more justly may other nations point to us, and say, 'Why should we abolish the slave-trade, when Great Britain has not abolished it? Britain, free as she is, just and honorable as she is, and deeply also involved as she is in this commerce above all nations, not only has not abolished, but has refused to abolish. She has investigated it well; she has gained the completest insight into its nature and effects; she has collected volumes of evidence on every branch of the subject. Her Senate has deliberated—has deliberated again and again; but what is the result? She has gravely and solemnly determined to sanction the slave-trade.'"

CLXXIV. Conversion is of kin to retort. Under this figure might be placed that bold statement which Demosthenes puts in the very commencement of his First against Philip:

"First, then, O men of Athens, these our affairs must not be despaired of; no, not even though they seem altogether deplorable; for the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is itself the most favorable to our expectations in the future. What, then, is this? That our affairs are in ruin, merely from our utter neglect of our most urgent duties. But were we thus distressed, in spite of all vigorous efforts, then would our condition be hopeless."

You perceive from this instance that by conversion is meant the turning an objection into a proof—an argument against into an argument for. But let us beware

lest we pass from our domain of figures and rhetoric into the domain of logic. Matt. xv., 21–28.

Pass on, therefore, to a species of conversion strictly rhetorical, when some old form of words, by a change, gives us a vivid surprise. Rogers, the poet and banker, was a person of very cadaverous ugliness of face; of a portrait of him by Maclise, one said:

"It is a mortal likeness, done to the death."

Mark the change or twist perpetrated on the old expression, "Done to the life." Or suppose one in the pulpit, instead of saying, in the well-known language of Paul, "The sting of death is sin," were to convert it into this, "The sting of hell is sin," he would thus, in a lively way, express the great truth that the hell-fires the most to dread are crimes, Ætna-heavy. It is evident that under this figure many fine flashes of feeling and of argument may be ranged. Gonsalvo turned a disaster into an omen of good, when in one of his Italian battles his powder-magazine was blown up by the enemy's first discharge. His soldiers, smitten by panic, were turning to flee; with the cry, he rallied them—

"My brave men, the victory is ours! Heaven tells us, by this signal, that we shall have no farther need of our artillery."

So the expressions "Good-night!" "Good-morning!" are commonplace enough; but in how elevated a sense are they used in the following instance of conversion, by Mrs. Barbauld:

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not *good-night;* but in that happier clime
Bid me *good-morning!*"

CLXXV. The Prosaic turned to a poetical use is de-

lightful, for it comes with the effect of surprise. William Robert Spencer favors you with a pleasant example:

"If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends."

This gives us a surprise such as when, under the rough rind of the cocoa-nut, we find the fresh milk.

Gay, in his "Shepherd's Week," brings in, successfully, real rural manners; ridiculing Ambrose Philips, whose shepherds were merely those of the drawing-room. Gay's "Lobbin Clout," approaches real life much more nearly; as in his first pastoral, "the Squabble:"

"Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
Oat for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato prize."

CLXXVI. Indirection, never before catalogued, is a form of turning aside, when the question or difficulty of the opposite party meets no direct reply, yet is replied to or removed more effectually than it could have been by almost any direct statement. Of this fine figure our Saviour, so divinely dexterous in so many a figure, furnishes a beautiful instance in Luke xv., 21:

"The son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The father is far beyond waiting to reply:

"Ah, my dearest, no question such as that can my heart coldly discuss, or think of it at all. Saved from shipwreck, you are a thousand times a son. Haste, every one in this house, now blessed of God! Bring forth the best robe, ye my servants, and put it on him."

See John vi., 25, 26.

CLXXVII. Oratorical Syllepsis must next be enumerated: a very delicate, beautiful figure when happily used; consisting in the employing of a word in two different senses at once, the one literal, the other figurative. Lear says of one of his daughters:

> "Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
> To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

The serpent's tooth is literally sharp; a child's ingratitude is figuratively sharp; the adjective "sharper" in this passage denotes both kinds of sharpness at once—that which wounds the flesh, and that which tears the soul. The First Philippic gives us a fine example:

"If we send out galleys empty of munition, and empty hopes given us by some paltry orator, think ye that all will be well?"

Here the empty galleys were to be sent out against Philip literally, and the empty hopes figuratively. Soon after, our prince of orators returns to this figure:

"When you send forth against the enemy a general, and an empty decree and hopes from the declaimer's platform, nothing happens to you of the things you need."

CLXXVIII. Attitude is the name that may be given to a usage of speech which, when employed in moderation, is lively and effective. What we mean is, the introduction of words expressive of attitudes of the body, other than the pointing with the finger or indication; to which it is allied; and not the same at all as outward illustration. Thus Byron writes:

> "Such is the aspect of this shore;
> 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
> So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
> We start, for soul is wanting there!"

All expressions such as can not be done justice to, ex-

cept by throwing the body into some attitude, fall under this head; as when, speaking of some famous individual whom you knew in early life, you say, proudly, "I knew him when he was so high!" whereupon it behooves to elevate the outspread palms, knowingly, to the proper altitude. What a thrilling example, when the apostle of the Gentiles cried:

"These hands have ministered to my necessities."

Yet the best thing may be outraged; as did he, this figure, who waved the skirt of his coat toward the audience on reciting Addison's lines:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale (tail)."

The idea that mere attitude has much force is a childish mistake. Almost every hearer sees through the trick. We have seen a preacher act admirably Abraham's feeling Isaac's breast for the seat of life, that one stroke might be enough, and uplifting the knife in his hand; but unfortunately the orator attitudinized so cleverly the first time, that he could not resist the temptation to repeat the scene. He enjoyed the slaying of Isaac, whatever Abraham did. A speaker has been seen, when speaking of a child in its cradle, to divide off with his hands in the air a space about the size of a cradle. Another, speaking of the place of woe, usually stepped back in the pulpit, and looked down with horror. But when Garrick, on delivering Lord Lyttelton's prologue to Thomson's "Caractacus"—the author of the "Seasons" had died shortly before—shed genuine tears, and made a pause which evidently his heart dictated, the effect on the audience was irresistible:

"He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear!
Alas! I feel I am no actor here."

Mark, too, the action required by John Clare, the wonderful Northamptonshire peasant:

"Though low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid;
All I thought life would do, is done,
The last request is made.
If I have foes, no foes I fear,
To God I live resigned;
I have a friend I value here,
And that's a quiet mind."

The admirers of the first Napoleon, overlooking his coarse selfishness and the blood he lavished, will recognize an impressive epic attitude on his part, when, on his return from Elba, and on approaching the regiment stationed at Grenoble, the officers in command gave the order to fire. Advancing within ten steps of the leveled muskets, he bared his breast, and said:

"Soldiers of the Fifth Regiment, if there is one among you who would kill his emperor, let him do it—here I am."

The regiment was instantly at his feet.

Willingly we turn from this despot, false to truth, to a far nobler man, Algernon Sidney, most foully condemned to death, in 1683, by the loathsome Jeffreys. When the ferocious judge pronounced sentence, Algernon nobly said:

"Then, O God, I beseech Thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, to impute not my blood to the country, nor to the city through which I am to be drawn. Let no inquisition be made for it; but if any, and if the shedding of blood that is innocent must be revenged, let the weight of it fall only upon those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake."

Jeffreys replied:

"I pray God work in you a temper fit to go into the other world; for I see you are not fit for this."

Then the Colonel, stretching out his arm, cried:

"My lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disordered. I bless God, I never was in better temper than I am now."

We strongly recommend his "Discourse concerning Governments," as most admirable for its style and for its argument; a book the world should not let die; a book that should ever be dear to all lovers of freedom.

We hesitate to mention here the most dread, sublime, pathetic attitude that men or angels have ever seen; our admiration should perhaps be stifled by our awe—we allude to the attitude of our Saviour on the Cross. It is thus referred to by Bishop Joseph Hall, whose works, teeming with thoughts and figures, especially that masterpiece, his "Meditations," are most deserving of repeated perusal:

"See Him stretching out His arms to receive and embrace you; hanging down His head to take view of your misery; opening His precious side to receive you into His bosom; pouring from his heart water to wash you, and blood to redeem you!"

With the attitudes of the younger Pitt in the House of Commons while Erskine was making his maiden speech there were, to be sure, no words mingled, but the attitudes were a very effective speech. We quote from Croly's "Life of George IV.:"

"Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, preparing to catch the arguments of his formidable adversary. He wrote a word or two. Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed, his look became more careless, and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the house was fixed upon him, with a contemptuous smile he dashed the pen through the paper, and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat, dispirited and shorn of his fame."

Mark Sir Walter's reference, all unthinking of attitude, to his position at the moment. He said on his deathbed to his son-in-law:

"Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

That is an attitude which we all must use. May a Christian life make it grand and eloquent.

CLXXIX. Epiphonema—oracular summing up, an instructive remark at the end—is abundantly illustrated in Scripture: see Acts xix., 18, 20; Judges ix., 56. From Milton we quote four lines:

> "This saw his hapless foes; but stood objured,
> And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
> Insensate, hope conceiving from despair;—
> In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?"

"Hamlet," act i., scene ii., Hamlet's 6th speech, line 18; "Winter's Tale," act ii., scene i., Leontes's 2d speech, lines 4–10.

Summation must come in always at the end of the sentence, and be much more than the mere closing of the statement: it must possess a certain oracular weight and tone; it must announce some conclusion that has become axiomatic and needs proof no longer; the many details must be gathered into one, like many lightnings into one thunderbolt. It suits the pulpit well; where the great truths of heaven and of home may often, nay, should often, be taken for granted; verities which when left to clear for themselves their own way without proof are then many a time the best proven. The Gospel its own witness! Stand back, frequently, O preacher; leave the cry of God and the aroused conscience alone with each other. Let them wrestle there alone on this mystic, sad, Peniel of the heart. Carlyle and the great German, Richter, deal much in genuine epiphonemas; as when the latter exclaims:

> "Were there no longer any thing inexplicable, I would no longer care to live—either here or hereafter."

Or we hear Schiller cry of Art, truly skillful:

"Art is the right hand of Nature."

From Burke, the magnificent, wise, and copious, let us republicans take one summation—a truth indispensable in a republic; our country will be scourged into it:

"Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites. . . . Society can not exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds can not be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

Grant to us now one other indulgence—of availing ourselves of our familiarity with the noble and melodious Spanish literature. We translate from Calderon, his "Green and Blue," where Worship accepts not her highest name, yet one of her pleasantest names:

"Green! 'Tis the fairy garb of spring
With million dew-drops glistening;
Lo! every fountain, every stream,
Margin'd with this fair livery, gleam;
The bright hill-side, the leafy shade,
Are in this pleasant garb arrayed;
And the broad oak's majestic head
With emerald is garlanded.
The shimmering moonbeams softly fall
On ivied green of castle wall;
All summer's flowers of varied tint,
And graceful form, are cradled in't,
Till fostering sunbeams call them forth
To twinkle as the stars of earth.
The tender love of Deity
In this delightsome tint we see,
Potent the weary eye to soothe,
And clothe the earth in new-born youth.
Such care to deck man's home he took,
Till joy flows in at every look,

While mount and main flash hymns abroad,
And nature coruscates with God;
And worship dons a bridal dress,
And owns her name is—Cheerfulness."

CLXXX. Abbreviation, never named, yet deserves notice; as when you speak of "Gents on Broadway cane in hand;" or "We Yanks brag enough about ourselves;" or a certain line of conduct is stigmatized as wholly "infra dig"—that is, beneath our dignity; yet we may be compelled, by the first outburst of rain, to wait, at the next corner, for the earliest 'bus that passes.

CLXXXI. Hendiadys, Splitting into Two, consists in the separating of what is really but one thing into two things, as when Virgil describes persons at a banquet as drinking "from goblets and from gold"—that is, from golden goblets; or as when Horace, book i., ode viii., speaks of Achilles hurried "into slaughter and the Trojan bands," instead of "hurried to the slaughter of the Trojan bands." This figure is in English very rare. Milton, familiar with all felicities and dexterities of the classics, gives us examples, as in vi., 355, when he tells us that "the might of Gabriel fought."

CLXXXII. Antonomasia is our next: the using a proper name for a common name, as when an orator is called a Demosthenes; a traitor an Arnold; a calm, disinterested patriot a Washington. A renowned example of this occurs when Shylock, the case being at first decided in his favor in Shakespeare's drama, cries delighted:

"A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel."

You remember, no doubt, the instance in Gray's "Elegy:"

"Some village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

How great a force to this figure, when, instead of saying, "Thou art a Cicero," it is said, out and out, "Thou art Cicero." Mark viii., 33. As Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Dover, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to tell him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasion, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm and the other by the left, and marched him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd when from his garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him—but mine stays behind."

CLXXXIII. Alliteration, or Homœoprophĕron, is the employment in close succession of two or more words that begin with the same letter, as when Elijah Fenton terms Waller—

"Maker and model of melodious verse."

So much is our language inclined to this, that thus on a prayer-book wrote Richard Crashaw, of "Prayer:"

"It is the armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts."

Tobias G. Smollett, the novelist, bursts into his noble "Ode to Independence" thus:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share—
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye!"

Let us adopt from De Quincey his two admirable definitions of those who dig up the metal, truth, and those who work up that metal for current use:

"The fact is, that the laborers of the mine are seldom fitted to be also laborers of the mint."

Or hear Henry Clay:

"I was born to no proud patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence."

Gibbon, in his magnificent work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," says:

"Whenever the spirit of fanaticism, at once so credulous and so crafty, has insinuated itself into a noble mind, it insensibly corrodes the vital principles of virtue and veracity."

In McLellan, on the "Robin," what a sweet accord of sounds!

"With the sweet airs of spring the Robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime."

In fact, alliteration is rhyme; rhyme at the beginning of a word instead of at the end. The recurrence of the same sound gives a certain satisfaction of honey to the sense, slight, to be sure, yet perceptible enough; there is a tendency in our nature to form such recurring sounds; hence alliteration frequently is produced without any set design; you yourself are surprised when you see you have run into it. But often it is the fruit of intention. Of all our great writers, Spenser uses it the most. He thus paints Prince Arthur's crest:

"Upon the top of all, his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolor'd diversely,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake and seem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree, ymounted high
On top of green Selinis, all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble, every one,
At every little breath that under heaven is blown."

In every literature that has risen from independent native sources and impulses, poetry has come sooner than written prose, for in rude tribes fancy is stronger than judgment: Homer preceded Herodotus. Even before the at least common use of writing, epic and lyric song has existed; the epic being essentially historical, while the lyric is the voice of individual passion and of praise; and the bard was expected to be able to carry in his mind and recite numerous lengthy poems. Hence a powerful memory was as much admired, in the dawn of literature, as strong inventive genius; every thing that could aid the recollection was highly valued. It thus happened that what Churchill the Satirist terms "apt alliteration's artful aid" is of old historic standing in our literature, being derived from the Saxons, with whom, as with the Scalds of Iceland, and in the old Welsh Cymric poets, alliteration enjoyed constantly the highest metrical value; and Spenser sat at their feet. Very early appeared "The Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman," and what an indescribable luxuriousness does Spenser steal for his "Dreamland" from the alliterative indulgences by which "William" is so continually ruled. Joseph P. Drake, in our day, revels thus in his description of Bronx:

"I sat me down upon a green bank side
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seem'd unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends, who linger while they sever;

Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wend their way in many a wistful eddy.

"Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes;
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes,
When first his power, in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying."

In an eminently beautiful poem, "A Song for September," by Thomas W. Parsons, this delicate rhyme at the beginning is charming:

"September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather.
Ah me! This glory and this grief
Agree not well together."

From George Eliot's poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," well worth reading—the authoress a very able novelist—take as follows:

"Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
On the mid-sea that moans with memories,
And on the untraveled ocean whose vast tides
Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth."

The whole volume abounds every where with the finest felicities.

From the close of what follows, alliterations may be culled. It is taken from the "Earthly Paradise," a collection of twenty-four poetic tales, by William Morris, our modern Chaucer, of whom it has been said, by the *Southern Review*, that "for clearness of vision, vivid power of representation, and sweet, pure, idiomatic English, there has not been such a poet since the days of Chaucer." We give you his inimitable picture of a mill;

much in Chaucer's style, and equal to any picture that Chaucer hath. His "Lovers of Godrun" is one of the best of the twenty-four of these tales of the Indo-European nations:

> "So long he rode, he drew anigh
> A mill upon the river's brim,
> That seemed a goodly place to him,
> For o'er the oily, smooth millhead
> There hung the apples growing red,
> And many an ancient apple-tree
> Within the orchard could he see;
> While the smooth mill-walls, white and black,
> Shook in the great wheel's measur'd clack
> And grumble of the gear within;
> While o'er the roof that dull'd the din
> The doves sat crooning half the day,
> And round the half-cut stack of hay
> The sparrows fluttered twittering."

Morris has more than Chaucer's copiousness in giving us lengthened pictures of scenery, for Chaucer's are very short; far more than Chaucer's melody, for nobody has been able to tell what was the great old writer's law of rhythm—it is doubtful if our poetry at that time had any; and the modern is his equal in painting human character; and in narrative.

With a quotation let us indulge ourselves from a recent Californian poet, Joaquin Miller, "Songs of the Sierras," 1871:

> "The trees shook hands high overhead,
> And bowed and intertwined across
> The narrow way; while leaves and moss
> And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
> Through the cool canopy of green
> Let not one sunshaft shoot between."

Let your author inflict on you these lines, that close with front rhyme:

Mid the wan billows of a ghastly sea—
Billows that coil like snakes of giant size—
And 'neath the pallors of a corpse-like moon,
Wrestles the bark that bears my destiny.
When reach I safety's shore and sunbreak's sheen?
I not despair! My Christ the tempest rides,
And glints of hope, with silver, crest the tides;
And solitude and storm my *teachers* be,
And all the moan and mystery of the sea.

Or Algernon Charles Swinburne sings to us of—

"The lisp of leaves, and the ripple of rain."

CLXXXIV. Poetic Forms should come in here. Of themselves they deserve a lecture. P. L., vii., 99. Many fetters are laid on the poet, which he must wear so lightly and gracefully that they shall become ornaments; therefore it is but fair that he should enjoy certain liberties or licenses granted to him and not to the prose writers. To use "adown the vale," for "down the valley," would justly be deemed a piece of feeble affectation in prose; but is felt to be very suitable in a poet, and may help him to round off his poetic line. It is well, too, to possess turns of diction that say to us, as it were, "Come, now, let us abandon ourselves to poetic susceptibilities." These turns will serve a purpose similar to the sound of Sabbath-bells awakening us on a Sunday morning. A large number of these forms have already been registered under the figures above named, such as "adown" just mentioned; the very numerous archaisms of Spenser—not archaisms in his day, but to us beautiful bits of moss besprent with dew. But there are others not falling under any of these heads. There are many of the Scottish Doric words: unwise ye, if you are unacquainted with them; a rich variety of words, redolent of pastoral life; tufted with tufts of the beautiful, as is the hawthorn with bunches of bloom, or the willow with its early April catkins: such as "gloaming,"

"bonnie," "kye," "snell," "the slogan," "gowans," "glen," "coronach," "eerie," "blithe." Study a glossary to Burns. Yet Marsh gives a warning that is wise:

"The power of substituting a hundred epithets for the proper name of the object to which they are applied, when their origin is forgotten, is a hinderance rather than a help; and even in poetical diction such words are little better than tinsel. To exemplify: To those who know that falchion is derived from the Latin *falx*, a sickle or scythe, the word suggests an image which sword does not excite, and therefore the picturesqueness of the poetic phrase in which it occurs. But to those who are ignorant of the etymology, it is simply what may be called a sensation-synonym for sword. It is recommended only by metrical adaptation, or simply by its unfamiliarity; it adds absolutely nothing to the expressiveness of the diction which employs it, and in most cases is, both to writer and reader, simply fustian."

In short, if your thought or description be not poetic when couched in the plainest and commonest language, you have reason sometimes to suspect that no soul of poesy is in it.

Yet, spite this caution, many a touch of beauty can poetic forms bestow, as in Cowper, "libbard" for "leopard:"

> "The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
> Graze with the fearless flocks."

So there are such words as "nathless," "ammiral," "Rhene," "Danaw," "erst," "cressets," "parle," "mage" (singular of magi), "eld." Or as in P. L., xii., 600. Or condescend to read from your author:

> The queen of night seems lost from heaven;
> But though her silvery cirque may wane,
> Returns the hour, spite rain and rack,
> When, like cleans'd soul from death come back,
> Her crescent fills again.

It must, however, be once again repeated that poetic

forms are ofttimes a delusion and a snare, tending to foster a brood of "literary-poets," far inferior to the poets of simple strength and direct inspiration. To a considerable extent, Tennyson is a "literary-poet;" he is too fine-spun; his diction is too artistic; the bow he twangs has been carved and made so elegant that, like the bow in the fable, it has lost some of the invaluable rude strength which a true practical Robin Hood would rejoice in, if there were a great fight for home and fatherland. Surely, to say "rich enow" for "rich enough," or to call a merchant ship "a dromond," is a style of talk never found on the lips of actual men. Let us despise tinsel, even when Tennyson patronizes such a thing.

We here press on you two great balancing truths—both emphatic. If you despise either, your style will never be first class, and your judgment of writers will be often erroneous. First, the thought is always greater than the form. Ideas are more than the arrangement of ideas. Not the clothes are the chief thing, but the man, the truth. Despise whatever is frippery, and all the dandyism of set efforts to get at the ornamental. To seize a young oak, and try to toss its boughs and its leaves into pretty or noble shapes, by shaking it, is paltry work; but the princely growth is a grand thing to look at, when the free winds of heaven swing the tree, as if with an inspiration from the sky. Let it mainly be the throbbing vitality of your idea that shall call up the figures that suit it. But, on the other hand, lay to heart what that profound thinker, Taine, has said: "The source of the arts is *the sentiment of form.*" It is of almost supreme importance that a valuable fact or thought be stated skillfully and artistically, and in the most felicitous and impressive form. In this the French is unequaled. Our writers of English are often very clumsy and unartistic both in prose and poetry. Therefore, be so familiar with figures that they will come to you without effort.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART EIGHTEENTH.

Sudden Transition.—Allusion.—Hint, or Suggestion.—Ascription of Determination.—Periphrasis.—Superfine English.—Interpretation.—Proverbs.—The Third Person.—Odd Rhyme.—Odd Prose.—Household Words.—Pretended Depreciation.—Rhetorical Use of the Past.—Rhetorical Use of the Future.—Ascription of Rationality.—Nicknames.—The Doric.—Impersonation.—The Materialistic.—The Singular Number.—Double Nouns and Double Words.—Celerity.—Epithetic.—Passing over from the Literal to the Figurative.—Threat.—Repose.

CLXXXV. SUDDEN TRANSITION, of kin to antithesis, is a form of writing powerful in oratory, and often used in wit. We send you to a very diverting poem by a Scotch bard, Professor William Tennant, "Anster Fair" its name. He thus depicts his heroine, the far-famed Maggie Lauder, well known in Scottish music. The verse is the celebrated ottava-rima of Italy:

"Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays;
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold, unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart were ice, thrice baked beneath the pole.

"Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dazzling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A soul's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping, silly zephyrs vied t' unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs."

Dr. Johnson gives us a good example as follows:

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

"Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied—
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

Occurs a clever instance of this figure in Longfellow's "Hyperion," a book worth perusal, though it takes, after all, no sufficiently strong grasp of the great questions it touches upon:

"I had a friend who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid—widow."

In the same style, John Hookham Frere, in 1817, in his "Mock-heroic," by Whistlecraft Brothers, after telling how certain ladies were rescued from a party of giants, thus goes on:

"The ladies? They were tolerably well;
At least as well as I could have expected.
Many a sad detail I shall not tell—
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpower'd.
Only two fat duennas were devour'd."

It has too often happened that this figure has been used to mock at lofty feeling; to insinuate with the sneer of a fiend or of a callous man of the world that there is no reality in disinterested emotion. Byron is especially open to this condemnation. These writers really felt the beauty of the ideas they ridicule; but they wished to seem more callous and skeptical than they actually were. Unblest hypocrisy, and most perverted —to desire to seem worse than we are! What hardened mental suicide; what a perverted employment of our noblest susceptibilities, to exclaim to the world, "You deem a certain feeling noble; behold how easily I can ape it, and how thoroughly I despise it!" This is a kind of mimicry of God himself.

Sudden transition may be so used, as in a way full of meaning, to suggest far more than is written down, as in the Doric poem on a baby:

> "Her een, sae like her mither's een—
> Twa gentle liquid things;
> Her face, sae like an angel's face—
> We're glad she has nae wings!"

The closing line suggests how often a baby flies away from us to heaven, and makes our embrace of one, who is so sweet and so evanescent, more intense from the fear of soon losing it.

CLXXXVI. Allusion is one of the most interesting usages of speech; very wide in the range it can take. Here, various reading of many an author triumphs, and extensive knowledge; as Milton's great epic proves. A writer can thus avail himself of all his information; he can ennoble a common subject, or insinuate what he may not wish to declare in plain words; he can electrify our flagging attention by a delicate reference to some renowned event or great person or beautiful idea, embalmed in the deepest memory of all educated minds. In sermons, particularly, an allusion to some Bible inci-

dent has often a winning charm. A sermon by Dr. Sherlock gives us this:

"How disrespectfully do we treat the Gospel of Christ, to which we owe that clear light both of reason and nature which we now enjoy, when we endeavor to set up reason and nature in opposition to it. Ought the withered hand which Christ has restored and made whole, to be lifted up against Him?"

Men such as Darwin and Mill; such as Herbert Spencer and Dr. Tyndall, are the very sort who ought so to be branded.

In the sermons of Dr. Seed you will find many such eloquent references. Green, also, says very happily, alluding to David's slaying of Goliath with a stone, how important exercise is, were it but the lifting of a stone and the throwing of it, as a cure for the spleen:

"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

As references to Greek and Roman mythology are frequent, inwrought into the very texture of modern literature, an intimate knowledge of that mythology is a valuable part of a good education; yet the allusion must be widely known, else it can not be widely enjoyed; consequently the most telling allusions are those that make reference to God's Word, on account of the wide familiarity of Scripture. Yet not to Scripture alone are we restricted. In the address of R. C. Winthrop to the Boston Mercantile Library Association, 1845, we encounter a very original allusion to a well-known custom of the American Indians:

"Commerce has in all ages been the most formidable antagonist of war. In the smoke-pipe of every steamer which brings the merchandise of Britain to our ports we see a calumet of peace which her war-chiefs dare not extinguish."

Observe what a sublime allusion in the subjoined couplet of Pope's:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Sir Walter Scott treats us to the following apt yet unexpected allusion to Shakespeare:

"Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening, according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field or at the opera, and you will soon find that thoughts of the evening's hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the Psalms. Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained."

Let us now precisely contrast the common and the Scriptural allusion. In one of the wild stories of the Greek mythology, Medea had an aged animal chopped to pieces, boiled the parts in a caldron, and brought out the animal restored to life and to youth. Accordingly, Prescott, our justly far-famed historian, in his criticism of Chateaubriand's "English Literature," thus speaks of the obligation lying on the historian to consult old chronicles, and to new-mould their matter into new forms of elegance:

"In short, a sort of Medea-like process is to be gone through; and many an old bone is to be boiled over in the caldron, before it can come out again clothed in the elements of beauty."

This allusion thousands would not understand; what could a caldron, or immense kettle, have to do with it? But in the following, Webster, lauding Alexander Hamilton as a great financier, makes an allusion that no one can miss; for it is to the Bible he alludes—the common classic of Christendom:

"He smote the rock of the national resources, and the abundant stream of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang to its feet."

In like manner, in the following familiar dictum aimed against the mimicking of great masters, lies a reference which no one mistakes:

"He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk."

The chief book for the orator to get thoroughly familiar with, for the purposes of his art, and to go to for weapons, is the Bible. Master the Bible, if you would master the heart.

In a homelier direction did Chatham travel for an allusion, in his amusing reply to George Grenville. The latter, in the British House of Commons, was contending against Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, that a certain tax was unavoidable:

"The right honorable gentleman complains," said Grenville, "of the hardness of the tax; why does he not tell us where he can lay another in its place? Tell me, tell me where you can lay another tax—tell me where?"

Mr. Pitt, from his seat, broke out in a musical tone, quoting from a very popular song of the day:

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!"

The House burst into a fit of laughter. It was lucky for Mr. Grenville that he was not nicknamed "Gentle Shepherd" for the rest of his life. You will be reminded of General Butler's "Shoo-fly."

Be it permitted to have recourse to the sublime; from Curran's speech for Rowan let us quote:

"If, which Heaven forbid, it hath been still unfortunately determined that, because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace, I do

trust in God that there is a Redeeming Spirit in the Constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."

Mark how sublime such Bible allusions can be.

There occur instances, too, of happy, heart-touching allusions to the speaker's life or profession, as when the old schoolmaster, dying, said, as the dimness of death fell on his eyes and mind:

"It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed."

Excellent, Nathaniel Cotton's well-known lines on Time:

"O let it not elude thy grasp; but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee."

Enough has been stated to show how well fitted to reach every mind are allusions to the Scriptures. Remember this. Act upon this. Allusions to Shakespeare, also, are widely understood and felt. We close with an allusion of our own:

The Theban bard, in lyric strain of old,
Pictured an eagle on Jove's thunder-bolt;
On our Jehovah's 'tis a Dove that perches.

CLXXXVII. Hint, or Suggestion, may be registered as quite different from the last; something very brief of your own; as when John Sterling says:

"What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee.
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see."

Think how much is hinted at in the last line. No greater merit can a writer or speaker have than to be very suggestive. A suggestion is a dim thought of your own. Is thinking, then, a figure? No. But a thought kept

purposely dim for effect is a figure, and a very fine one. On the other hand, an allusion is a reference to a thought of some one else.

CLXXXVIII. Ascription of Determination is another figure not to be left out. In a translation of Paul Faval's powerful French tale, "The White Wolf," made by us for a Philadelphia periodical, we have thus rendered a passage on guardians:

"For one who knows how to steer his bark, the part of a guardian may be made to go far. Every man is mortal; the ward is liable to that crowd of deplorable accidents which threaten our poor humanity. They die, these children, of fever, of croup; they die of eating too much and of drinking too much; one can be munched up by a wolf in a way different from what is told in the fables of Perrault; some of them *insist* on getting drowned. Farther on in life there are duels, falls from horseback, and such love as that which ruined Troy. Because of all these things, the ward of a guardian who is up to his trade rarely reaches his majority, when his heritage is worth much thought; and Mr. de Vaunoy was an able man."

Mark in this, too, the pleonasm and the irony.

CLXXXIX. Periphrasis, or Circumlocution, than which few figures are more common or more important, is the naming of a person or thing, not directly, but in a roundabout way. In "Hiawatha," Longfellow gives us the Indian name for September—

"The moon of the falling leaves."

So that this figure may be called, when it grows more condensed, with flash in it—Definition. When skillfully managed, it adds energy by fixing attention on some important circumstance; or it may serve purposes of ridicule by making prominent some absurd point in the history of the object described. In his oration on the Peace, Demosthenes, speaking of Neoptolemus, who was a tragic writer, as well as an actor, calls him—

"Neoptolemus the player,"

in order to depreciate him. Dean Swift, wishing to put a slight on an individual, expressed himself thus:

"One of these authors (the fellow that was pilloried—I forget his name)."

But often it is carried to excess—an inch of meaning being spun out into tedious yards, and yards of wordy talk. Scriblerus tells us of a certain periphrast of Scripture—the passage spun out was this sublime one:

"He looks on the earth and it trembles; He touches the hills and they smoke."

The man of words thus mixed water—dish-water—with the wine:

> "The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
> Cast off their weight, and fit themselves for flight;
> The woods, with terror winged, outfly the wind;
> And leave the heavy, panting hills behind."

On this doth Scriblerus thus discourse:

"You here see the hills not only tumbling, but shaking off the woods from their backs to run the faster; after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent, pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them."

Like alliteration, periphrasis is of very old standing in our literature; in Saxon poetry it was in constant use, and was at times a source of obscurity. In a passage in the death-song of Regnor Lodbrog, this phrase occurs:

"Soon shall we drink out of the curved trees of the head."

Bishop Percy, who did such invaluable service to English poetry by bringing the old ballads into notice, translated this expression thus:

"Soon in the splendid hall of Odin we shall drink beer out of the skulls of our enemies."

The Bishop followed Olaus Wormius, the celebrated Danish antiquary, who had rendered it—

"Out of the concave goblets of skulls."

Thus has the idea prevailed that our Scandinavian sires pictured their departed heroes, in Valhalla, or heaven, drinking out of their enemies' skulls—an impression so universal that Peter Pindar said of booksellers that, like the heroes of Valhalla, they drink their wine out of the skulls (the abilities) of authors. But the Scald was merely alluding, in a periphrasis, to the curved horns that formed the drinking-cups of the North, and which grew, branchlike, from the head of the stag. The numberless roundabouts of Saxon poetry—Cædmon having eighteen for Noah's ark—have this excuse, that they arose sometimes from a violent stimulus. King Knut told a scop, as the Saxons called a poet, who had recited a short poem in his honor:

"Are you not ashamed to do what none but you has dared—to make a short poem on *Me!* Unless by to-morrow's dinner you produce above thirty strophes on the same subject, you'll pay for it with your head!"

The scop, Loftinga, set to work; and by dinner-time the thrice ten strophes were piping hot; whereon Knut gave him fifty marks of purified silver. Effectual way to stimulate a flow of periphrasis.

Some writers are so unwilling to call things by their plain names that they make their style ridiculous by swelling circumlocutions. Even the classical Gray has, for once, too much of this; as when, speaking of Eton College, where he was at school, he asks—

"Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

To trundle the hoop was not dignified enough for

these lines, so the boys must "chase the rolling circle's speed." Dr. Johnson sins in this way so much that his name is proverbial for it. "Sunset" with him is "the gentle coruscations of declining day." At another time he saturates us with this:

"A skillet is watched on the fire; we see it simmer with the due degree of heat, and snatch it off"—

when, think ye?—when it is about to boil over? By no means; at least you must not be vulgar enough to say so; you must snatch it off—

"at the moment of projection."

Gilfillan, idolater of genius, straining to become himself a genius, calls Amos "the Robert Burns of the prophets;" and Peter "the Oliver Goldsmith of the New Testament;" and Job "the Landseer of ancient poetry;" and in a more felicitous way, with accuracy, he calls Jesus "that transcendent poet who died on Calvary." In wondrous bad taste, McQueen, in his book, "The Orator's Touchstone," terms a tall man—

"One who rose in height greatly above the mediocrity of human altitude."

In short, never use periphrasis unless there be in it keen insight into character, or an overflowing eloquence, or a glow poetic. Thus Shakespeare calls Valeria—

"The moon of Rome; so chaste she, and so fair;"

or Pope terms Alexander—

"Macedonia's madman,"

an epithet most contradictory of facts; or as Spenser, thus:

"Here eke that famous golden apple grew
For which the Idæan ladies disagreed."

Or as Luther is termed—

"The solitary monk that shook the world."

Hugh Miller was styled "Old Red," or "the Stonemason of Cromarty." Guizot, the French statesman and historian, terms Luther's revolution—

"The great insurrection of human thought against authority."

Dr. Donne, whose poetic satires are rough in style and disfigured by countless conceits, and who is usually considered the earliest of the metaphysical school of poets, designates the "Robin," prettily, as—

"The household bird with the red stomacher."

Emile Souvestre, that chaste, elegant, deeply wise writer, in his delightful and instructive tale, "Leaves from a Family Journal," speaks of a man so punctual that he was called—

"The man of all France who best knew what o'clock it was."

One of the most edifying and, to be sure, rather unlearned of our Bible commentators, is good Matthew Henry; often when two jarring interpretations are offered of a passage, not determining by clear argument on the original Greek or Hebrew which is the right meaning, but, like a kind, garrulous grandmother of overflowing piety, raising good improvements from both the meanings, and mingling a spice of quaintness every now and then—as when he makes remark on the lack of periphrasis with which the folks at Nazareth spoke of Mary the mother of Jesus:

"They cried, Is not His mother Mary?" Says Henry, "They did not call her Queen Mary, nor Lady Mary, nor even Mistress Mary; but just plain Mary."

Dr. Johnson's periphrasis on a fishing-rod might have been worse:

"A rod with a worm at the one end and a fool at the other;"

or a writer calls a book—

"Brain preserved in ink;"

or Erastus Ellsworth, very felicitously, styles "Beauty"—

"Daughter of Time, betrothed unto Death;"

or, rising still higher, Bourdaloue defines Christ's crucifixion—

"Deifice!"

Gilfillan, in whom are many good things, informs us that—

"Poetry is thought on fire."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague defined the infidels of her day as the gentlemen who differ very slightly from true believers:

"The gentlemen who merely take the 'not' out of the Commandments (thou shalt steal) and put it in the Creed (thou shalt not believe in God)."

Sir Henry Wotton calls an embassador—

"An honest gentleman sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

Wendell Phillips, so classical and interesting as a lecturer, terms a politician—

"A gentleman who serves God so far as will give no offense to the devil."

Prior thus writes:

"Interred beneath this simple stone
Lie sauntering Jack and honest Joan.
They walked, they ate; good folks. What then?
Why then they walked and ate again.
Without love, hatred, joy, or tear,
They led a kind of—as it were."

Sir Robert Walpole assures us that—

"The gratitude of place-hunters is a lively sense of future favors."

The writer of a recent religious novel styles Greenwood Cemetery—

"Three hundred and sixty acres of human vanity."

Or listen to Lord Chatham:

"Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, and the Bill of Rights form the Code which I call the Bible of the English Constitution."

Then mark carefully the different feelings in the different speakers' minds that are expressed by the varying periphrases they use; as when Charles V., of Spain, to the embassador of Henry VIII.:

"Your master would not give himself such airs were he not surrounded by that herring pond that's round his island."

Or study the Scotch blacksmith's definition of "metaphysics:"

"When the pairty wha listens disna ken what the pairty wha speaks means, and when the pairty wha speaks disna ken what he means himsell—that is metaphysics."

After all, however, metaphysics is the discussion of first principles, the assertion of first principles; and these need to be asserted.

When Curran was keeping his terms in the Temple in Dublin, he attended sometimes a debating club, where the admission fee for the public was sixpence, and whose members were by no means distinguished for their wealth. Curran, not knowing the names of such orators as he was replying to, had to use expressive circumlocutions or periphrases:

"I by no means concur, sir, in the observations of the gentleman whose coat is out at the elbows. He has been ably and satisfactorily refuted by the speaker who followed him; and in my opinion he has derived but faint assistance from the gentleman with the hole in his black trousers."

Turn to Douglas Jerrold, if you want other varieties

of this great figure; for instance, his "Bubbles of a Day" has been styled "the most electric and witty play in the English language;" he, the originator of the *London Punch*, will give you plenty of samples. In the admirable style of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," deserving of the closest study, resembling a sky fierce with winter, and all vibrating with the sharp, spear-like coruscations of the Northern Lights, Coriolanus exclaims:

> "Hear you this Triton of the minnows?
> Mark you his absolute *shall?*"

Burns terms the Haggis—famous dish of the Scotch, and deserving of its fame—

> "Great chieftain of the pudding race."

Of the eloquence of Henry Grattan, who endeavored to form himself on Chatham as an orator, one has said that it was—

> "A combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame:"

a striking representation of the occasional obscurity of his style, and of its higher qualities of rapid force and brilliancy. The speeches of Fisher Ames are remarkable specimens of clearness, elegance, force of illustration, and potent reasoning. You will easily detect the periphrasis when he says:

> "The rage for theory and system, which would entangle even practical truth in the web of the brain, is the poison of public discussion. One fact is worth two systems."

Or again, speaking of the American whale-fishers:

> "To that hardy race of men the sea is but a park for hunting its monsters."

Taking leave of this mode of speech, we are eager to impart to the mind a very deep impression of the exceeding importance of cultivating this figure. Far more could be made of it than is usually done; as a field-mar-

shal would take care to be ready for war by having a large park of field artillery ready near his hand.

CXC. Superfine English demands notice. Very much of it in our day. Thackeray's *Cornhill Magazine* discusses this topic with abundant wit. An author is "a literary man;" a farmer is "an agricultural gentleman;" a bagman is "a commercial gentleman;" a barrister is "a gentleman of the long robe;" a thief, "a light-fingered gentleman;" and a merchant, "a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits." A man used to go to law, but nowadays he "institutes legal proceedings;" he used to go to the doctor, now "he takes medical advice." "I want some cheese," said one in a grocer's store. "That gentleman will serve you," said the master, pointing to a well-curled youth in an apron. Juries are always addressed as "gentlemen of the jury." A genteel friend of Mrs. Brook having directed a letter to a member of the family, and having spelt the name "Brooke," she was asked: "Surely the Brooks do not spell their name with an *e?*"—"No," she answered, "but I thought it was more polite." There is, too, the fine English of the storekeeper, who styles himself "the proprietor of the establishment." He that used "to sell by auction," now "submits to public competition;" instead of "giving notice," he "intimates to the public;" instead of "raising his clerk's wages," he "augments his salary." Somebody going into a store in London to buy half-mourning, was referred by the owner to the "mitigated affliction department." A tradesman of whom some lamp-oil was bought, sent it home "with Mr. Clark's compliments and solicitations." One man sells "unsophisticated gin;" and another lets "gentlemanly apartments in close proximity to the Bank." They call floor-cloth "kamptulicon," and soap "typophagon," and an ointment to make the hair grow is termed "tricopherous."

CXCI. Interpretation is entitled to separate mention; it may or may not accompany parable or allegory; it

may have laid on it the main stress of the impression; and might be revived in the pulpit especially. We foist on our audience an instance of our own:

> When Jesus, Victor, rose from gloom,
> A mighty earthquake op'ed the tomb;
> And where of late their King was laid,
> Two angels stood at feet and head.
> In eager zeal that earthquake came—
> Justice was his appalling name;
> Not frowning, nor on vengeance bent;
> He came with honoring intent;
> Demanding, the atonement o'er,
> With his own hand to burst the door.
> And who these bright and youthful twain,
> The fairest of the angel train,
> Whose smile illum'd that place of death?
> These, O my soul, were—Hope and Faith.

This way of beginning with a secret, which, farther on, you reveal to your audience, will conduce not a little to keep up the interest of your discourse—nay, may turn the church-scene into a noble drama. Are there some ministers who never think of this?

CXCII. Proverbs must not be passed over in our enumeration—proverbs, the philosophy of the common people: short, pithy, homely sayings, that embody the concentrated essence of the common people's wisdom. It has been difficult to give a perfect definition of a proverb, so crowded is it with the life of shrewdness and experience; yet so easy, so negligent is it; and saucy, as it were. Its excellences are shortness, sense, and salt. It is the wit of one man, the wisdom of thousands, current on the lips of those who, untaught by books, have learned much from the severe experiences of actual life.

Singular to say, the Yorubas, an African tribe, that has no poetry, no rhyme, are rich in proverbs—a sure prognostic of an elevated future yet in store for them. Take a few specimens:

"The sword shows no respect for its maker."

"I almost killed the bird, said the fowler; but Almost never made a stew."

"It is only the water that is spilled; the calabash is not broken."

"He who waits for chance, will have to wait a year."

"A one-sided story is always right. Ear, listen to the other side."

"Though a man may miss many things, he never misses his mouth."

"The dawn comes twice to no man."

"He who marries a beauty, marries trouble."

"The rat said: I am not so angry with him who killed me, as with him who dashed me on the ground afterward."

"It is easy to cut up a dead elephant."

"He is a fool who can't lift an ant yet tries to lift an elephant."

"Covetousness is the mother of unsatisfied desires."

"Wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him."

The great abundance of Spanish proverbs, from twenty-five to thirty thousand, is one reason, among many others, for believing that much strength lies still to be developed among the fifteen millions of the Peninsular population: strong, active, high-spirited, the most temperate in Europe. Study "Don Quixote;" the humorous effect of Sancho Panza's proverbs will illustrate to you to what good use you may put this form of words when quoted deftly. The Italians have very many. The Scotch, too, are rich in proverbs; witness Andrew Fairservice, in "Waverley." Subjoined is a short collection, taken at random from various sources:

"Do not look at the vessel, but at what it contains."—*Hebrew.*

"Many wish the tree felled who hope to gather chips by the fall."—*Thomas Fuller.*

"Put not thy secret into the mouth of the Bosporus, for it will betray it to the ears of the Black Sea."—*Turkish.*

"He is the best orator who can turn men's ears into eyes."—*Arabian.*

"Generally speaking, the rebukes of the just are of more value than their praise."—*Vinet.*

"A false system has for accomplice whoever spares it by silence."—*Vinet.*

"The worse part of bad actions is that they make us worse."—*Vinet.*

"The world is full of fugitives from themselves."—*Madame Delambert.*

Admirable impressions may be made from the pulpit or in an oration by these proverb-like summaries of great truths. Excellent epiphonemas are they; that is, summations at the close of a paragraph. No man is fully equipped for the pulpit who can not supply his own proverbs for himself; as Vinet did in Switzerland. How many preachers never dream of this great point! Take one or two more proverbs; we refer you, also, to the usual collections of Scottish ones:

"Harm watch, harm catch."

"One never has so much need of one's wits as when one has to do with a fool."—*Chinese.*

"The unrighteous penny eats up the righteous pound."

"The mill of God grinds slow, but grinds to powder."

"God comes with leaden feet, but he strikes with iron hands."

"The devil's meal is all bran."

"The man by his word, the ox by his horn."

"Stay a while, to make an end the sooner."

"He needs a lang spoon that sups wi' the de'il."

"The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool."

CXCIII. The Third Person deserves special notice. You have heard one say of himself:

"This child is very honest, I tell you! It was not he who stole the chickens."

To put one's self out of doors, and to take a good steady look at one's self, may produce effects not unimportant.

You are speaking of yourself; you are invoking pity; you say—

"Once stood an oak, strong and rejoicing in its million leaves. A thunderbolt has smitten it. It is withered to the heart. It stands a ruin before you. Such is the man who now speaks to you."

Manifestly this figure is capable of frequent use. What a touching instance in Shakespeare, when Wolsey, in "Henry VIII.," arriving in his misfortunes at Leicester Abbey, thus bespeaks the abbot:

"O father Abbot
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity."

Studying this figure now, in the light of this inexpressibly touching passage, say whether it is or is not susceptible of noble uses.

CXCIV. Odd Rhyme is a weapon not to be despised in rhetorical necessities. For instance, by school-teachers. It is a mode of grasping the memory and retaining it for years that is never once used in the text-books of the United States. We may go too far in reforming away old usages like this. Thus, in our school-readers scarcely one of the old masterpieces for reading is allowed to remain. To show what good use rhyme may be put to, we give one instance about "Shall and Will." Hardly a week passes that we do not surprise ourselves quoting these lines, that are of the highest use in keeping us to our duty in the matter:

"In the first person simply Shall foretells;
In Will a threat or else a promise dwells;
Shall in the second or the third doth threat;
Will simply then foretells the future feat."

Another instance almost as useful refers to the formation of Latin verbs:

"From O are formed am and em;
From I are ram, rim, ro, se, and sem.
U, us, and rus are formed from um;
All other parts from Re do come."

And who but will own how pathetic are the lines that thus begin—

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November?"

CXCV. Odd Bits of Prose must not be overlooked. It precisely fell in with our inimitable Franklin's humor to deal in such; as when he used the expression—

"As Honest Richard says."

In the same spirit we have a small volume by Spurgeon, the deservedly celebrated London preacher—a book soaked in Gospel and in Saxon idiom and humor, wherein is a rich variety of odd bits of prose; racy, and much marked by backbone.

CXCVI. There is a class of words, to possess which is a glory and charm of our language; to have named which is one of Shakespeare's brightest glories; to have little familiarity with which is disgraceful to any one of us; for such words ought to be familiar on our lips as household words. Household words—these are they that we mean. We dwell not on this; little attention has ever been urged to it; the point is extremely sacred; our beloved English might here be extensively developed. Its Doric branch might be cultivated, too, with excellent effect. Incalculable riches here, in the Scotch; as Burns, the unsurpassable, can show you. What a word, for instance, is "Auld Lang Syne." A whole volume in itself! Felicitous the man, who, in the crisis of a speech, succeeds in striking forth such an expression. Never will his hearers forget the moment. As in one of the glens on a mountain-side, or on some of the juttings of a river's bank, there are certain unequaled points

of scenery, so is it with such felicities in a mighty language; to which new felicities may ever afresh be added. The writer of whom it can be asserted that he has invented a household word has gained one of the brightest laurels. Thus Milton gave us this expression—

"The sober certainty of waking bliss."

Chatham in the subjoined, goes to Shakespeare for a household word; it was during the American War of Revolution:

"But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence."

Dryden gives us this—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

Pope gives us—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Cowper invents the expression—

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

The student of English can not do better than to collect together all such expressions, as the reading of his whole life will bring before him.

CXCVII. Pretended Depreciation, as it comes from the heart, very naturally deserves admission; as when Pat says of his sweetheart that she is—

"The thief of the world;"

or when he assures her that she has been the death of many a man.

CXCVIII. Rhetorical Use of the Past, a figure of which a master of pathos can make dexterous use in the pulpit. Exhibit to one of us your hearer laid on his dying-bed; or under summons before the bar of doom; and standing there, with God full and clear in front. The past unquestionably is rich in scenes of moral tragedy or of the

humorous, which offer themselves to the orator; and he is flat and tame who never avails his cause of them. Why dost thou never make schoolboy days return? or our time of training at our mother's knee? or those minutes when the family was gathered at our mother's death-bed? Thus continually Christian oratory wields figures that are most admirably adapted to it. Listen to the wise statements in Bascom's work on "The Philosophy of Rhetoric:"

"Revelation enlarges the sphere of conscience, not by arbitrary commands, but by bringing to light new and fundamental facts, in themselves inclusive of old duties, and imposing fresh ones. Religion of necessity thus involves and includes the highest morality; because its peculiar injunctions are, in their consequences, more weighty than any other; because the minor duties of man to man it enforces from a new and higher stand-point — a broader apprehension of the relations from which they spring and the results to which they lead; and because in its own promises and threatenings, and the power with which it arouses the affections, it adopts and reinvigorates the moral law. There thus arises sacred eloquence—the eloquence of a Christian pulpit, immeasurably superior in the motives and emotions with which it urges the mind and heart. The immediate consequences of virtue and vice are lost in their more permanent results; the breadth of eternity is given to action; the grace of God stoops to bless man to his utmost capacity; the justice of God walls in and pursues his transgressions. In weight, terror, sublimity, joy, and hope, no motives can for an instant compare with those which in sacred eloquence inspire and overpower the mind. Virtue is caught up and inwrapped with the ineffable glory of God; the virtuous man is caught up and inwrapped in the glory of an incarnate Christ."

CXCIX. Rhetorical Use of the Future. A weapon this capable of very abundant, solemn, appropriate use. Let the pulpit orator muse on it much. On it we purposely avoid saying more; laying merely before you an example, translated by us from the French of Victor Hugo:

"THE END OF THE JOURNEY. A VOICE FROM THE TOMBSTONES.

I.

'Mortal, wherever hastens on thy path,
Whoever thou mayst be that passest by,
By pain or joy impell'd, by love or wrath,
Here ends thy journey—here thy pride shall lie.

II.

"Upon this broken marble rest a while,
Like weary seaman on a wreck-strewn shore;
We, too, have felt life's passion, pain, and guile;
The burden and the strife oppress no more.

III.

"These stones around impressive speak to thee;
Escape there's none, by iron circle bound;
Doth not presaging thought already see
Thy name engraven o'er some fated mound?

IV.

"Press not these heaps with thoughtless, haughty foot;
As low as mine thy lofty head thou'lt lay;
Each hour some heart grows faint, some lip grows mute;
Know'st thou the blast that bears *thy* dust away?

V.

"Farewell! But to thy spirit oft be told
What mystic secrets 'neath these tombstones lie.
A few dry bones? A spadeful of dark mould?
Nothing, perchance?—Thine all—Eternity!

VI.

"When next assails temptation's fiery hour,
To siren pleasures do not thou give way.
Resist! Look up! Invoke Jehovah's power.
Think *thou* shalt die; revive; and live for aye."

CC. Ascription of Rationality to the Lower Animals. The finest example of this in literature, known to us, is

in a piece by the German, Chamisso—a commentary, unintentionally, in defense of the speaking of Balaam's ass. To imagine that the animal literally spoke, in a rationality of its own, is to give to the Christian cause a weakness that would be indefensible. It was an angel that spoke; no power of speech was ever imparted to any mere animal. It is, however, of value to show and to feel that speech can *seem* to issue from animal lips, yet without offending good taste. All the better for the Bible cause that Chamisso had no recollection, at the moment, of the Bible incident. For a horse, dog, or ass to seem to speak, or to have speech ascribed to them, does not in the least violate the æsthetic.

"The steed seemed to answer, the lightning-eyed,
'I've brought you his message!' Then reeled and died."

(See poem on pages 200, 201.) We invite all our readers to take the same reverential position as to the remarkable but very defensible case of Balaam, which we take and defend. Not doth the sacred narrative require us to hold literal speech by the bodily organs and by the intellect of the animal—but speech by an angelic minister, who could speak as easily from an animal's mouth as from any other place. Then weigh our argument from literature and from figures—an argument entirely new. The cry of ridicule based on the narrative in Numbers xxii., 22–35, is hostile to one of the widest and deepest tendencies in literature and in man's nature; for in literature, in every nation where a literature exists, the lower animals have, rhetorically, speech and rationality ascribed to them—as Æsop, Burns, and Fontaine show you; and so to cloak an angel under an animal's guise was to make use of a chief standing *literary* mode. Nay, to go even deeper, this tendency, to ascribe figuratively speech to the lower creatures, is fostered by the aptitude in man to take these creatures under his kindly care, and to surround his home by protection extended to them;

as when Alexander took his Bucephalus with him in many a campaign, or when Sir Walter Scott had his dog Maida lying at his feet in his study. How very much of the look of home would a farmstead lose from about it, if animals, so eloquently called "domestic," were not continually round the house? Read Burns's "Salutation to his Old Mare on New-year's-day Morning," as if that darling old personage were indeed a privileged partner in his dearest history and in his heart. We maintain that our topic of figures shows that this passage in Numbers is in harmony with reason, with kindly feeling, with genial civilization, and with one of the oldest, widest, most abiding tendencies in all literature.

CCI. Nicknames demand a place among figures. We well know that something is sought for, and may be gained, by calling a certain city Gotham, and its inhabitants Gothamites. To be sure, pathos itself and indignation are not themselves figures; but those changes in language which are made for the purpose of using as weapons to produce such feelings with, these are figures; and strong for war is he who hath them in his armory. Edinburgh is lovingly termed not only "Modern Athens," but "Auld Reekie;" just as his veterans named him "the Little Corporal," when Napoleon led them to destiny—in truth, hurled them on the sharp edge and pitiless flint of the rock. On the other side of the struggle, the Prussian soldier Blucher gained for himself the epithet "Marshal Forwards," and England's Wellington "the Iron Duke;" while in a very different sphere and very influential over all Scotland, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, so sainted and so humorous, was hailed and was dear as "Lang Tam Guthrie." Even appellations that seem far too familiar are intended to express affection, as in the popular names of states and cities of our country: Virginia being "the Old Dominion;" Rhode Island, "Little Rhody;" Ohio, "the Buckeye State;" Kentucky, "the Corncracker;" Delaware, "the Blue Hen's Chicken;" Wisconsin,

"the Badger State;" while Washington is, or was, "the City of Magnificent Distances;" and Boston is "the Hub." The description of a country is not a national name: thus North Britain is a description, Scotland is a national name; the United States of the Netherlands is a description, Belgium is a national name. The United States is a mere description: our Fatherland needs a national name; it ought to be deemed as having now reached its majority; it is high time to be baptized.

CCII. The Doric—to that let us attend. All through this work have we done so. The Scottish of Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter is as mighty a thing to our English, as is to the Attic Greek the dialect of Theocritus, with its broad a's, and its rural tones and odors; while we think of Jeanie Deans, and Eddie Ochiltrie, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and Cuddie Headrig, and Burns's Daisy that will never fade, and bonnie Doon that will ever sing and brighten in the summer beam; nay, we hear that national war-ode—the best war-lyric ever sung—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—that came on the soul of the great Plowman like winter-lightnings, that are born from out of midnight and storm-rains. So, too, will you get your soul saturated by nature, by your paying a visit, not always to the village, but to the clachan; or by roaming through the glen or the strath; or by a sail on the loch, where, high over you, the mountain eagle poises its wide wings, and meditates, king-like, amid its flight.

CCIII. Impersonation, or Character-acting, is a figure that requires and admits of great ability on the part of speaker or writer: the person introduced speaking as shall become him. Why not introduce Abraham addressing the fires of Sodom; or Moses the passions of Pharaoh; or Elijah the priests of Baal; or even Jesus the tempests of the lake, or the sins and crimes and woes of the world? Or Death or War might declaim, so as to thrill every heart. Or any noted historic charac-

ter. It is astonishing that any one's conscience can permit him to fill a pulpit, and yet let that pulpit be lifeless. Isa. i., 11, 24. Almost a volume might be written on this.

CCIV. The Materialistic is a figure of great value, nobly common in the original Hebrew of the Old Testament—a moulder of style from which might be obtained invaluable influences by the preachers of the day, and through them by the literature of the age. It is the Hebrew of the Old Testament of which we speak. It is so strenuous and muscular and underived and wild and unexhausted. Nay, even those who are so unblest as to be ignorant of Hebrew are quite capable of studying Professor Alexander of Princeton on the Psalms, and will unite with us in holding the vast importance of the Hebrew as a source of style. Shame to the Gospel orator who takes not a glimpse of Hebrew once a day.

Very frequently the wild scent evaporates in our common English version, as would from the mountain heather the odor if it were carried down to the Lowlands. Consult Alexander on the Psalms, and delight thyself in a hundred instances. In Psalm li., 17, we read:

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

In the Hebrew it reads thus:

"The sacrifices of God a broken spirit; a heart broken and crushed, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Notice the absence of the verb "are;" learn how you may invigorate your style by omitting verbs; a fact too little known. Then listen to Alexander:

"There is great significance and beauty in what seems at first to be a solecism in the language of the first clause. 'The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit' might seem to be a more correct expression; but it would have failed to suggest the striking and important thought that one such heart or spirit is

equivalent to all the various and complicated sacrifices of the ritual."

Then again:

"The use of the word *contrite* in the English versions mars the beauty of the metaphor, because that term is confined to the dialect of theology, whereas the Latin *contritum*, from which it was borrowed, as well as the original expression, exactly corresponds to *broken*, both in its literal and figurative usage."

A reader quite void of the grand old original may obtain inestimable benefits, of a literary sort, from the Princeton Professor; as any man may astound himself by reading the Psalms with Alexander in hand. Be kind enough to yourself to buy him to-morrow.

CCV. The Singular Number is often charm and strength. Of this too is the Hebrew full. In Psalm lv., 6, we have this in our version:

"And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

But thus reads the original before us:

"And I said, Who will give me a pinion like the dove? I will fly away, and be at rest."

In Psa. lxviii., 15, you see this in the Hebrew:

"A mount of God, Mount Bashan! A mount of peaks is Mount Bashan! Why will ye watch? Hills! Ridges! The hill God hath desired for His dwelling! Yea, Jehovah will inhabit it forever."

Says Alexander:

"A mount of peaks or ridges, not a detached mountain, but a chain with many lofty summits, forming the northern boundary of Bashan. At the same time, the expressions of this verse would necessarily suggest the idea of great states or kingdoms of which each mountain is the standing symbol."

The "hills," the "ridges," are the mountains of the heathen world, spoken of here as watching, with hostility

that Hill of Zion and of Bashan whereon God specially loves to dwell on earth, and sit throned.

CCVI. Double Nouns and other Double Words are figurative usages that may often be met with, yet which we have never seen specified, or dreamed of, as figures. Luther, in his admirable version of the Bible, presents to us a specimen. The silver pieces coined from the atoning blood are called in the English translation "the price of blood." Luther, in his mighty German, calls them "blood-money" ("blut-gelt")—a double noun. Very many are in German; that language owes a very great deal of its force to this usage; our language is as capable of adopting it. It has so done in the unsurpassable word "Father-land." Burns speaks of patriot-warriors, striding, for their country, through death to victory, as being "red-wat-shod"—an adjective that was greatly admired by Dr. Chalmers. We have translated "The Child's Ascension," a piece with two specimens in it, by Charles Loyson, the celebrated Père Hyacinthe:

"Flashing from heaven's height
An Angel's wings a cradle half enshade,
Where, pausing on his glorious flight,
He gazed upon a child in slumber laid;
In whose young form, so heavenly calm and bright,
In sweetest smiles of love and peace arrayed,
He deemed he saw himself reflected there,
Like a star mirrored in a fountain fair.

"The witchery of infant gentleness
Held the Immortal raptured o'er the place.
How sacred seemed that slumber in his eyes;
The breathing from those lips of roses
Sounded like whisper'd music of the skies.
On the pure brow what innocence reposes!
A holy halo lies
On the rich ringlets floating playfully;
While glints of lustre rest
Upon the babe's soft hands of snowy die,
Clasped peacefully upon a lily breast.

"The Angel smiled this form of love to see;
But o'er his brow a shade passed suddenly;
He turned aside, a long, deep sigh to heave:
'That little breast is doomed to grieve
'Neath tempests yet to be!
Heart-storms that bend the oak and crush the flower!
Shall hiss the arrow of misfortune's hour!
By many a deadly pang shalt thou be tried,
Nor wit nor virtue turn those poison'd darts aside.
Those soft shut eyes shall ope with many a tear.
The breast on which such placid slumber lies
Shall heave in *earthquake-shocks* of crime or fear.'

"A holy grief the Angel's spirit moved;
Was it a tear he shed?
His eye, petitioning, sought the Christ he loved.
Messiah saw and answered. On the bed,
O Seraph, thy kind arms have pressed.
His eyelids and his lip he kissed.
'Be happy!' he exclaimed. The child is dead!"

CCVII. Celerity constitutes a figure, as to Place, or as to Time. As if we were to say, "This very night you should buy a copy of 'Plutarch's Lives.'" It is plain to be seen that fleetness is a point of consideration that can not but be essentially rhetorical. Turn to Psa. lxiv., 7; in the original it thus reads:

"But God has shot them—with an arrow—suddenly! Theirs are the wounds."

By an abrupt but beautiful transition he describes the tables as completely turned upon the enemy. Just as they are about to shoot an arrow suddenly at the righteous, God shoots an arrow suddenly at them. The wounds which they intended to inflict on others have become their own. When they thought to strike others, they were struck themselves. Such words as "Quick!" "Haste thee!" "Delay not!" are, often, the very gunpowder that oratory uses to speed its bullets withal.

Grains of which powder may, separately, be very minute and of very small worth, yet may they still be grains of gunpowder, on which the very fate of a battle may turn —an illustration not ill fitted to exhibit to you the position which, in literature, figures of speech, at their lowest even, occupy; and which demand the care of the greatest chiefs of intellect.

Celerity in the movement of the mind, when it passes from the outward emblem to the inward feeling, is often manifested by leaving the application unuttered; as in the expressive saying of the Scottish Celts, born orators:

"I will add a stone to your cairn;"

which means, "I will honor and bless your memory;" a cairn being a heap of stones over the dead, a heap which the country people thought it unlucky to pass without throwing an additional stone on the heap. Exceedingly emphatic the leaving the mental interpretation unexpressed. Let this practice be often yours.

CCVIII. Epithetic, the use of striking epithets, not nicknames, may impart so characteristic an expression to an author's productions as to call for a special place as a figure. Our professional occupation brings old Homer before us so continually that we are led to think of epithets almost every hour of the day. To us his catalogue of the ships is exquisite; while we visit, with rapt step and rapt gaze, Eleon with many a highland forest; and Mykalessus, roomy for the choral dance; and Arné, plenteous with its bunches of the grape; and Thesbe, abounding in doves. If it be true, what is said, that a certain college in our land purposely omits the Catalogue of the Achæan and Trojan army, in Book Second, from the opening examination of students who are offering themselves to enter, that college convicts itself of a great mistake, for no more poetic production ever came from the mind of bard; so much so, that the epithets there often moisten our eyes with very tears of

ecstasy. Every one who would cultivate his style on every side should foster epithetic power, and should do so specially in the pages of Homer, the unsurpassable. The blind old singer has thus forced the feeling on us, if it be perchance somewhat illogical, that though epithets may be absorbed among figures in general, yet are they capable of imparting such a tone, so peculiar, that nothing else can; and we are constrained to classify the epithetic as a capability in language—a capability that is very distinctive. And no one can indoctrinate you so deeply into this great point as Homer is able to do when he chants of Zeus, the Cloud-compeller; or of the sea, thousand-laughtered. Or you can study this great point in the recent epithet of one, who, of Shakespeare in his thirty-four plays, calls him "the Genius of the British Isles."

CCIX. Passing over from the Literal to the Figurative is a passage at arms that may prove itself exquisitely beautiful. In Psa. lxv., 7, it is written of Jehovah:

"Stilling the roar of seas, the roar of their waves, the tumult of nations."

Says Alexander:

"There is here a beautiful transition from the literal to the figurative use of the same language. It is true, in the strict sense, that God stills the raging of the seas; but it is also true that He subdues the commotion of human societies and states, of which the sea is a natural and common emblem; hence he adds in express terms, 'the tumult of nations.'"

It was in a humorous mood that a minister, when he was asked what he had in his carpet-bag on a Saturday, replied—

"Dried tongue."

He had two sermons in his valise.

In the invaluable tract by the Rev. Dr. George S. Mott, Presbyterian pastor of Flemington, we meet this "passing over," in his "Nurse Them at Home:"

"There is an old saying, 'Hearth-fires keep off wolves.' If children spend their evenings in the streets, they are exposed to wolves. Make home attractive, and then the howling wolves of temptation will be kept at bay."

CCX. Threat is a form of figure that arises from a minatory state of mind; than which mental condition there is no other more prolific of figures. That minatory state itself may arise from love, by no means from dislike or indifference; thus lately we heard a pastor, most faithful and affectionate, say to his flock:

"Let such here as live in known sin, while they are well aware what their duty is, and what their God demands from them, remember that at the judgment-day I, however unwilling, will be compelled to be a witness against them."

CCXI. Repose. Be such the figure that closes this chapter. Far from skillful is he in eloquence who is not both skillful and frequent in this. The great outbursts of oratory demand to be relieved by rests of argument, of mere statement, of pity, of meditation, of whispering awe; like a pause before the thunder breaks—before the roar and shriek of winds. Permit us to fancy that a pulpit orator, after a vehement storm of appeal against vices, paused into a whisper and said:

"O thou Brow of the Dead, how calm, sad, and meditative thou art!"

What immense force in such a whisper!

As we will not again in this volume make reference to Demosthenes, let us in closing this chapter, our last but two, speak of his death. His hour came to die. The old man had taken refuge in a temple, from tyrants and assassins. A troop of soldiers surrounded the gates, under the command of one Archias, a stage-player. "Come forth!" they cried, with brutal mockeries, which he regarded not. Their leader entering, went up to him, trying to allure him out by fair promises. "Only wait a little," said Demosthenes, "till I send my last wishes to

those at home." Retiring to the shrine, he spread parchment before him, as if he meant to write; he put the pen in his mouth, and gnawed it for some time, as if meditating; and then, covering his head, sat reclining. Soon the poison concealed in the pen began to work; he uncovered his head, looked up in the face of Archias, and said: "Now you may act the part of Creon in the play, and cast out this carcass of mine unburied. O gracious Neptune, I quit thy temple alive; but the Macedonians would not have scrupled to profane it with murder." By this time he could not stand. He desired them to support him as he staggered toward the door. In attempting to reach it, he fell beside the altar, and died with a groan.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART NINETEENTH.

Bulk.—Classicality.—Rallying-cries.—Appeal to Knowledge.—Salutation.—Reverse.—Specification of Place.—Specification of Time.—Cry of Warning.—Familiarity.—Obverse.—Seven Great Points: English Language not Half Developed; Praise of the Homely; Sources of Figures; Shakespeare's Three Giant Faults; One Hundred Figures yet Undiscovered; Ballads Lauded; Suggestiveness.—Medley, Number Second and Last.

CCXII. BULK. A queer name for a queer figure. As it may be forced in, violently, as Onomatopy, we give to it very few lines. It is a way of representing the uncouth bulk of objects by the clumsiness or the size and number of the words. Virgil's line on Polyphemus, the one-eyed giant, is well known:

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum;"

of which, says Bryce:

"This line is composed with wonderful skill. The spondees, the equal cæsuras, the frequent elisions, and the harsh sounds of the words, most admirably express the nature of the monstrous Polyphemus."

From Milton, the heroic and indomitable, we cull these:

"Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."

Again, of Death:

"The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb."

CCXIII. Classicality. The use of a classical expression makes a fine figure. We catalogue this as a Classicality, if that be the right word. When you use it, take care that the expression be familiar. We favor you with an instance from Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," with which he sums up his volume; after so many a scene of battle-wreck and beheadal had passed before him:

"O eloquent, just, and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet."

Think of this brilliant man writing these words, and waiting for the headsman's axe—every uncertain hour!

CCXIV. Rallying-cries make a figurative usage that is rapid and arousing. For a splendid example read again and again Judges vii., 18–20. If you are so lethargic as not to turn to the passages, you will lose a great deal. One example, we dare not call it uninspired, you will find in the address of the Bruce to his soldiers at the battle of Bannockburn; by Burns:

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!"

Such a figure as this would, from the pulpit, suit admirably in a moment of true enthusiasm. We hear it often from the Methodists; sometimes with genuine effect. If

they have it too frequently, which we assert not, the Presbyterians have it too seldom. Cries—war-cries and peace-cries, and cries of triumph and jubilee—would come nobly from lips all aglow with God. A good deal more of holy passion, if you please. Lay much to heart, this subject of figures. Give us a rallying-cry now and then. The soldiers of the King are soon to go into battle; and that, one peculiarly trying.

CCXV. Appeal to Knowledge is often used. Take Southey's—well remembered—from his "Battle of Blenheim:"

"With fire and sword the country round was wasted far and wide,
And many a hapless mother, there, and new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

CCXVI. Reverse. This is a use of words and of the ideas which they convey that is adapted to leave a very vivid impression. Of Hazlitt, the opinion prevailed that he was incapable of appreciating a writer until the writer was dead: therefore Professor Wilson affirmed that Hazlitt reversed the proverb, and thought a dead ass better than a living lion. Mark how cleverly Christopher North reverses the words of the proverb. So it was a smart hit of the Yankee, who said that if something did not turn up, he would turn up something.

CCXVII. Specification of Place is our name for that use of locality which brings it intensely before us. This figure is often joined to CCXVIII., Specification of Time. Creasy thus begins his account of the first fifteen of his "Decisive Battles of the World:"

"Two thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica."

When he comes to speak of his tenth battle, or contest—the defeat of the Spanish Armada—he thus commences, availing himself once more of place; and we forthwith feel the effect:

"On the afternoon of the 19th of July, A.D. 1588, a group of English captains was collected at the Bowling Green, on the Hoe, at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favorite mustering-place of the heroes of the British navy."

Mark, too, the effect of the specific statement of time in both of these quotations.

Taine, in his very able "History of English Literature," gives us the departure of the Normans from France to conquer England. How graphic do place and time help to make the scene:

"On the 27th of September, 1066, at the mouth of the Somme, there was a great sight to be seen: four hundred large sailing vessels, more than a thousand transports, and sixty thousand men were on the point of embarking. The sun shone splendidly after long rain; trumpets sounded; the cries of this armed multitude rose to heaven; on the far horizon, on the shore, on the wide-spreading river, on the sea, which opens out thence broad and shining, masts and sails extended like a forest; the enormous fleet set out wafted by the south wind."

CCXIX. Cry of Warning is a figure intensely rhetorical; as when couched in such words as "Hush!" "Beware!" "Listen!" You have laughed at the story told so cleverly by Paul Louis Courier (1772–1825) of his terrific adventure in Calabria. He and a young friend had to spend the night in a loft, to which they had to mount seven or eight feet by a ladder, in a charcoal-burner's hut, in a very savage part of the country. Early in the night Courier heard the man and wife consulting together: "Well, come now, must we kill them both?" The wife replied, "Yes." Just before daybreak, Courier saw their host, barefooted, with an immense knife between

his teeth, and his wife behind him, steal into the garret. The woman, in a low voice, shading a lamp with her hand, said to her husband, "Softly! go softly!" I quote Courier's own words:

"Approaching the head of the bed, where my poor young friend, with his throat bare, was lying, with one hand the monster grasped the knife, and with the other—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice, and retired as he had come."

It was a false alarm—but a mighty one while it lasted. The two victims, who were so ruthlessly doomed to die, were two fat chickens for the travelers' breakfast.

We have preferred this illustration, in order to guard you once more against all sham in the figurative. Let every figure you use be expressive, naturally and honestly, of the passion fitted for and properly belonging to the idea that rules and should rule and monopolize you at the moment. Be severely honest and simple. If you are not, you will, sooner or later, be sure to make a fool of yourself—what the Scotch, in their inimitable Doric, call a gowk or gomeril. Nay, some scornful providence may come down on you; as once on a time, just as a young preacher had exploded a most astounding paragraph, a jackass at the church door began a lengthy and very competitive bray; and an irreverent hearer cried out,

"One at a time, gentlemen, if you please."

However, for all that, a cry of warning is precisely the thing, if it be honest.

CCXX. Familiarity is legitimate and excellent at the suitable place. We mean something different from the homely. You meet with it precisely in the following, from stalwart Luther's "Table-Talk:"

"When Jesus Christ was born, He doubtless cried and wept like other children, and His mother tended Him as other moth-

ers tend their children. As He grew up He was submissive to His parents, and waited on them, and carried His supposed father's dinner to him; and when He came back, Mary no doubt often said, 'My dear little Jesus, I'm so glad to see you again.'"

To us this is inimitable. But be on your guard, especially in prayer. There is a familiarity that is childlike, and is delightful; but there is another sort of it that is childish and irreverent. Particularly, never say laughable things in the pulpit. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the most genial and victorious wit of his day on the platform, never once, in all his life, excited a smile from the pulpit. It is utterly vain for any one, therefore, to excuse his pulpit jocularities and buffooneries on the ground that he is a natural-born humorist. Not half so much so as Thomas Guthrie was. But that great man respected God's pulpit far too much to smirk and laugh there. Almighty God does not mean to keep a jester in His court.

CCXXI. The Obverse is a figure prominently brought forward by Minto, in his able volume on "English Prose Literature," page 119:

"Macaulay deals very largely in what is technically known as obverse statement; and gives it a peculiar abrupt point, by denying the negative before affirming the positive. Before affirming that a certain form of government prevailed in one tract of country, he affirms that it did not prevail in another.

"As another example, take the following passage from a disquisition on the style of Johnson:

"'Mannerism is pardonable, and is sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or of Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted on principle, and which can be sustained only by constant effort, is always offensive, and such is the mannerism of Johnson.'

"There is a good deal of antithetic pungency in thus taking the obverse first. We expect from the general tone of his remarks that he means to condemn the mannerism of Johnson,

and we start with surprise when he abruptly declares that 'mannerism is pardonable.' What? flashes across our minds. Johnson's mannerism? We eagerly read on, and are pleasingly reassured when we see the qualification—'when the manner, though vicious, is natural.' Nor is this the only startle we receive in the course of the short paragraph; there is another shock in reserve to keep our attention awake. We have been called away from some minute particulars about Johnson to this general principle, and the illustration of it from remote quarters. At the end of the paragraph we are brought abruptly back to Johnson—'and such is the mannerism of Johnson.' Many writers would have executed neither of these brilliant turns. Many would have begun by saying that the mannerism of Johnson is unpardonable, and would then have proceeded to state why it is so; and then, perhaps, by way of counter illustration, would have explained when mannerism is pardonable. Macaulay's order of statement would thus have been inverted; and the contrast, brought in by an equable transition, would have produced a much less flashing effect."

One other example, much more familiar to you, will be sufficient as proof that this mode of arrangement is well fitted to tell, impressively, at the bar, in a public political meeting, or in the pulpit. The writer we quote from begins with the very opposite of what he wishes to prove:

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

A few thoughts, really great, connected with our theme as a whole, must, as we lovingly prepare to say adieu to our subject, receive notice. Lovingly; for it is far beyond the force of words to express how intense, delicate, fresh the enjoyments have been that we have received in our study of this strictly defined yet very wide theme

—a theme that has revealed to us many a capability, many a beauty, in this great English language of ours.

1. Our English language is but half developed; it is a millionaire, who on his vast estate has a hundred mines of gold that are only half wrought. There are innumerable words that must be termed "old-new." For instance, by the employment of the prefixes en and be, the most felicitous words, old yet new, offer themselves to you: such as "bedawn," "enhome," "bechrist," "enstar," "bemorn," "enclay." The use of such words will favor your hearers with a strong surprise; and yet they are so formed out of the oldest materials that they will carry with them their own explanation. Try it. You will be delighted. But say many, "These words are not in the dictionary." What writer on botany would think it necessary to catalogue in a book all the buds and blossoms of the next May-day? Very far from necessary is it to have all the words of a language in a dictionary; thousands of words contain in themselves their own definition; such as this which we heard a fortnight since from the pulpit—"disconsolation." Our young lawyers, in a good-natured way, forthwith attacked this word—because it is not in Webster. We mentioned it to the preacher. He was astonished. He had no idea of his having used it; a proof that it had sprung into life so naturally. It was a new eddy in a stream, forced into existence by the necessities of the current. We turn over the leaves of a new volume before us; we find such words as these: "sun-orb," "rainbow lustres," "God-bright," "serfage," "shadow-haunted," "rebel-hearted," "Tabor-light," "night-dispeller." Such amalgamations lie before us by the hundred. We could easily quote from a single page of Whittier's flashing lines twenty or thirty such words, coined for the first time. Or if you go back in the centuries with us, to study the English language ere it left the shores that stretch from the Scheldt to Jutland, you will find the same tendency

to form new nouns in this way of turning a noun into an adjective, and then using that adjective as a prefix to some other old noun; as in the epic of Beowulf, the great lay on the battle of Brunanburh, when Athelstane conquered; the funeral song of Adhelm; or the hymns of Cædmon, where such words as these occur: "wine-hall," "mead-hall," "war-clang," "breast-net," "life-gore," "war-carnage," "battle-hawk," "earth-house," "death-stab," "cavern-house," "flood-dread," "death-mist," "army-cry," "glory-king." In Milton, words of this kind meet us in tens—each a sparkle of phosphorescence on an ocean of brilliancy and depth.

We have quoted enough to show you that our English, from its inward character, and in its very earliest age, and in our day as much as ever, admits of and hints, nay, on the part of any great writer, demands a continual birth of new words. Let no man, who is of strong and original mind, allow himself to be the slave of a Webster; let him betake him boldly and lovingly to the English itself and its Saxon roots. From this source any original thinker has the right, governed by common-sense and good taste, to construct new compounds by the score, he taking care that, while they are new, they yet are old.

But, besides, you have the command of another fount of language, the Greek; one that must be admirable, inasmuch as thence come names for discoveries utterly unknown to the Greek when it was a living tongue. In our time we have had remarkable instances; as in the telegraph, the instrument that sends messages from a distance; and telegram, the message sent. The latter word, so recent, how beautiful it is. Your author desires, shrinking from his own impertinence, to risk his fame, for the future age in which he believes so strongly, on a word which he now invents. It is the word—Cosmarch: from Cosmos, the world; and Archon, a ruler. In our United States here, we have above thirty states, each of

which abjures the right of war. An age awaits the world when all the European states, and all the tribes of the earth, will similarly abjure this Satanic claim to shed blood, and all international quarrels shall be settled by decision of a common Amphictyonic Council; the election of which will wait for the coming of the millennium no more than the Congress at Washington waited. The world's President will need a suitable title; let this title be our contribution to the cause of brotherhood, of practical Christianity, of common-sense; let him be hailed as the Cosmarch. The word is regularly formed, precisely expressive, compact, musical; a word which invites and defies criticism; another proof of how exhaustless our language is. But will it ever be needed? It will; for our Hero, King Jesus, reigns; and hath resolved. The adoption of this word will be our test of success as a writer.

Then, if any one of our readers is eager to become, not notorious, but celebrated, there is a niche in the temple of fame open for him to occupy. The Swiss Cantons, The Low Countries—these are not names; Switzerland, Holland, Belgium—these are names. In the same way "The United States" is not a name—merely a periphrasis. In the Centennial Building let a niche be reserved for the happy man who supplies the proper name for our country, be it Columbia, or what else soever may be the most befitting.

2. While by all means we exhort all existing and all coming orators to be as sublime as their wings, or their supply of hydrogen, enable them to be, we exhort them to foster the homely; as often throughout these pages we have implored our readers to do.

The Presbyterian pastor at Flemington, the Rev. Dr. George S. Mott, confines himself to the homely almost exclusively; he finds that such modes of talking never run out; they are always understood by every one in his large audience. They often produce a surprise, a strik-

ing effect; they make his people regard him as an inexhaustible treasure of the most excellent common-sense and shrewdness. As when he said the other day:

"We do not ask enough of God; He loves to give. We usually go to Him with a saucer; we should go with a pail."

Preachers generally have no sufficient notion how this way of talking impresses, and how long and easily it is remembered. In fact, the difficulty is to forget it. In a volume of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" is given this instance:

"I recollect on one occasion to have heard Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, who certainly was not a rhetorician, speaking in respect to the treatment of the Indians. He used one of the most provincial of provincialisms, yet it came with an explosive tone that fastened it in my memory; and not only that, but it gave an impulse to my whole life, I might say, and affected me in my whole course and labor as a reformer. It was the effect of but a single word. He had been describing the shameful manner in which our government had broken treaties with the Indians in Florida and Georgia. He went on saying what was just and what was right, and came to the discussion of some critical point of policy which had been proposed, when he suddenly ceased his argument, and exclaimed, 'The voice of the people will be lifted up, and they shall say to the government—*You sha'n't!*' Now 'sha'n't' is not very good English, but it is provincial, colloquial, and very familiar to every boy. It carried a home feeling with it, and we all knew what it meant. He let it out like a bullet, and the whole chapel was hushed for the moment, and then the rustle followed, which showed that the shot had struck. It has remained in my memory ever since."

Let us now add a few more of Dr. Mott's instances. We implore not preachers only, but all public speakers, to cultivate the homely all through their career. It can not be estimated too highly; and there is no one but can increase his command of it very far beyond his expectations.

"Each church is a household of faith. In the household each member can do something. Why, the children can pick up chips and rock the cradle."

"The food devoid of nourishment to the strong and healthy Christian may be very nutritious to many a faint-hearted believer. A working man would go away hungry from a meal of arrowroot; but that is quite hearty enough for a valetudinarian."

"A speck upon a minister's character is more prominent than the same would be in a man of the world. Mud on a white lawn dress looks worse than on a dark calico."

"Man and his work are not like a rider and his horse. The latter are joined for the day in service, but separated as soon as the rider dismounts. But our work, our common business, leaves its impress on us, as the miller carries about with him the dust of his mill."

3. These illustrations, all of them taken from one sermon, send you to an important quarter for materials—even to the common businesses of life. From that quarter alone inexhaustible supplies may be obtained. You may, possibly, have never dreamed that such is the case. Try, and you will be convinced, to your astonishment. If you study the conversation or the discourses of Jesus, you will find that He went thither: to the housewife at her home-toils, to the fisher in his boat on the lake, to the farmer with his seed-bag round his neck. This, then, forces on your minds the question, a leading one in such a subject as ours, What are the sources whence figures can be obtained? It may seem that this volume, up to this late page, has overlooked this; but no—every example that we have quoted exhibits to you a source. You can not do better than to read this book over once more, for the special purpose of discovering and pondering on these sources. It was with the special intention of showing what these sources are that the quotations were made. And we very particularly pray you to write down, as you go over the book a second time, a list of what

the sources were. But we enumerate, as chief founts of the figurative—domestic life; the common trades and businesses; material nature; the griefs; the joys; animal existence; the various sciences, so far as they are on the level of the general mind; Bible incidents; historical occurrences.

4. Of Shakespeare, since we have uttered so much laud, permit us to be guilty of three words of dispraise: Too many indecent words; too many senseless and wearisome verbal conceits; utter indifference to the urgent and sublime claims of the common people. Neither he nor any one of his characters has ever once expressed a word of interest in the masses. Alas! how sublime a mind dead to how sublime an aspiration.

5. We have been far from succeeding in one of our chief objects in this volume if we have not wrought the conviction deep in many minds, not that we have exhausted the subject, but that we have left it, in many points, unexhausted; so that at least a hundred figures lie yet unnamed. We can not convey a fitting idea of the disadvantages we have labored under as to procuring access to writers, living as we have often done far from good libraries. We hope that those who honor us with criticisms will endeavor to make discoveries, especially if they have the command of many books. If we have done something without libraries, how much more may they, with books all accessible. But, besides, let every reader bear in recollection that the book of his own mind should be continually active, and continually productive of figures; and as in a country where mountains meet with clouds and with sunrays, the appearances of mountain scenery are ever new, so with a mind that is ever meeting with sorrows and with joys, the thought-scenery and the word-scenery should be ever various and productive. Let us hear, then, of many new figures; let them be identified and catalogued, and please do tell our publisher of them, for our—tenth edition.

6. We trust we have created in many minds an eager thirst for that beauty which is couched in literary expression; and, if so, such reader will thank us if we tell them where to find, in some one or two productions, a very choice banquet of taste and criticism. Macaulay's "Essay on Milton"—read it once and again—is such a banquet; as also Carlyle's "Essay on Burns." And pray do familiarize yourselves with the genuine, unadulterated ballad poetry. The authors all unknown, just as the master-minds are all unknown, who, in the Middle Ages, raised to heaven the matchless wonders of sacred Gothic architecture. In these ballads there is so much directness, strength, freshness; such might of incident and exhaustless variety thereof; so many a war-clang from the thickest of the battle-field; so many a heroic shout of fealty all disinterested; so many a rough blow struck by intense power of will and manliness; so many a moan of unfathomable heart-break; and, besides, so many an incomparable glint of May-dews on the greenwood; of spray on the sea; as when oft a ballad thus opens:

"In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste,
To here the foulys song."

If this volume succeed in sending you a-roaming in this wide and wild ballad domain of forestry and of sea-waves, you will never cease being thankful for the humble but enthusiastic service we have tried to render you.

7. Permit us, in a word, to mention Suggestiveness. Seek and eagerly pray that your style may have suggestiveness. This quality of style we are constrained to urge upon you, from our long and so minute study of Shakespeare, the inimitable. Hear Taine on this:

"Every word pronounced by one of his characters enables us to see, besides the idea which it contains and the emotion which prompted it, the aggregate of the qualities and the entire

character which produced it—the mood, physical attitude, bearing, look of the man, all instantaneously, with a clearness and force approached by no one. The words which strike our ears are not the thousandth part of those we hear within; they are like sparks thrown off at intervals; the eyes catch rare flashes of flame; the mind alone perceives the vast conflagration of which they are the signs and the effect. This property possessed by every phrase to exhibit a world of sentiments and forms comes from the fact that the phrase is actually caused by a world of emotions and images. Shakespeare had the prodigious faculty of seeing in a twinkling of the eye a complete character. A word here and there would need for its explanation three pages of commentary; each of the half-understood thoughts, which the commentator may have discovered, has left its trace in the turn of the phrase, in the nature of the metaphor, in the order of the words. These innumerable traces have been impressed in a second, within the compass of a line. In the next line there are as many."

You do not seek to be a Shakespeare; but you do ask, "How can I have suggestiveness?" This direction at least we can urge: Write on great interests; on great subjects; on vast doctrines. If you are a preacher, for instance, do not dream that your pretty fancies will furnish depths of thought to you and to the people in the prolific way in which God's old dogmas will do. We hear the cry, "Little dogma in the pulpit!" Assuredly, do not carry them on your weary shoulders as heavy logs; but permeate them with your heart; show their bearing on affairs, and on the progress and salvation and life of the age; let us see how they develop our Awful and Beautiful Friend, the Deity; and it is absolutely certain that they will enthrob your style with suggestiveness.

And now, our last medley. We gave one before at the close of Chapter XII., as a good device in teaching this subject in the school. Let the reader identify the figures in the following quotations, thrown together in

intentional confusion, such as flickers before us in the forest when leaves of a score of tints mingle and dance in the wind.

Lord Jeffrey, celebrated editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1803 to 1829, gives us this critique on the poet Proctor:

"His soul seems filled to overflow with images of love and beauty, and gentle sorrow, and tender pity, and mild and holy resignation. The character of his poetry is to soothe and melt and delight; to make us kind and thoughtful and imaginative."

F. W. Faber, a Roman Catholic, thus writes of the English Bible; his style is inimitable:

"The uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible! It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its phrases. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent but, oh, how intelligible voice of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

What a choice bit of writing! What enjoyment it gives us!

As we are very eager to propel you to an enthusiasm for ballads, hear what Sir Walter said of Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry:"

"The first time I could scrape a few shillings together—which were not common occurrences with me—I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

Sir Walter's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is as good.

We put before you, as it were by compulsion, a contribution by Dryden on Oliver Cromwell; the more you ponder it, the more you will admire it, for its truth to nature and to Cromwell:

> "His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
> For he was great ere fortune made him so;
> And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
> Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."

By compulsion, too, we can not avoid introducing to you Dr. Craik, than whom there is no recent critic who deserves to stand higher. Thus he writes of Dr. Beattie and James Thomson:

"'The Minstrel,' by Beattie, is a harmonious and eloquent composition, glowing with poetical sentiment; but its inferiority in the highest poetical qualities may be felt by comparing it with Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' which is perhaps the other work in the language which it most nearly resembles, but which yet it resembles much in the same way as gilding does solid gold, or as colored water might be made to resemble wine."

From Taine, who treats of English literature on deep principles, and who is so suggestive, let us take this glimpse of how cheerfully men have, thousands of times, died for Christ, that greatest maker of heroes. It is Hugh Latimer, bishop, reformer, man of quenchless humor, who is spoken of by the Frenchman:

"He spoke the truth to the king, unmasked robbers, incurred all kind of hate, resigned his see rather than sign any thing against his conscience; and at eighty years of age, under Bloody

Mary, refusing to retract, after two years of prison and waiting—and what waiting!—he was led to the stake. His companion, old Bishop Ridley, slept the night before as calmly as ever he did in his life; and when ready to be chained to the post, said aloud, 'O heavenly Father, I give Thee most hearty thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death.' Latimer, in his turn, when they brought the lighted fagots, cried, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' He then bathed his hands in the flames, and, resigning his soul to God, expired."

Befittingly we close with a sweet strain from the Spanish, on Peace; which we translate for you:

"Peace! Inward heaven of the breast,
Nor gold nor costliest gems can buy;
Nor fields with heaped abundance blest,
Nor war that dims the widow's eye,
Dooming proud hosts to bleed and die.

"Peace! She the child of conscience pure!
She lifts o'er earthly hope and fear;
Homed in the ether'd heights secure;
Not hunting praise with fever'd ear,
Nor holding rank nor wealth too dear.

"But finding in herself her wealth,
In life's unenvied, homely mean;
Where Duty's toils breathe moral health,
And Faith's glad eye, through shade and sheen,
The glories of Christ's brow hath seen."

CHAPTER XXV.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

PART TWENTIETH.

Parody.—Idiom.—Parable.—Allegory.

CCXXII. PARODY should be catalogued among figures rhetorical, for it is had recourse to for literary and artistic purposes; it is in literature what caricature is in portrait-painting—the transforming of a grave composition into a ludicrous shape, yet so as to retain a strong resemblance to the original. We feel strongly, however, the risk at this point of classing a mode of writing as a figure of speech. An essay is not a figure of speech: it may be plausibly held that a parable, an allegory, a parody is not. Yet we think ourselves justified in putting parody on our catalogue, inasmuch as the whole piece is flung into a new shape under the transforming influence of a mirthful feeling in the mind.

"The Rejected Addresses," by the brothers Smith, is a whole book of specimens. But rather take one on Moore's "Last Rose of Summer:"

"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All its lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of its kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back its blushes
And give sigh for sigh."

"'Tis the last golden dollar
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squander'd and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue;
They went for mint juleps,
And this will go too."

This form of writing was known early among the Greeks; even Homer was subjected to this kind of familiarity; while on the stage they acted caricatures of the best tragedies; and Aristophanes parodied the spirit-led Socrates—whose Dæmon, surely, his divine Influence, was procured for him by the Friend who died for man.

CCXXIII. Idioms may be treated of, as of great importance: a mode of expression peculiar to a particular language. We refer at present to English idioms; which are a very valuable and very racy ingredient in style, demanding and repaying much attention. They lend an inexpressible charm to Addison's *Spectator;* Sir Richard Steele's papers in that periodical are also admirable for idiomatic ease and grace. Every language has turns of expression which to translate word for word into any other language would by no means give a correct translation; nay, would only give us nonsense. "He is a good man" may be translated word for word into Latin and keep its meaning; "He is well to do in the world" defies literal translation. Read the writings of old Thomas Fuller for an abundant supply, and learn what is meant by saying of an idiom that it is racy and piquant and peppery; and study in our best comedies what Dugald Stewart calls "the shadowy and fleeting forms of comic dialogue."

Sometimes idioms are in a high degree expressive of national character. "How do you carry yourself?" gesticulates the Frenchman; "How do you do?" inquires the Englishman; the former salutation seeming to let out

the Frenchman's regard to outward demeanor and bearing; the latter, the Englishman's love and esteem of practical effort and activity. So a foreign traveler in the United States, alluding derisively to the American facility in moving from one profession to another, or from New England to California, assures us that if you ask a Yankee how he is, his answer will likely be, "Moving, sir!"

Dean Swift abounds in idiom, the cleverest possible. Writing to Lord Bolingbroke, on the value of a plain understanding, he speaks thus:

"Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the right way? Whereas, if he had used a razor or penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet."

When you say, "He is on board of a man-of-war;" "The speaker broke down;" "I don't like any one to take me off," you are using idioms.

A good idiom has nothing of vulgarity or of slang about it. But the old writer, Roger L'Estrange, so crams his political pamphlets and his translations with low idioms as to taint almost every line with the low-bred, to a degree that is almost inconceivable; as thus:

"She was easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad could be; and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still. The man was willing to make the best of a hard game. 'Come, come, master,' says Æsop, 'pluck up a good heart; for I have a project in my noddle that shall bring back my mistress.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog; and for that bout all was well again between master and mistress."

Very valuable the ability or instinct to discriminate cant terms and the jargon of the day from the pure idioms of polished society; the turns born and bred in the language. The style of Dr. Paley may be recommend-

ed as a good model of idiomatic English. Thus, when speaking of the fry of fish that frequents the margin of rivers and lakes, whose happiness proclaims how benign the Deity is to them—

"They are so happy that they do not know what to do with themselves."

The style of Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," is justly considered by Coleridge as being as idiomatic as any in our literature. Lord Byron owed in part his sudden and unparalleled popularity for ten or twelve years to his being one of the most idiomatic of our poets. But do not mistake, as L'Estrange did, low for pure expressions; a mistake similar to theirs who in their manners mistake impudence for ease. Never so degrade yourself as to talk of blowing a fellow up; or of a person's being one of the big-bugs; or of Peter's getting on like blazes; or of your not having ary one; or of your being very 'cute; or of being in a bad fix. All this multitudinous class of utterances prove at once that a man's mind is low-bred. And you will labor in vain to write with refinement if you do not accustom yourself to speak with refinement. Sam Slick is perpetually using vile Americanisms, which it is well enough to be amused by, but which we should never demean ourselves to use:

"Did you ever hear tell of Abernethy, the British doctor?" said the clockmaker. "Frequently," said I; "he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice."—"Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that," he replied; "he treated the Hon. Alden Gobble, secretary to our Legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd have fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that at me again. I'd make him make tracks, I guess; he'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plaguy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon."

But how much fancy, what solid good-sense, what familiarity with manners and actual life in society, what

easy mastery of polite and classical idioms in style, does not the *Spectator* display on every unequaled page! Let us urge you—let it be considered as for the hundredth time—to buy each one of you for himself a copy of the *Spectator:* one of the world's choicest books—one of the choicest fifty. Of the prose of Addison we can not sufficiently express our admiration—an admiration that increases with our years. Far inferior is Washington Irving's style, though excellent, to Addison's.

Be warned against slang by Swift, who stigmatized it as—

"The most ruinous of all the corruptions of a language;"

and against the lack of classical idioms by Burke, on Tacitus:

"No author thinks more deeply or paints more strongly; but he seldom or never expresses himself naturally. It is plain that, comparing him with Plautus and Terence, or with the beautiful fragments of Publius Syrus, he did not write the language of good conversation. Cicero is much nearer to it."

Only Cicero's oratory is tainted now and then through that enormous self-conceit of his; his literary productions are far finer.

It seems, in a considerable measure, owing to the great tendency of our language to idiomatic expressions, that our English is so much infested with anomalies. Under this head a late number of a new magazine has an entertaining article on the inconsistencies and ambiguities of the English language, from which we take the following extracts:

"Show me a fire," said a traveler to the landlord, "for I am very wet; and bring me a mug of ale, for I am very dry."

"You walk very slow," said a man to a consumptive. "Yes," he replied; "but I'm going very fast."

Breaking both wings of an army is almost certain to make it fly; a general may win the day in a battle fought

at night; a lawyer may convey a house, and yet be unable to lift a hundred pounds; a room may be full of married men, and not have a single man in it; a traveler who is detained an hour or two may recover most of the time by making a minute of it; a man killed in a duel has at least one second to live after he is dead; a fire goes out, and does not leave the room; a lady may wear a suit out the first day she gets it, and put it away at night in as good a condition as ever; a schoolmaster with no scholar may yet have a pupil in his eye; the bluntest man in business is generally the sharpest one; Ananias, it is said, told a lie, and yet he was borne out by the by-standers; caterpillars turn over a new leaf without much moral improvement; oxen can only eat corn with the mouth, yet you may give it to them in the ear; food bolted down is not the most likely to remain on the stomach; soft water is often caught when it rains hard; high words between men are frequently low words; steamboat officers are very pleasant company, and yet we are always glad to have them give us a wide berth; a nervous man is trembling, faint, weak, while a nervous style and a man of nerve is strong, firm, and vigorous.

Punch tells us of a man who was arrested for attempting to damage the River Thames. "What was the man doing?"—"He was trying to pull up the stream." Joseph's brethren have been excused for putting him into the pit, because it is supposed they thought it a good opening for a young man. There was the person who carried out a project, and was obliged to bring it back again; who kept his word, and so had a quarrel with Noah Webster, who wanted it for his dictionary. There was the one who courted an investigation, and was wedded to his own opinions. A furrier, having facilities for renovating old furs, advertised "capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies out of their own skins." The circular of a lady teacher spoke of her character, and the "reputation for teaching she bears." The advertisement of a concert

director announced that "a variety of songs might be expected, too tedious to be mentioned." It may further be noticed that though "caterers" is right, "haterers" is wrong; that though a man from Lapland is a Laplander, yet a man from Michigan is not a Michigander, nor a lady from that state a Michigoose; though a nailer is one who makes nails, a tailor is not one who makes tails, unless they be coat-tails; and though a wavelet is a little wave, yet a bullet is not a little bull, nor a hamlet a little ham.

In carrying on, which ought to be for life, your study of idioms, contrast Burns with Tennyson — Tennyson, whom we greatly admire. Evidently is he searching out deft words. He is a gentleman of the drawing-room; admirably dressed; but always thinking of his dress—to think of which becomes an unmanly habit. Robert Burns, in his best pieces, thinks no more of his dress than doth the skylark.

CCXXIV. Parable highly deserves mention and study as a figure of speech; if allegory is always admitted to be a figure, not less should parable—a briefer kind of allegory; wherein a fictitious or a real incident or little history is narrated for the purpose of covertly insinuating some moral; some rebuke, warning, or exhortation. It does not seem to differ from allegory essentially, but only in briefness. The oldest on record is that of Jotham, Judges ix., 7–21. Surely, after reading this beautiful illustration, and that still more beautiful one in 2 Sam. xii., we have a good right to complain of our pulpit orators for so very seldom in our day employing this polished, dexterous, and weighty linguistic weapon. Let them depend on it, it is admirably adapted for the enforcement of Christian truth; as the infallible and brilliant example of our Saviour demonstrates, who, speaking as never man spake, was constantly using parables in His sermons. We give a few instances of what might be employed in the pulpit.

Certain Hindoo hearers were objecting to the verse,

"He that sinneth in one point is guilty of all." The missionary with whom they were arguing replied thus:

"A boat on a rapid stream, not far from a deadly cataract, was secured to the side by a cable. This cable was cut through in just one place. The boat drifted down, and was torn to pieces in the cataract, quite as disastrously as if the cable had been cut through in fifty places."

Another time, after he had set the vigilance-arousing doctrine of the temptations of Satan, the gigantic would-be God, of whom it is perhaps that the cataclysms of geology speak, they maintained that therefore Satan should be punished, and men let go free; whereupon he replied:

"Some men with rifles were standing on the bank of the Ganges as a vessel with women and children on board was passing down the river. A malignant stranger came up to the men, and persuaded them to fire on the vessel. They consented; eagerly seized their rifles, and killed several of the children and the women. The government put the stranger to death, and the men too."

We again assert that in no way can truth be stated more neatly, more impressively, more adhesively—so as to go in and stick. Rowland Hill, combating the doctrine of priestcraft, that the common people should not be trusted with the Bible, because there are in it things hard to be understood, said:

"A boy came running to his father, crying, 'I am very hungry; do please give me some meat.'—'No, my dear son; for there are hard bones in it, and you can not eat the bones."

Such a parabolic way of presenting things will remain fast in the memory for a lifetime. Why do some of our pulpit orators neglect to study eloquence in the light of mental science, and at the feet of Jesus? Be He your model of a public speaker. If you disdain Shakespeare, and believe not in Demosthenes, you can not disdain the Nazarene.

Here we may insert a quotation from Thomas Hooker, whose Saxon style gives a singular force to his illustration:

"God dealeth with his servants as a father doth with his son, after he hath sent him on a great journey to do some business; and the weather falleth foul, and the way proveth dangerous, and many a storm and great difficulties are to be gone through. O how the heart of that father pitieth his son. How doth he resolve to requite him, if he ever live to come home again. What preparation doth he make to entertain and welcome him; and how doth he study to do good unto him. My brethren, so it is here; I beseech you think of it—you that are the saints and people of God."

Mark how this plain writer heaps figure on figure; and what proof he gives that the homeliest and most honest writers employ the most copious and various figures. The Bible itself is essentially the noblest poesy, the noblest oratory. Permit your author one little liberty more; he, if little in reason, is abundant in rhyme!

How poesy attests the Christian's God!
  Fair, tender, graphic, vast, the Bible truths!
The chivalrous faith that in the martyrs glow'd;
  That nerves 'mid lightnings and in dying soothes.
O how pictorial many a Bible scene!
Glimpses of heaven; of Eden's dewy green;
Of Ruth in Boaz' fields sent forth to glean;
Or deluge swells; or Egypt's struck with night;
  Foul Sodom's death-wreaths angry heaven drape;
  The Christ, our Sun-God, dons His Tabor shape;
Or the sky blazes with the throne of white.

Our readers will admit that through this whole volume we have been rebuking the neglect of such as have not made the Man of Bethlehem their model as an orator. We have especially deplored, and have gone the length of indignantly denouncing, the fact, that in the pulpit of the day a figure almost never used is the parable, that

unsurpassed figure so often employed by the Divine Man. Restore the modern pulpit, destined to be greater than ever—as it would need to be, in the great impending controversy with Rome; a controversy into which Tennyson has at this moment thrown himself, in his great tragedy, "Queen Mary." How heartily he denounces the religion of bloodshed and of Romish tyranny and priestcraft. Our preachers need, at such an hour, to make Jesus their pulpit model, and to use the parable.

CCXXV. At last to our concluding figure have we come; claiming, on the one hand, that the treatment of our subject is by far the fullest discussion it ever has received; yet admitting, on the other hand, that many a usage has by us been left, very likely, as yet unnamed—more in number than the above two hundred and twenty-five that have been catalogued. Allegory is a continued metaphor, kept up through a whole piece. The principal subject is not mentioned by name in the allegory itself, but is described by another subject resembling it. The allegory is thus made up of continued allusion; so that, while professedly a description of one subject, it has an obvious resemblance to another, to which every part of it may be applied. To say a Christian is a pilgrim is to use a metaphor; John Bunyan—he died in the year in which Pope was born—in his immortal work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," develops this idea, and writes a volume upon it; certainly the most successful and instructive allegory in the world. We place before you as a sample "The Mariner's Hymn," by Mrs. Southey, second wife of the distinguished scholar and poet, in which the risks of a voyage are spoken of and dwelt on; the allusion might have been thrown into a metaphor—"the Christian's life is a voyage:"

"Launch thy bark, Mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands;
Good angels lead thee!

Set thy sails warily,
  Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
  Christian, steer home!
Look to the weather bow,
  Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
  Shallows may ground thee!
Reef in the fore-sail there!
  Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear,
  There swept the blast!
'What of the night? Watchman!
  What of the night?'
'Cloudy; all quiet;
  No land yet; all's right!'
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
  Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
  Securest to thee.
How! Gains the leak so fast?
  Clear out the hold!
Hoist up thy merchandise,
  Heave out thy gold.
There! let the ingots go;
  Now the ship rights.
Hurrah! the harbor's near;
  Lo! the red lights!
Slacken not sail yet
  At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
  Straight for the highland.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
  Cut through the foam!
Christian, cast anchor now;
  Heaven is thy home!"

It is in agreement with that love of clearness which distinguishes Scripture that its allegories, if it had any, would have been preceded or followed by an indication

of what the illustrated object is, and would have been all scrupulously couched in the past tense. There is thus no excuse to hold that predictions, which are in the future, are allegories; for all allegories are couched in the past tense. In Scripture are no allegories. When the God of Israel has thought fit to foretell the return of his beloved Jewish people from their present long and weary exile to their own grand historic land—a land the birthplace of religion, the cabinet wherein truths, the most noble and precious of all, were stored for centuries, while foul idolatries, and bloody, engloom all other realms—many writers have maintained that Israelites stand allegorically for us Gentiles, and that the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Temple stands for the conversion of the heathen; but prediction proclaims itself to be prediction by its being written in the future tense. In Scripture there are parables, too brief to be reckoned allegories; or predictions marked as predictions, because composed in the unmistakable future tense.

To enjoy the allegory, study Bunyan's Pilgrim—nay, journey with him to the Celestial City; to enter which the worst of us is permitted, through the pathway of sincere penitence. A book written by a man wholly self-taught—a swearing tinker once, who could never spell even tolerably—no work of modern times has been translated into more languages, has been more popular among all classes of men; you will find it in the boudoir of the duchess, and folded in the plaid of the shepherd as he tends his sheep on the hill-side. It is written in excellent taste, being, like the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," a remarkable proof that genius of the first order unconsciously selects for itself the very path that would be dictated by the severest good taste. Well has Macaulay said:

"Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two creative minds. One of these produced the 'Paradise Lost;' the other, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

This work is besides as remarkable for its style as for its genius. You will find in it whole pages that have not in them a word of more than two syllables. Its language is the purest, most racy Saxon. If you would see how vigorously the simplest Saxon English can express every shade of feeling, and at the same time the humorous, the sarcastic, the magnificent; the indignation, vehemence, or tenderness of reproof; the subtleties of theological argument; the pathetic, the oratorical, the sublime—then read and read again this allegory, never excelled, with its admirable personifications and deep human interest. It is so much and so justly valued as a hand-book of religion—being perhaps the most interesting exhibition of evangelical Calvinism ever given—so that less attention has been directed to the circumstance of its being so richly steeped in the choicest humor; as witness the following description of what is known as "Popping the Question:"

"Now by that these pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good-will unto her, and his name was Mr. Brisk; a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice or more to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring. Her mind was also to be always busying of herself in doing, for when she had nothing to do for herself she would be making hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon those that had need. And Mr. Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. 'I will warrant a good housewife,' quoth he to himself.

"Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one who pretended to religion, but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which is

good. 'Nay, then,' said Mercy, 'I will look no more on him, for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.' Prudence then replied that there needed no matter of great discouragement to be given to him: her continuing so as she had begun, to do for the poor, would quickly cool his courage.

"So the next time he comes he finds her at her old work, making things for the poor. Then said he, 'What! always at it?'—'Yes,' said Mercy, 'either for myself or for others.'—'And what canst thou earn a day?' said he.—'I do these things,' said she, 'that I may be rich in good works, laying up in store for myself a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.'—'Why, prithee, what doest thou with them?'—'Clothe the naked,' said she. With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come after her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill-conditions."

By this time you are, no doubt, better informed about this figure than was the old lady in Sheridan's comedy of the "Rivals," who said of her niece that—

"She was as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

Hawthorne, one of our very best American prose writers, though sometimes guilty of the anti-natural and revolting, has written a capital imitation of Bunyan in his "Celestial Railroad." He represents himself as traveling in this new and easy way to Heaven, with Mr. Smooth it Away, Mr. Love for the World, Mr. Hide Sin in the Heart, Mr. Scaly Conscience, and others from the town of Shun Repentance. Apollyon has the management of the engine, and, as might be expected, keeps up the heat well; and, instead of reaching Heaven, the journey ends with a tremendous explosion. Among other first-rate allegories, we direct you to the "History of John Bull," by Dr. Arbuthnot; Shakespeare's "Queen Mab;" also his "Seven Ages;" Paulding's "History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan;" Dryden's "Hind and Pan-

ther," full of power and varied versification; Mrs. Barbauld's "Choice of Hercules;" Dr. Johnson's "Hill of Science," and also his "Journey of a Day, a picture of human life;" Hawksworth's "Eastern Narrative"—no life pleasing to God which is not useful to man. Addison's "Vision of Mirza" is a composition than which never was any more exquisite ever written. Cheever's "Lectures on Bunyan" are inexpressibly admirable.

To give one or two of the shorter specimens of this noble figure, the United States have produced nothing more finished than Longfellow's "Ship of State;" fit to be a national piece. Mark how simple and Saxon is the language; nine monosyllabic lines out of twenty-two. Blessings be on him who wrote this address!

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest-roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

We hope you will relish deeply what speaks of the do-

mestic, from the rural lips of Allan Ramsay, the Theocritus of our literature—our first quotation from him—may it have the effect of sending you to his "Gentle Shepherd," the finest pastoral the world possesses; given to our zephyrs before Burns dawned on the North. Ramsay was originally a poor barber in Edinburgh, but he produced this pastoral drama, and being as prudent as he was poetical, he became a successful bookseller, and amassed a respectable independence. Two country lasses, as fresh as their May-born daisies, have met on a lovely summer morning, by the side of a small clear brook, or burn, to wash and bleach their "claithes." Their names are Peggy and Jenny. Jenny pretends to prefer a single to a married life:

> "A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
> And dozens down to nane, as fouk grow auld."

Peggy is much honester; and replies:

> "But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
> The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
> Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
> Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
> See yon twa elms that grow up side by side?
> Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride.
> Nearer and nearer ilka year they're prest,
> Till wide their spreading branches are increased.
> *This* shields the *ither* frae the eastern blast,
> That in return defends *it* frae the west.
> Such as stand single (state sae liked by you)
> Beneath ilk storm frae every airt maun bow."

Very deep lies the taste for the allegoric in man's best nature; this figure is well fitted to make an interesting object still more interesting, being a graceful veil, delicately embroidered, flung over a noble form; but so as to allow its grand or fair proportions to shine through. Thus much of the Greek mythology is an allegoric veil over important truths. Venus, for instance, or Beauty,

is fabled to have been born of the sea-foam; and whence sooner could the emotion of the beautiful have been awakened in the human mind than when man was gazing on the bright, soft curve of the bounding billow, and on the sparkling foam of its swelling crest? Again, Venus is married to Vulcan, the god of blacksmiths, deformed and begrimmed with soot—a marriage apparently so ill-assorted as to be the standing jest of all schoolboys; for their teachers have not told them the mighty truth that lies under this—namely, how deeply indebted the beautiful arts and adornments of life are, and how indissolubly married to homely toil, sweltering at its furnace; and so it is this same Vulcan, the Tu-Balcain of Genesis—thoughtless and ungrateful they who despise him—that peoples the halls of the gods, and embosses the shields of monarchs, with elegance, thought, and beauty. The haughty, amid their luxuries, while the gems of art gleam on their walls, may look down on brawny labor; but the espousals have been ordained by Jehovah himself—the wedlock of the beautiful with the toilsome, of Venus with Vulcan. How profound a truth, too, in that allegory—although Lucian, greatest master of humor in the Greek literature, saw in it nothing but absurdity—of Minerva leaping full grown and in complete armor from the brain of Jove; for Minerva was wisdom, and wisdom is God's eldest and victor-born: folly and sin are weak and defenseless things in the day of trial; but true thought and wisdom, child of God, goes forth in triple mail, to conquer her way to the higher happiness.

If we from fable pass to truth, we find the Old Testament types of kin with allegory: the Paschal Lamb is carried every where round the world, proclaiming Jesus. And so the Gothic cathedral, wondrous offspring of Christianity, is a grand allegory in stone, which most deeply impresses those who are most familiar with it. Stand beneath these arches, and never again will you

term those ages that produced them "the Dark Ages." That cathedral pile is cruciform, to remind men of Calvary; its altar, directed toward the rising sun, summons us to point our deepest feelings to the Deity; its loftiness throughout symbolizes the soaring of holy thought; its massive stone represents matter, all inert in itself, but wondrously impressible by mind and mental forces; its three main towers tell of the Trinity; its choir, temple within temple, pictures a pious soul incased in a consecrated body; its roses, scattered so profusely, represent to the very eye the bloom of immortality; its high pinnacles call us to aspire toward the heavens.

Our subject is finished. Whatever decision may be come to, as to the way in which we have done our work, the idea itself with which we started was worthy of a lifetime; very singular that no student of books or of language ever suggested it before—to test a whole literature by the light of figurative speech. And what a miracle is the gift of articulation; what a heritage ours, the tongue of Shakespeare and of the Bible—a speech which, so far from having begun to wane, is far from being as yet half developed. May the careful perusal of this volume aid not a little in the reconstruction of rhetoric; disabuse the subject of the mean and narrow opinions that prevail as to figures; give higher weapons to oratory and to poesy; and secure more hallowed and more undoubted triumphs to our modern Christian eloquence in all its many departments. And when the quotations we have brought together are perused, may every reader cherish the feeling that the American and English literature are not two but one; and that these nations are inseparable, whether we call it the British-American race or the Columbian-British. More and more may the two parts assimilate into one inseparable commonwealth of liberty and of thinking and of devotion—a race destined to send this language over the world. Therefore, as we venture to lay our book before

that Christ from whom cometh the noblest inspiration, we exclaim in our own words:

> Religion lies about our feet in flowers,
> And over-diadems our head in stars;
> While Deity breathes round us in spring winds,
> And in the hush of woods, saith, "Peace! Be still!"
> While all the thunders call us to repentance;
> And Christ, high soul of music, love, and sunrise—
> Christ—He of literature, theme, source, and model—
> Shows something of His smile in all that's fair,
> And glimpses of His heart in all that's gentle!

LIST OF FIGURES OF SPEECH

DESCRIBED IN THIS VOLUME.

NO.		PAGE
I.	Aphæresis, Front-Cut..	55
II.	Syncope, Mid-Cut.....	64
III.	Synæresis.....	64
IV.	Crasis.....	64
V.	Synezesis, Synecphonesis.....	65
VI.	Apocopé, End-Cut....	69
VII.	Prosthesis, Prefixing...	76
VIII.	Epenthesis, Insertion..	80
IX.	Paragogé, Annexation.	81
X.	Diæresis, Separation..	85
XI.	Tmesis, Diacopé, Cutting.....	86
XII.	Metathesis, Twisting...	87
XIII.	Intentional Misspelling.	89
XIV.	Syllabification.....	90
XV.	Dialect.....	91
XVI.	The Alphabetic.....	91
XVII.	Combination.....	92
XVIII.	Accentuation.....	93
XIX.	Ellipsis.....	97
XX.	Asyndeton, Lack of Ands.....	117
XXI.	Polysyndeton, Many Ands.....	121
XXII.	Zeugma, Joining.....	127
XXIII.	Syllepsis, Synesis, Synthesis.....	128
XXIV.	Paradiastolé, Neithers and Nors.....	128
XXV.	Pleonasm, Superfluity.	129
XXVI.	Me-ism.....	133
XXVII.	Hypallage, The Cart before the Horse...	133
XXVIII.	Enallagé, Exchange.	138
XXIX.	Antiptosis.....	140
XXX.	Antemeria.....	140
XXXI.	Heterosis.....	140
XXXII.	Metastasis.....	144
XXXIII.	Hyperbaton, Transposition, Inversion.....	147
XXXIV.	Anastrophé.....	151
XXXV.	Simile.....	156
XXXVI.	Metaphor.....	184
XXXVII.	Metonymy.....	202
XXXVIII.	Synecdoche.....	218
XXXIX.	Metalepsis.....	219
XL.	Trope.....	221
XLI.	Hypocatastasis, Implication.....	231
XLII.	Epanorthosis, Correction.....	239
XLIII.	Anamnesis, Recalling.....	242
XLIV.	Aposiopesis, Sudden Silence.....	242
XLV.	Sudden Self-Interruption.....	243
XLVI.	Emblem.....	244
XLVII.	The Weird.....	247
XLVIII.	The Quaint.....	248
XLIX.	Antithesis, Epantiosis.....	248
L.	Antimetabole.....	250
LI.	Parison, Annomination.....	250
LII.	Omoioteleuton....	250

NO.		PAGE
LIII.	Isocolon	251
LIV.	Commutation	251
LV.	Intentional Discrepancy	263
LVI.	Nonsense	264
LVII.	Oxymoron, Wise Folly	265
LVIII.	Euphemism, Smooth Handle	269
LIX.	Misnomer	271
LX.	Hyperbolé, Exaggeration	271
LXI.	Peculiarity of Usage	278
LXII.	Litotes, Meiosis, Lessening	280
LXIII.	The Bull	282
LXIV.	Repetition	288
LXV.	Ploce	288
LXVI.	Gemination	289
LXVII.	Anaphora, Epanaphora	289
LXVIII.	Epistrophe, Antistrophe, Epephora, Conversion	289
LXIX.	Symploce	290
LXX.	Anadiplosis	290
LXXI.	Epadiplosis, Epanadiplosis	290
LXXII.	Complection	290
LXXIII.	Epanalepsis	290
LXXIV.	Epanodos, Regression	291
LXXV.	Polyptolon	291
LXXVI.	Epizeuxis, Traduction	291
LXXVII.	Paregmenon	291
LXXVIII.	Summation	291
LXXIX.	Choral Chant	293
LXXX.	Echo	297
LXXXI.	Redoubled Negation	297
LXXXII.	Redoubled Affirmation	298
LXXXIII.	Synonym	301
LXXXIV.	Ascription of Value	303
LXXXV.	Doubt, Dubitation	303
LXXXVI.	Pretended Discovery	306
LXXXVII.	Aporia, Pretended Impossibility	306
LXXXVIII.	Ignorance	306
LXXXIX.	Indistinctness	307
XC.	Affirmation	309
XCI.	Affirmation and Negation	310
XCII.	Apostrophe	310
XCIII.	Denunciation	315
XCIV.	Solemn Appeal	315
XCV.	Oath, Adjuration, Anathema	317
XCVI.	Command	318
XCVII.	Exclamation of Sorrow	319
XCVIII.	Spiritualization	320
XCIX.	Irony, The Dry Mock	321
C.	Antiphrasis, The Broad Flout	323
CI.	Ironical Permission or Ironical Command	324
CII.	Anti-Irony, Pretended Blame	324
CIII.	Mock-Heroic	325
CIV.	Personification, Prosopopeia	325
CV.	Ascription of Intention	334
CVI.	Anti-Personification	335
CVII.	Enhancement by Difference	339
CVIII.	Egoism	341
CIX.	Self-Depreciation	342
CX.	Paranomasia, The Pun	343
CXI.	Antanaclasis, Same Word in Different Sense	343
CXII.	Soliloquy	345
CXIII.	Direct Address	345
CXIV.	Dialogue	347
CXV.	Prediction	353
CXVI.	Anticipation	355
CXVII.	Paralepsis	355

NO.		PAGE
CXVIII.	Apophasis, Pretended Omission	355
CXIX.	Disparity	356
CXX.	Outward Illustration	357
CXXI.	Accompaniment, Incidentalism of the Moment	359
CXXII.	Meeting of Opposites	360
CXXIII.	Onomatopy, Sound Resembling Sense	361
CXXIV.	Erotesis, Interrogation	365
CXXV.	Responsion, Question and Answer	372
CXXVI.	Ecphonesis, Exclamation	374
CXXVII.	Epiphonema	374
CXXVIII.	Nomination	376
CXXIX.	Technicality	378
CXXX.	Indication	378
CXXXI.	Vision	380
CXXXII.	Hypotyposis, Visible Presentation	383
CXXXIII.	Present Occurrence	384
CXXXIV.	Hearing	384
CXXXV.	Motion	387
CXXXVI.	Climax, Ladder, Incrementum, Epiploce	390
CXXXVII.	Anti-Climax, Catabasis, Ladder to get Down by	394
CXXXVIII.	From Less to Greater	394
CXXXIX.	From Greater to Less	395
CXL.	Parallelism	398
CXLI.	Numeration	399
CXLII.	Sudden Address	404
CXLIII.	Surprisal	406
CXLIV.	Reservation	407
CXLV.	Pause	408
CXLVI.	Double Meaning	409
CXLVII.	Memesis, Mimicry	409
CXLVIII.	Archaism	411
CXLIX.	Concession	411
CL.	Paramologia	411
CLI.	Synchoresis, Permission	411
CLII.	Prohibition	415
CLIII.	Indirect Statement, Coverture, The Gentle Hint	417
CLIV.	Specification of Details	420
CLV.	Plurals	425
CLVI.	Optation, Wish	425
CLVII.	Anacœnosis, Applying to Opponent or Hearer	426
CLVIII.	Supposition	427
CLIX.	Isolation	428
CLX.	Unification	430
CLXI.	Assumption of Agreement	431
CLXII.	Pretended Assent	432
CLXIII.	Interpolation	432
CLXIV.	Catachresis	434
CLXV.	Anacoluthon, Twist in Grammar	435
CLXVI.	Affirmative Negation	435
CLXVII.	Negative Affirmation	436
CLXVIII.	Community	437
CLXIX.	Proprietorship	437
CLXX.	Prolepsis	438
CLXXI.	Procatalepsis, Presupposing of Adversary's Argument	438
CLXXII.	Self-Substitution	440
CLXXIII.	Retort	440
CLXXIV.	Conversion	441
CLXXV.	The Prosaic	442
CLXXVI.	Indirection	443
CLXXVII.	Oratorical Syllepsis: a Word used both Literally and Figuratively	444
CLXXVIII.	Attitude	444

NO.		PAGE
CLXXIX.	Oracular Summing up	448
CLXXX.	Abbreviation	450
CLXXXI.	Hendiadys, Splitting into Two.	450
CLXXXII.	Antonomasia, Proper Name.	450
CLXXXIII.	Alliteration, Homœopropheron	451
CLXXXIV.	Poetic Forms	456
CLXXXV.	Sudden Transition	459
CLXXXVI.	Allusion	461
CLXXXVII.	Hint or Suggestion	465
CLXXXVIII.	Ascription of Determination	466
CLXXXIX.	Periphrasis, Circumlocution	466
CXC.	Superfine English	474
CXCI.	Interpretation	474
CXCII.	Proverbs	475
CXCIII.	The Third Person	477
CXCIV.	Odd Rhyme	478
CXCV.	Odd Bits of Prose	479
CXCVI.	Household Words	479
CXCVII.	Pretended Depreciation	480
CXCVIII.	Rhetorical Use of the Past	480
CXCIX.	Rhetorical Use of the Future.	481
CC.	Ascription of Rationality to Lower Animals	482
CCI.	Nicknames	484
CCII.	The Doric	485
CCIII.	Impersonation, Character-acting	485
CCIV.	The Materialistic	486
CCV.	The Singular Number	487
CCVI.	Double Nouns and other Double Words	488
CCVII.	Celerity	489
CCVIII.	Epithetic	490
CCIX.	Passing over from the Literal to the Figurative	491
CCX.	Threat	492
CCXI.	Repose	492
CCXII.	Bulk	494
CCXIII.	Classicality	495
CCXIV.	Rallying-Cries	495
CCXV.	Appeal to Knowledge	496
CCXVI.	Reverse	496
CCXVII.	Specification of Place	496
CCXVIII.	Specification of Time	496
CCXIX.	Cry of Warning	497
CCXX.	Familiarity	498
CCXXI.	The Obverse	499
CCXXII.	Parody	512
CCXXIII.	Idioms	513
CCXXIV.	Parable	518
CCXXV.	Allegory	521

INDEX.

Abbadie, 346, 387.
Abernethy, Dr., 515.
Abraham, xlv.
Adams, John Quincy, 255.
———, Thomas, 141.
Addison, xxxix., l., 92, 112, 129, 176, 194, 223, 265, 516.
Æschines, 189, 430.
Æsop, 483, 514.
Ailsa Craig, 132.
Akenside, 102.
Albert, Prince, 385.
Alcæus, 369.
Alexander, 379, 381, 486, 491.
Alfred, 104, 136.
Alhama, 294.
Alison, Sir Archibald, 196.
Allegories, none in the Bible, 522.
Allingham, 334.
Allston, 226.
Ambiguities of English, 516.
Ames, 213, 226, 235, 412, 473.
Amos, 469.
Anglo-Saxon, 104.
Anselm, 352.
Anthon, Prof., 167.
Arbroath, 410.
Ariosto, 152.
Aristophanes, 513.
Aristotle, his Prayer, 336.
Arnold, Edwin, 282.
———, Matthew, 73.
Arthur, William, 421.
Atheism despicable, 65, 165, 166, 174, 177, 183, 186, 190, 202, 206, 337.
Atkinson, xlviii.
Augustine, 252.
Author of this volume gives us twenty-one bits of poesy, lii., liii., 58, 72, 98, 147, 199, 200, 220, 245, 334, 376, 387, 437, 455, 457, 465, 475, 492, 520, 530.
Avonmore, Lord, 431.
Ayton, Sir Robert, 61.
Aytoun, Prof., 94, 214, 270, 325.
Bacon, Lord, 162, 177, 235, 251.
Baillie, Joanna, 95, 214.
Ballads, 189, 293, 402, 507.
Bancroft, 190.
Barbauld, Mrs., 223, 266.
Barbour, 311.
Barham, 81.
Barnes, Albert, 369.
———, William, 91.
Bascom, Prof., 154, 481.
Bayle, 109.
Bayly, 65.
Bayne, 171, 253.
Bearcroft, 71.
Beattie, Dr., 83, 510.
Beaumont, 67, 213.
Beddoes, 243.
Bedell, 388.
Bedford, Duke of, 426.
Beecher, H. W., xlvii., 179, 259, 292, 434.
———, Lyman, 209.
Bernard, Lady Anne, 399, 424.
———, St., 256, 370.
Bethune, Dr., 423.
Bible, xli., li., 166, 169, 187, 188, 198, 205, 206, 208, 210, 211, 217, 218, 220, 232, 236, 240, 241, 243, 248, 267, 268, 270, 271, 272, 288, 290, 291, 293, 301, 304, 307, 310, 315, 321, 324, 325, 327, 334, 336, 338, 345, 346, 347, 357, 359, 367, 376, 380, 388, 390, 395, 396, 398, 399, 400, 406, 407, 409, 411, 412, 415, 424, 426, 428, 435, 438, 442, 443, 448, 487, 489.
———, Panegyric on, by a good Roman Catholic, 509.
Bigelow Papers, 80.
Blackwood's Magazine, xxxviii.
Blair, Dr., 311, 383.
Blennerhasset, 407.
Boker, G. H., 203.
Bolingbroke, Lord, 174.
Bonar, Horatius, 247.
Bossuet, 268, 359, 429.
Boston, City of, 425.
Boswell, James, 149.

Boswell, Sir Alexander, 338.
Bothwell, Lady Ann, 153, 154.
Bourdaloue, 268, 394, 407.
Bowes, xiix.
Bowles, 95.
Boyd, Dr., 219; on Milton, 107, 424.
Breitman, Hans, xlviii.
Brewster, Sir David, 235.
Brontë, Charlotte, 333.
Brougham, Lord, 315, 341, 349, 420.
Brown, Dr. Thomas, xli., 261, 234, 246, 318.
——, Gould, 141, 434.
Browne, Sir Thomas, 155, 193.
Browning, Mrs., 131, 143, 171.
Bruce, Michael, 313.
Brunanburh, Battle and Song, 136.
Bryant, William Cullen, excellent advice by, 75, 108.
Brydges, Sir Egerton, 107.
Buchanan, George, 250.
Bulwer the Elder, 148, 372.
—— the Younger, 332.
Bunyan, John, 177, 227, 523.
Burke, 50, 74, 234, 235, 237, 268, 412, 420, 449, 516.
Burnet, 367.
Burns, l., 55, 65, 76, 94, 114, 132, 139, 142, 159, 179, 260, 264, 270, 273, 306, 339, 360, 457, 473, 495, 518.
Burr, 407.
Bushnell, 120, 168, 213, 400.
Butler, General, 464.
——, Hudibras, 66, 69, 274.
Byrom, 61.
Byron, liii., 95, 148, 152, 153, 164, 186, 192, 238, 253, 333, 361, 368, 375, 385, 515.

Cædmon, 468.
Cæsar, 102, 108, 134, 144, 145, 251.
Caird, Dr., 165.
Cairn, a, 490.
Calderon, 449.
Callanan, 182.
Camoens, 239.
Campbell, Dr., 165, 249, 425.
——, Lord, xliii., 317.
——, Thomas, lii., 59, 186, 192, 223, 233, 307, 329, 359, 362.
Canning, 207, 329, 358, 418.
Cant terms denounced, 515.
Carlyle, 130, 200, 448; on Burns, 507.
Cary, 110.
——, Alice, 435.
Catiline, 101, 265, 322.
Catullus, 332.
Cervantes, 258, 476.
Chalmers, 242, 249, 488.
Chamberlayne, 66.
Chamisso, 200, 483.
Character-painting, 78.
Charles II., 109.
—— V., 472.
—— XII. of Sweden, 99.
Chatham, Lord, 171, 288, 353, 358, 412, 417, 425, 464, 472, 480.
Chaucer, xxxii., 56, 62, 69, 72, 76, 78, 110, 145, 281, 423.
Cheever, Rev. Dr., 526.
Cherry, Andrew, 103.
Chesterfield, Lord, 158, 426.
Chevy Chace, 56, 129.
Chillingworth, 402.
Christ, xlvi., li., liii., 121, 122, 229, 530.
Chrysostom, 305, 415.
Churchill, 453.
Cicero, 124, 129, 133, 167, 251, 265, 290, 291, 302, 306, 316, 516.
Clare, John, 445.
Clark, George H., 248.
——, Willis G., 226.
Clarke, MacDonald, 99.
Classics, Reason for Studying, xlix.
Claverhouse, Bloody, 270.
Clay, Henry, 452.
Clifford, 225.
Cochrane, 347.
Coe, 228.
Colenso, Bishop, 401.
Coleridge, Hartley, 67.
——, S. T., 161, 248, 269, 282, 363, 515.
Collins, Ann, 58.
——, William, 330, 365.
Comus, 85.
Condé, 268.
Congreve, William, 90, 303, 381, 386, 403, 423.
Contemporaries of Shakespeare, 67.
Cook, Eliza, 369.
Coppee, Prof., 302.
Corbett, 364.
Coriolanus, 395, 473.
Cornwall, Barry, 59.
Cosmarch, 502.
Cotton, 465.
Courier, Paul Louis, 497.
Cowley, 177, 238, 271.
Cowper, William, 152, 215, 273, 335, 341, 457, 480.
Crabbe, 94, 253.
Craik, Dr., 183, 510.
Crashaw, 71, 225, 451.
Creasy, 496.
Croker, 213.
Croly, 322.
Cromwell, 183, 288, 510.
Croon, l., 62.
Cumming, 414.
Cunningham, Allan, 195, 214.
——, John, 331.

Curran, 68, 127, 289, 394, 421, 431.
Cyprian, 398.

Dana, 108, 254.
Daniel, Samuel, 237.
Danish Literature, 294.
Dante, 108, 150, 365.
Danton, 420.
Dark Age of English Literature, 77.
Darwin the Elder, 314, 365; and his Ape, 174, 462.
Dasent, 274.
Davenant, 276.
Davis, Thomas, 334.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, 391.
Day, Prof., 290.
Deepest Source of Figures, 183.
Defoe, 251, 515.
Dekker, 65, 67.
Delambert, Madame, 477.
Demosthenes, 115, 123–126, 157, 186, 235, 289, 297, 304, 315, 322, 336, 341, 347, 348, 356, 365, 406, 425, 430, 433, 441, 444, 466, 493.
Denham, 177.
De Quincey, 155, 200.
Dibdin, 175.
Dickens, 92.
Diogenes, 70.
Doane, Bishop, 101.
Doddridge, 128.
Donne, 470.
Doric, 71.
Dorset Dialect, 91.
Douglas, Gawin, 327.
———, Tragedy of, 42.
Downing, Major Jack, 346.
Drake, 326, 453.
Drayton, 59.
Drumclog, Battle of, 270.
Dryden, xxx., 62, 111, 174, 183, 190, 238, 249, 254, 276, 365, 480, 510.
Dumas the Younger, 298.
Dunbar, 236, 326.
Dunciad, 62.
Dutch Landscape, 118.
Dwight, 141.
Dyer, 362.

Earle, Bishop, 256.
Ecclesiastical Polity, 87.
Edgeworth, Miss, 64, 283.
Edwards, Jonathan, 429.
———, Prof. B. B., 100, 309.
Elahistoteros, 267.
Eliot, George, 454.
Elizabeth, Queen, 67.
Elliott, Ebenezer, 184.
Ellsworth, Erastus, 471.
Emerson, 281.
Emmons, Dr., 160.
English Language, 57, 135.
——— only half developed, 501.
Epithets, two kinds of, 334.
Erskine, Harry, 343, 344, 438.
———, Lord, 240, 316, 323, 431.
Euphues, 60, 181, 195.
Euripides, 189.
Evans, Christmas, 103, 385.
Everett, 382, 419.
Exodus, chap. xv., 117.

Faber, F. W., 509.
Faerie Queene, 79.
Falconer, 409.
Falstaff, 70, 133.
Fanshaw, Sir Richard, 214.
Faval, 466.
Fenton, Elijah, 451.
Ferguson, Robert, 222.
———, Samuel, 320.
Fern, Fanny, 149.
Field, 319.
Fielding, 89, 433.
Figures of three kinds, 55, 156; of four kinds, 230.
——— not yet discovered, 506.
Fléchier, 342.
Fletcher, Giles, 72, 142, 148, 209, 272, 309, 380.
———, John, 67.
———, Phineas, 109.
Fontaine, 483.
Fontenelle, 97.
Foote, 97.
Ford, 67.
Fosdick, 182.
Foster, John, 238.
Fox, Charles J., 373, 434.
———, W. J., 391.
Francis I. of France, 107.
Franklin, Dr., 344, 479.
Freeman, 203.
Freneau, 295.
Frere, 325, 460.
Froude, 2c3.
Fuller, Thomas, 141, 230, 330, 344, 476, 513.

Galileo, 225.
Garrick, 427, 445.
Gay, 58, 443.
Geare, 406.
Gentle Shepherd, 71.
George III., 58, 426.
Gibbon, 162.
Gibbons, 219.
Gilfillan, 469, 471.
Gladstone, 365.
Glover, 111.

God, 118, 228.
Godwin, 195.
Goethe, 110, 111, 368.
Goldsmith, 164, 202, 361.
Gonsalvo, 442.
Goodrich, 412.
Gothic Cathedral, 528.
Gould, 427.
Gower, 56, 69, 199.
Grahame, 374.
Grant, Sir Robert, 209.
Grattan, 335, 354, 473.
Gray, 151, 172, 178, 190, 260, 364, 450, 468.
Greece, 391.
Greek, 49, 502.
——— Mythology explained, 527.
Green, 462.
Greene, 67.
Gregory I., 252.
Grenville, 464.
Griffin, Dr., 289, 354, 426, 440.
Griswold, 252.
Guarini, 214.
Guizot, 97, 470.
Guthrie, Rev. Dr. Thomas, 197, 382, 498.

Habakkuk, 100.
Habington, 170.
Hall, Bishop, 447.
———, Rev. Robert, 251, 274.
———, the Missionary, 408.
Halleck, 260.
Hamilton, Alexander, 463.
Hancock, John, 344.
Hare, 186, 255, 404.
Harms, 241.
Harrington, Sir John, 57, 275.
Harry, Blind, 56.
Hart, Dr., 257.
Harte, Bret, 56.
Harvey, Rev. James, 204.
Hastings, Warren, 313.
Hawke, Sir Edward, 426.
Hazlitt, 496.
Hemans, Mrs., 207.
Henry IV., of France, 119, 419.
——— VIII., of England, xliv., 472.
———, Matthew, xlix., 470.
———, Patrick, 418.
Henryson, 403.
Herbert, George, 248, 350, 380.
———, Hon. William, 224.
Herder, 241.
Herrick, 334.
Heywood, lii.
Higginson, Colonel, 268.
Hill, Aaron, 204.
———, Rowland, 265, 349, 519.
Hillard, George S., 261.
Hillhouse, 73.
Hitchcock, Rev. Dr., 269.
Hoffman, 326.
Hogarth, 117.
Hogg, 313.
Holmes, Dr., 88, 212; on Rhetoric, xxxix.
Holyoake, 304.
Home, a Christian, 120.
———, John, xli.
Homely Illustrations much recommended, 179, 503.
Homer, 62, 134, 150, 152, 167, 181, 215, 246, 249.
Hood, Robin, 59.
———, Thomas, 130, 264, 266, 278.
Hooker, Richard, 86, 149, 155.
———, Thomas, 298, 388.
Hope, 273.
Horace, 133, 226, 434, 450.
Hosmer, W. H. C., 103.
Howell, Mary, 130, 261.
Hoyt, 295.
Hudson, 193.
Hugo, Victor, 420, 481.
Hume, David, 116.
Humphrey, Dr., 504.
Hunt, Arabella, 381.
———, Leigh, lii., 107, 330.
Hyacinthe, Père (Charles Loyson), 488.

Ingelow, Jean, 339.
Invention, Aids to, liii.
Irelands, the two, 296.
Irishwoman, 89.
Irving, Washington, 41, 63, 186, 191, 232, 237.

Jackson, 259.
James, Angell, 415.
——— I., of England, 67, 250.
Jamieson, Mrs., 119.
Jeffrey, Lord, 127.
Jerrold, xlviii., 56, 97, 190, 216, 238, 277, 282, 472.
Johnson, Dr., 99, 108, 115, 116, 155, 221, 235, 237, 248, 249, 311, 386, 460, 469, 470.
Jones, 369.
Jonson, Ben, 60, 67, 104, 195, 265.
Judges ix., 7–21, 518.
Jugurtha, 101.
Junius, 172, 205, 248, 412, 427, 435.

Keats, John, 72, 145, 203, 310, 355.
Kent, Judge, 127.
King, Rev. Mr., 270.
Kingsley, 219, 291.
Knight, Charles, xlviii.
Knowles, Herbert, 368.
———, Sheridan, 312.

Knut, or Canute, 468.
Körner, 353.
Kosegarten, 299.
Kossuth, 213.

Lamartine, 118.
Lamb, 92, 210, 274, 344.
Landon, Miss, 223.
Langlande, 79, 84, 143, 453.
Language, xxxix., 128.
Larned, 379.
Latimer, Hugh, 510.
Latin, xlix.
Lauder, Maggie, 459.
Lee, 122.
Leland, xlviii., 352.
Leon, 344.
L'Estrange, Roger, 514.
Lewis, M. G., 310.
Lever, Charles, 319.
Leyden, John, 223.
Liberty, 117.
——— distinguished from Freedom, 302.
Lillo, 372.
Lisle, Rouget de, 386.
Livingston, Dr. John, 408.
Livy, 217.
Locke, John, 173.
Lockhart, 448.
Lodbrog, Regnor, 467.
Lodge, Thomas, 161.
Loftinga, 468.
Longfellow, 140, 460, 466, 526.
Longinus, 180.
Louis XIV., 429.
Lowe, 233.
Lowell, James R., 80, 199, 323.
Lowth, Bishop, 324.
Luther, 213, 303, 469, 488, 498.
Lydgate, 370.
Lyell, 206.
Lyly, John, 60.
Lyndsay, Sir David, 410.
Lyttelton, Lord, 210, 412, 445.
Lyttons. (See Bulwers.)

Macaulay, Lord, xlvi., 87, 95, 165, 250, 257, 409, 499; on Milton, very noble, 507.
Macchiavelli, 371.
Macdonald, George, 266.
Mackay, 369.
Mackenzie, 175.
Mackintosh, 244, 433.
Mandeville, Sir John, xliv.
Mangan, 147.
Mansfield, Lord, 393, 417.
Marat, 420.
Marchmont, Lord, 417.
Mardley, 138.
Marlowe, 67, 275.
Marseillaise Hymn, 386.
Marsh, 76, 457.
Marston, 67, 327.
Martineau, Miss, xlviii., 269.
Marvel, Andrew, 72.
Mason, Dr. John, 342.
———, William, 328.
Massillon, 268, 429.
Massinger, 67.
Masson, Dr., 289.
Matthews the Elder, 399.
May, Edith, 77.
McCarthy, Dennis, 132, 263.
McFingal, 266.
McLellan, 452.
McQueen, 469.
Medley, 261, 508.
Mennis, 82.
Metaphysics, 472.
Mickle, 239, 296.
Mill, John Stuart, 462.
Miller, Hugh, 235, 470.
———, Joaquin, 455.
———, Joe, 403.
———, William, 306, 324.
Miils, the Missionary, 408.
Milman, 111.
Milner, 193.
Milton, xlviii., l., lii., 62, 82, 85, 90, 93, 94, 107, 109, 112, 113, 142, 148, 149, 153, 169, 188, 189, 211, 212, 213, 216, 217, 222, 224, 225, 227, 245, 265, 280, 283, 290, 298, 308, 363, 377, 389, 402, 448, 450, 456, 461.
Minto, 499.
Mitford, Miss, 110, 172.
Moir, Macbeth, lii., 166.
Molière, 202.
Monboddo, Lord, 174.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, 471.
Montaigne, xxxviii., 193.
Montgomery, Alexander, 382.
———, James, 176.
———, Robert, 170, 195.
Moore, Thomas, 87, 98, 164, 512.
More, Hannah, 252.
———, Sir Thomas, xliii.
Morris, George P., 59.
———, William, 454.
Moses, 434.
Mosheim, 193.
Motley, 118.
Motherwell, 222.
Mott, Rev. Dr., liii., 491, 503.
Mudie, 172.
Mulock, 237.
Murray, Lindley, 434.
Music in English Language, xlix.
Mythology, Greek, 527.

marked John Walter Ware as Author

Napoleon, 196, 311, 421, 446.
Nash, 67.
Neale, Henry, 72.
New Figures still to be found, 506.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 105.
New Words, 501.
North, Christopher, xxxviii., 496.
Nun, by Chaucer, 78.

One-syllabled Words, li.
Osgood, Mrs., 119, 179.
O'Reilly, Miles, 69.
Ossian, 311.
Overbury, 167.
Owen, Dr., 251.

Paine, Tom, 237.
Paley, Dr., 359, 514.
Palgrave, 135.
Palmer, 191.
Panza, Sancho, 476.
Parnell, 207.
Parsons, T. W., 454.
Partington, Mrs., 88, 234.
Patmore, 268.
Paul, St., 215, 267, 280, 289, 306, 355, 356, 357, 426, 432, 442, 445.
Paulding, 167.
Payson, 428.
Peace, Poem on, from Spanish, 511.
Peacham, Henry, 115.
Pearson, Bishop, 255.
Peele, 67, 327.
Percival, 142.
Percy, Bishop, 130, 424, 467, 509.
Periodic Sentence, 155.
Perrault, 466.
Peter, 469.
Phillips, Wendell, 471.
Phunny Phellow, 90.
Pickering, 110, 218.
Pierpont, 60, 240.
Piers the Plowman, 79, 143, 453.
Pindar, Peter. (See Wolcott.)
Pitt, William, 441, 447.
Plato, 152.
Plunket, 321.
Plutarch, 388, 489.
Pocahontas, 77.
Poe, Edgar, 101, 174.
Poesy discriminated from Poetry, by your Author, 182.
Poetry, English, Four Eras, 79.
Pollok, 212.
Poole, 275.
Pope, 62, 94, 97, 158, 173, 174, 249, 273, 362, 375, 408, 411, 462, 469, 480.
Porson, 162.
Prayer, Grandeur of, 336.
Prescott, 127, 203, 463.
Priestcraft, 118, 337, 519.
Prior, Matthew, 106.
Proctor, the Father, 59, 211, 308.
———, the Daughter, 297.
Prose, 87.
Psychology, 97.
Pulpit, Remarks on, 155, 196, 292, 306, 317, 333, 342, 347, 348, 354, 430.
Punch, 91, 98.
Puttenham, 242, 323.

Quarles, Francis, 57, 226, 248.
Quintilian, 160, 231, 383.

Rabelais, 274, 425.
Radcliffe, Mrs., 180.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 87, 327, 419, 495.
Ramsay, Allan, 55, 60.
Ramsey, Dean, 241.
Randolph, John, 240.
———, Thomas, 261.
Read, Thomas, 114.
Reid, T. Buchanan, 166.
Religion every where, 530.
Remorse, 134.
Revolution, the Glorious, 62.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 239, 259.
Richards, Miss, 408.
Richter, 180, 448.
Robertson, Dr., 116.
Robespierre, 420.
Robinson, Rev. Robert, 331.
Rochester, Lord, 109, 394.
Rogers, Henry, 405.
———, Samuel, 232, 307, 442.
Rosetti, 93, 147.
Rue, De la, 260, 290, 351, 384, 387, 438, 440.
Ruskin, J., 87, 142, 207.
Russell, Dr., 126.
Ryle, 367.

Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, 61, 330.
Sallust, 101, 127.
Sappho, 375.
Saurin, 343, 387, 423.
Saxe, 131, 436.
Scalds, 453.
Schiller, 258.
Schoolmistress, 82.
Scott, Sir Walter, 71, 92, 151, 163, 178, 186, 188, 192, 205, 213, 214, 215, 223, 237, 270, 334, 355, 368, 373, 410, 424, 447, 463, 476, 509.
Scottish Dialect, 71, 155, 498.
Scriblerus, 467.
Sedan, 268.
Seed, Dr., 462.
Seneca, 118, 250.

Shakespeare, li., lii., 62, 63, 67, 68, 69, 91, 93, 94, 109, 110, 113, 114, 116, 133, 138, 139, 140, 142, 145, 146, 153, 167, 170, 178, 186, 188, 197, 206, 209, 213, 218, 220, 223, 227, 237, 241, 243, 244, 258, 263, 269, 271, 278, 279, 289, 297, 298, 302, 303, 305, 307, 315, 317, 318, 332, 339, 360, 364, 365, 384, 394, 395, 405, 408, 419, 423, 425, 430, 432, 435, 444, 448, 450, 469, 478, 479, 480.
Shakespeare's Three Chief Faults, 506.
Shall and Will, 478.
Shea, John A., 112.
Shelley, l., 179.
Shenstone, 82, 208.
Sheridan, R. B., 273, 293.
Sherlock, Bishop, 328, 462.
Shirley, 67, 207.
Sidney, Algernon, 446.
———, Rev., 265.
———, Sir Philip, liii.
Sigourney, Mrs., 77.
Skelton, 163.
Skinner, Rev. John, 90.
Smith, Alexander, 141, 191.
———, Horace, 64, 83.
———, James, 64, 148.
———, Seba, 346.
———, Sydney, 116, 132, 139, 163, 211, 234, 323.
Smollett, 451.
Snelling, 323.
Snodgrass, 101.
Socrates, 337, 513.
Solferino, 126.
Somers, Lord, 417.
Sophocles, 189.
South, Dr., l., 413.
Southern, 61.
Southey, Mrs., 521.
———, Robert, 224, 225, 231, 361, 496.
Sources of Figures, 505.
Southwell, 262.
Souvestre, 470.
Spanish, Translation from, by your Author, 387.
Spectator, xxxix., 92, 176, 194, 513, 516.
Spence, 408.
Spencer, Herbert, 268, 462.
———, W. R., 443.
Spenser, Edmund, 62, 142, 203, 308, 363, 411, 452, 453, 469.
Sprague, 86, 239.
Spurgeon, 163, 330, 479.
Staël, Madame de, 235.
Stedman, 347.
Steele, Sir Richard, 284, 513.
Stephens, 340.
Sterling, John, 404, 465.
Sterne, 133, 175, 277, 373, 422.
Stevens, 378.
Stewart, Dugald, 251, 513.
Still, Bishop, 147.
Stoddard, Miss, 313.
Storm, 378.
Story, Judge, 393.
Strafford, Earl of, 303.
Street, 103.
Strickland, Miss, 419.
Study, How to, this Subject, 74, 164.
Style, How to Improve, 164, 166, 279.
Suckling, Sir John, 82.
Suggestiveness, How to Gain, 507.
Sully, 419.
Summerfield, 241.
Superville, xlvii.
Surtees, 215.
Suso, 403.
Swain, Charles, 345.
Swift, Dean, 155, 467, 514, 516.
Swinburne, 456.
Sylvestre, 73.

Tacitus, 516.
Taine, 458, 497; on Shakespeare, 507, 510.
Talfourd, 175.
Tannahill, 55.
Tasso, 150.
Tassone, 256.
Tatler, 92.
Taylor, Bayard, 331.
———, Father, 184.
———, Henry, 138.
———, Isaac, 193.
———, Jane, 268.
———, Jeremy, l., 162, 197, 204.
Tecumseh, 331.
Tennant, Prof., 325, 459.
Tennyson, Alfred, the Poet Laureate, xlviii., li., lii., 113, 151, 179, 203, 208, 245, 265, 364, 458, 518.
———, Frederick, 232.
Tertullian, 399.
Thackeray, 408, 474.
Theocritus, 71, 485.
Theology, 71, 112.
Theremin, 157.
Thierry, 203.
Thom, 304.
Thomson, 79, 111, 129, 172, 183, 205, 273, 411, 445, 510.
Thor, 401.
Tilton, Theodore, 246.
Timanthes, 308.
Tintoretto, 308.
Toplady, 208.
Tourneur, Cyril, 270.
Translations of Bible, new, 100, 117, 143, 345, 379.
Transubstantiation, or Dough into God, 159, 185, 198.
Trench, Archbishop, 73, 86, 187.

Trollope, Anthony, 180.
Trumbull, John, 266.
Tuckerman, 193.
Turenne, Marshal, 343.
Twickenham, 62.
Tyndale, Prof., 462.

Union of England and United States, 529.
United States without a National Name, 503.

Valhalla put Right, 468.
Vanburgh, 423.
Vansittart, 71.
Vaughan, 141, 380.
Venice, xli.
Victoria, Queen, 385.
Vinet, 134, 389, 414, 447.
Virgil, 133, 134, 150, 210, 213, 219, 229, 242, 249, 276, 307, 390, 399, 402, 450.
Volpe, 245.
Voltaire, 158.

Waldenses Slaughtered by Romish Priests, 384.
Walker, Dr., 344.
Waller, 189, 451.
Walpole, Horace, 224, 286.
———, Sir Robert, 471.
Ward, Artemus, 80.
Waring, 65.
Warner, C. D., 179.
Washington, George, 63.
Watson, Dr., 269.
———, Richard, 388.
Watts, Dr. Isaac, 63, 216, 413.
Webster, Daniel, 131, 163, 221, 330, 412, 419, 463.
Webster, the Dramatist, 67, 424.
Wesley, the Father, 66.
———, John, 66, 390.
Wharton, 62.
Whately, Dr., 155, 251.
Which, Use of, 116.
White, Blanco, 371.
———, Henry Kirke, 89.
White, Two Kinds of, 236.
Whitefield, 366.
Whittier, 322, 501.
Widows, 88, 144, 319.
Wild, 52.
William III., 265.
Williams, Isaac, 139.
Wilmer, 323.
Wilson, Alexander, 374.
———, John, "Christopher North," xxxviii., 496.
Winthrop, R. C., 462.
Wirt, 407.
Wolcott, Dr., 58, 72, 149, 468.
Wolfe, General, 106.
———, Rev. C., 379.
Wordsworth, lii., 79, 94, 153, 161, 189, 199, 227, 283, 334, 335.
Wormius, Olaus, 467.
Worsley, 150.
Worth, 323.
Wotton, Sir Henry, 266, 471.

Yorubas, the, 475.
Young, Charlotte, 181.
———, Dr., 235, 250, 268, 451.

Zechariah, xliv.
Zutphen, 119.

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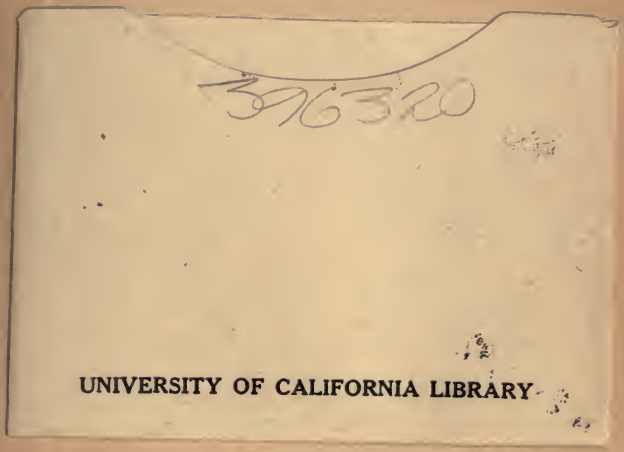
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